





# LECTURES TO CHILDREN;

FAMILIARLY

ILLUSTRATING IMPORTANT TRUTH.

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## PREFACE TO THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

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**THIS** little work, after having passed through fifteen editions in this country, and we know not how many in England, after having been translated into French, German, Greek, and many more languages, printed in raised letters for the blind, and last of all, having been adopted as a school-book for the liberated slaves at Sierra Leone, is now sent forth by the publishers in a new dress, with the addition of new Lectures. The only reason why the number was not much larger is, that we wish to keep it a little book for little folks. A whole generation has passed from childhood into manhood since these Lectures were first printed; and though it claims to be only a very humble instrument of usefulness, yet the author, from testimony which he has already received from many and various quarters, would rather want renown and fame among men, than to be without his hope that the mission of this little work has been one of good to the lambs of Christ's flock.

**PITTSFIELD, *October 1, 1852.***



## P R E F A C E .

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IN "rightly dividing the word," it is a difficult question to decide how and in what manner we can best meet the spirit of the command, "Feed my Lambs." That children are a very important class in every congregation, all admit; that ministers owe them some peculiar duties, is equally plain; and that they are a difficult part of the flock to feed, the experience of every one, who has ever tried to do his duty to them, will testify. Says a profound thinker, and one of uncommon knowledge of human nature,\* "Nothing is easier than to *talk* to children; but to talk to them as they ought to be talked to, is the very last effort of ability. † A man must have a vigorous imagination. † He must have extensive knowledge, to call in illustration from the four corners of the earth; for he will make but little progress, but by illustration. It requires great genius, to throw the mind into the habits of children's minds. I aim at this, but I find it the utmost effort of ability. No sermon ever put my mind half so much on the stretch. I am surprised at nothing which Dr. Watts

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\* CECIL.

did, but his Hymns for children. Other men could have written as well as he, in his other works ; but how he wrote these hymns, I know not." Happy that minister who can rightly divide the word of God to this portion of his flock. Should such an one take up this little volume, he will be very ready to excuse its defects, knowing how difficult it is to bring thought down to the comprehension of children.

✧ "It is an easy thing to move the passions : a rude, blunt, illiterate attack may do this. But to form one new figure for the conveyance of the truth to the mind, is a difficult thing. The world is under no small obligation to the man who forms such a figure."

The *best* way of preaching to children is to have them *entirely* alone—not an adult in the house. You can then come down to them, and can interest them. The next best way is to have all the children in the centre of the house, and the congregation above and around them ; and then let the speaker *forget*, if he can, that any body is present besides the children. This has been my method, at the close of the second service on the Sabbath. The congregation have had permission to retire, but have, to an individual, preferred to remain.

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Preface.

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I have usually delivered one of my "little Sermons" once in three months, supposing this to be no more, certainly, than the share of the lambs. The following Lectures are a selection from such as I have thus delivered to the children under my care. My language and illustrations may seem familiar and common-place; but I have tried to talk in such a manner, that, on pausing several times, and asking my little bright audience what point had just been stated and illustrated, the child who could only lisp should usually be able to throw his voice in with the rest in answering.

I have thought that a System of Theology, embracing all that we usually mean by the term, and containing a full, clear and condensed view of the doctrines of the Bible, might be prepared for children to great advantage. Nor am I certain that such a series of volumes might not be as useful and as interesting to common readers as to children. It ought to be a Text-book of the great Doctrines of the Bible, for Sabbath Schools and the young generally. That I have thought of preparing such a work, is saying little, since I have not done it. Possibly, should Providence spare my life, and such a work be needed, I may, hereafter, attempt it.

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Preface.

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I have hoped that Parents and Sabbath School Teachers might receive some hints from this little volume which would aid them in the very difficult work of illustrating truth to children. For no teaching will do any good, unless so plain that it cannot be misunderstood, and so interesting that it cannot be forgotten.

To the blessing of the Great Redeemer, I commend this little book, and the dear children who may read it.

**NORTHAMPTON, *May* 20, 1834.**

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**NOTE.**—The unexpected fact, that the Publisher requests a revised copy for a new edition, in less than three weeks after the first edition was out, encourages the Author to hope that he has not misjudged as to the usefulness of this little work.

***June* 7, 1834.**

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*No man hath seen God at any time.*—JOHN 1. 18.

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# LECTURES TO CHILDREN.

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## LECTURE I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

*Feed my lambs.*—JOHN 21. 15.

**CONTENTS.**—Party in the grove. Food cut fine. What will be done? Bid apple. Indian book. Twenty stags. Think right. Mind always thinking. Ask questions. Two men in the Temple. Weeds in the garden. White rabbit. Is it sundown? The regulator. What a little boy may be. The fairy and the diamond. A gem in the Saviour's crown. The rose transplanted. Children's drawer. More hereafter.

CHILDREN, suppose now that we and a great many more children were met in a beautiful grove on a bright, summer day. For some hours we ramble over the hills and climb the rocks, pluck the flowers around us and listen to the singing of the birds. We then come together in a very shady spot, where there is a cool spring of pure water. Here we find a long table spread and loaded with all manner of good things to eat,

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Food cut fine.

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Suppose, too, that I am the only grown-up person with all these children, and that I am wishing to see that they all have a good share of the things to eat. Should I do wrong, or do right, to go round and cut the bread and the meat for each child, and cut it *so fine* that each one could eat with comfort? "Right," you say, I should do right, and I ought to cut the meat very fine so that all might have a share. Well, then, when I come to feed the *minds* of children, instead of their mouths, ought I not to cut the food very fine? I mean, ought I not to speak very plain, and to use such words as each child can understand? "Yes," you say, "you should be very plain and easy to be understood." This, then, is the reason why I shall talk so plain, that every child, even that very little girl who has but just learned to read, can know what I mean.

You know, children, that, when you see a man very busy with his tools, you think he is making something. You may not be able to see what it

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What will be done ?

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is, but the timber, and the chips cut off, and the tools about, and the man at hard work, all show you that he wishes to make something. So if you had seen me when I took the sheet of paper out of my drawer, and began to write this little book of Lectures, you would have supposed I had something which I wish to bring about. And so I have. There are *four* things I wish to do by these Lectures,—all for your good, and all which will be done, *if* you will help me. Let me talk a few minutes about each of these four things.

1. *I wish to make you love to read.*

† Cattle, birds, and dogs cannot read. They have good eyes, and good ears, and good mouths and tongues, and yet they cannot read. Not so the child. He is created in the image and likeness of God, and no wonder he can read. But you might go through an orchard that had a hundred trees in it, and yet not find more than a single tree that bore good fruit. So you might see a whole book-case filled with books, and not

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Bad apple.

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more than one or two good books among them all. But a bad book is not like a bad apple. The bad apple tastes bad the moment you bite it; but a bad book, like some poisonous fruits, may be pleasant while you eat it, but hurts you afterwards.

How many pure and beautiful things may we read in a single little book! A small box may contain a great many choice jewels! For my part, when a child, and ever since, I have loved to meet a book, and always feel that I have met a friend. Once, when in the deep wilderness, I was on a river in a little boat. It was very far from any body. When we came to a place where the river was full of rocks, and where the water ran and dashed against the rocks, we knew we must carry the boat round through woods. Here we found a blind little path, where the Indians used to carry their canoes. We found that many years ago they had written a small book, containing a history of their travels and hunting, and







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Indian book.Twenty stags.

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left it here ! And what kind of a book do you suppose it was ? It was a part of a cedar hewn off, and then on the standing tree, with a piece of charcoal, they had made a picture of a canoe, with her front pointed *down* the river, to show which way they went. In the canoe was the picture of two Indians, each with a paddle in his hand, and a dog between them ; then below was a picture of a deer's head with great branching horns, to show that they had been hunting deer, and the number 20, to show that they had killed twenty bucks or stags in their hunt. This was the Indian book. But how little did it teach us ! It showed that some time, a long time ago, two Indians had passed that way with their dog, and that in their hunt they had killed twenty stags. But it told us not who they were, where they had been, where going, or any valuable information. In a wilderness it was pleasant to read even such a poor book as that, but how much better to have good printed books full of good reading ! Learn

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Think right.

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to love to read when a child, and you will have pleasures all the way through life. You will never find a rainy day tedious, nor a journey lonely, nor even a sick bed wearisome, if you can read. Books contain the best thoughts that men ever had, and when we open them, though the authors may be dead, yet we seem to hear their voices coming to us kind and pleasant, like far-off music at evening twilight.

2. *I wish to teach you to THINK right.*

Children, have you never found a boy or a girl alone, talking to himself, or herself? And if you have, did you not notice that they stopped and were ashamed when discovered? The reason was, that they were talking out their thoughts just as they rose up in the mind, and they knew these thoughts were foolish. If they had been repeating over the ten commandments, or even the multiplication table, they would not have felt ashamed. Now the mind of every child is always thinking; but the thoughts are not of any value,

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Mind always thinking.

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—they do not think to any good purpose. What I wish is, to teach you to think that which is of some use. You know a garden will bear weeds in great plenty, if we are not careful. It will soon all run to waste, if left to itself. So the mind will run to waste if not taught to think right. This is the reason why I ask you questions, and explain things, perhaps tell you little stories, and make comparisons,—so that you may learn to think right.

If a man thinks wrong about God, or the Bible, he will do wrong. If he thinks that God cares not what a man thinks, or feels, or says, or does, he will not care himself. If he thinks that the Bible can teach him nothing good, he will not read it. If he thinks he may be selfish and live only for himself, he will be likely to do so. Or if a man learns to let his thoughts run loose like a horse without bridle or halter, like the horse they will be of no use. †I want you to be able to think quick, and hard, and correctly. Then you

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Ask questions.Two men in the Temple.

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will not only understand such books as you read, but will enjoy them, and relish them the more if they contain a great deal to make you think. A boy sometimes goes away from home, and visits a factory, or a ship, or a coal-mine, or some such thing. He sees many new things. He remembers them all, and goes home and talks about them and asks questions about them. Just so I want you should learn to notice the new thoughts you find in this little book, and then that you talk them over, and ask questions about them till you understand them fully. Will you try to do it?

3. *I want to teach you to FEEL right.*

Did you ever read a little story which Christ told of two men who went up to the great Temple at Jerusalem to pray? The story is very beautiful. One of them felt that he was good, and that he had nothing to do but to thank God that he was so much better than other people. "God," says he, "I thank thee that I am not as other men!" The other man felt that he was a

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Weeds in the garden.

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poor, sinful creature. So he looked on the ground, and never lifted up his eyes, and struck his breast, and stood away off in a corner and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." (Luke 18. 13.) Now these men both felt,—but one felt right and the other wrong, and God looked upon them very differently. He blessed the humble man, and let the other go away in his pride and folly. So he always does.

You know, children, that if a man neglects his garden, and does not sow good seed and take care of it, the garden will shortly be covered with weeds. Weeds grow naturally, but vines and good roots do not. Just so will wrong feelings come in and grow up in the heart of a child, unless he takes pains to feel right. You must know when you feel right, and when you feel wrong. Perhaps you think you cannot tell. But let us see. Suppose a child is unwilling to obey his parents, and frets when told to do any thing, and either does not do it, or goes murmuring,—does

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White rabbit.Is it sundown ?

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he feel right or wrong? Suppose he wants what his parents feel will not be good for him, or what they cannot afford to buy, and then he cries and frets,—does he feel right or wrong? Suppose a little boy sees another boy have a toy, or a white rabbit, and he wishes he had it, and wishes he could steal it and have nobody know it,—does he feel right or wrong? A little boy once was told that he must not play because it was the Sabbath. He asked, When will the Sabbath end? He was told, not till the sun was down. Then he thought, he wished the sun was down and the Sabbath gone, and he wished that God would not make any Sabbath, and he wished that he could go out and play and nobody know it,—did he feel right or wrong?

Now I want you to feel right at all times, in all places, and on all subjects. The reasons are three;—first, it will make you very happy; secondly, it will make others very happy; and, thirdly, it will please God. Are not these reasons plain ones and good ones?



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The regulator.

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4. *I wish to have you DO right.*

Did you ever see the inside of a watch, children? Well, there are wheels and little posts, and the like, and, among other things, there is a little fine spring, so small that it looks like a hair curled up. This little spring is called the regulator, because it regulates the watch. If it be drawn too tight, the watch goes too slow. If it be too loose, the watch goes too fast. It wants to be just right. The regulator wants to be regulated. And there is in each of you something that does the work of that little spring. It is called the *conscience*; that which tells us when we do right and when we do wrong. The conscience is the regulator. But how shall we know when that is right? I reply, by the Bible; that will always tell us whether our conscience is too tight or too loose. A good book, like the Bible, will help you to have your conscience regulated and right; and then you will act right, and do right.

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What a little boy *may* be.

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I have seen little boys at work in the corn-field, or in the garden, or at school. I could not tell what they would become, or what they would do, in after life. But I have known some of them to grow up to be good and valuable farmers, some mechanics, some physicians, and some of them ministers of the Gospel. When I see a child, I never know what he will become; but I know that he *may* become an angel in God's kingdom for ever, if he will be good and do good. And though I may not know the child that reads this little book,—perhaps shall never see him in this world,—yet I hope I shall hereafter see him in God's holy kingdom, with a crown of life on his head and a harp of gold in his hand.

I have somewhere read the story of a fairy to whom was given a rough-looking stone to polish. She went to work and turned it over and over, and rubbed it and polished it, till it began to be smooth, then to be bright, and then to sparkle like fire, till at last from the rough stone she polished.

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The fairy and the diamond.

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and brought out a diamond such as would delight any king to wear in his crown. Had any one seen the fairy when she first began, he might have thought she was doing a useless and a foolish thing; but who would not like to own such a gem after it is once polished? The little child is like that rough stone. It might seem to some that it is of little consequence whether he has any books, or what books they are; but I know that every child may become like a polished diamond in the crown of the Lord Jesus Christ,—to be beautiful and glorious for ever. If I can do any thing towards polishing such a gem, ought I not to be anxious to do it? And if I may do any part of this work by these Lectures, shall I not have reason to rejoice for ever? These gems are to be among the glory of Jesus Christ in the day when he is crowned.

“ A babe into existence came,  
A feeble, helpless, suffering frame :

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A gem in the Saviour's crown.

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It breathed below a little while,  
Then vanished like a tear, a smile,  
That springs and falls, that peers and parts,  
The joy, the grief, of loving hearts.  
The grave received the body dead,  
Where all that live must lay their head.  
Sank then the soul to dust and gloom,  
Worms and corruption, in the tomb?  
No! in 'the rainbow round the throne,'  
Caught up to paradise, it shone,  
And still it shines, until the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And those that sleep in Jesus here  
With him in glory shall appear;  
Then will that soul and body meet,  
And, when his jewels are complete,  
'Midst countless millions, form a gem  
In the Redeemer's diadem!"

In the Bible, the fairest who die are called flowers; and I have often looked into the coffin of the fair and beautiful child, and thought of imagery. I have often thought that Christ sometimes treats the little child as a gardener would

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The rose transplanted.Children's drawer.

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a rose. The little, beautiful rose hangs on its frail stem on the hill-side. The storm has beaten it down into the dirt, and it is soiled and injured. The gardener takes hold of it, shakes off the dust, and then pulls it up and transplants it into his garden, where he can nurse it, and shelter it, and cause it to grow and bloom. Thus heaven is called Paradise in the Bible,—as if it were a most beautiful garden,—where undying flowers shall blossom for ever. And thus Christ often seems to say to the beautiful little child, “Poor one! the storms and the frosts and winds are too rough for thee here,—and so I will take thee up and place thee in my own garden above, where thou mayest live and bloom for ever and ever!” Shall I not, then, try to do what I can to make these flowers worthy the notice and the love of the great Redeemer?

Sometimes, when I have done my day's work, I look into a particular drawer in which I keep such papers as I have begun to write something on

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More hereafter.

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to be printed ; and when I see a paper on which I have begun to write for children, I say to myself, “ See there ! I have not written a word for children for a long time. Perhaps, if I should write, there is some little boy or some little girl, it may be far away among the mountains, or on the smooth prairie of the West, or in the crowded city,—some bright little child,—who would read what I should write, and thus I might speak to him though far away, and though I shall never see him ! And perhaps what I shall say would be read and thought of when I am dead and gone, and thus I may be doing good for a long time to come ! ” And then I shut the drawer and feel sorry that I have done no more for my little readers, and say to myself, “ I will do more hereafter ! ” And I pray that I may not only do so, but that I may so write that I shall meet many of my little friends in heaven, and with them praise the Saviour for ever and ever ! Amen.

## LECTURE II.

HOW DO WE KNOW THERE IS ANY GOD?

*No man hath seen God at any time.*—JOHN 1. 18

CONTENTS.—Why God called by this name. Paris and London. Does any body ever see God? The wind and trees. Any body ever see pain? Hunger. Love. Eyes put out and ears deaf. A child can think without eyes and ears. The watch in the case. Proof of God. The meeting-house. What the meeting-house made for. A meeting-house built by chance! The silk-worm. The dead rabbit and birds. The cow and horse seeing a painting. The mind is glad. The body is a house for the soul. The new book. God made things. The rainbow, flowers and fruits, made by God. God seen plainly. When ought a child to think of God. The sincere wish.

CHILDREN have heard a great deal said about God. Our forefathers, a great while ago, used to call him "*the Good.*" We shorten the word a little, and call him God; but it means the same thing,—*good*. And they gave him that name be-

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Paris and London. Did any body ever see God? The wind and trees

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cause he is so good to men. But I am going to ask these children a question. How do you know there is any God? Have you ever seen him? No; for "no man hath seen God at any time."

Are we sure there are things in the world which we never saw? Yes, a great many. You never saw Paris, or London; and yet you know there are such places. How do you know? You know because others have been there and *seen* them.

Now, suppose nobody had ever seen those cities, could you know there were such cities? No. How, then, do you know there is any God? Is it because the men who wrote the Bible *say* there is a God? But how do they know? They never saw God. Can we believe there is any thing which nobody ever saw? Yes, a great many things.

Go to the window some cold day. Do you see the trees rocking, and the limbs swinging and bending, and the leaves all flying about? What



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Any body ever see pain ?

Hunger.

Love

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makes them do so? Can any of you tell? Yes, you all know, it is the *wind*, blowing the trees. But can you see the wind? No, but every body knows there is such a thing as the wind, though we cannot see it.

Did you ever feel sick, so as to take medicine, and feel in great pain? Yes. I suppose you all have. But which of these children ever *saw* the pain? Did you hear it? No. Did you smell it? No. And you know there is such a thing as pain, though we cannot see it.

You all know there is such a thing as hunger. How do you know? You never saw it, nor heard it, nor smelt it; but you felt it.

Suppose I should now say there is no such thing in the world as love. Would it be true? No. But why not? You never saw love. No, but you love your parents, and know by your feelings that there is such a thing as love, though you never saw it.

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Eyes put out and ears deaf.

A child can think without eyes or ears.

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Suppose one of these children should have both of his eyes put out, and be a blind little boy. He could still think. He could sit down and think how his home looked, how his father and mother looked. Suppose he should then lose his hearing so as to be deaf. He could still think how the voice of his father and mother used to sound, when they spake pleasantly to him. Suppose he were then to lose his taste, so that he could not taste sweet things from sour. He could then sit down and think how food and fruit used to taste, and how he used to love them. Suppose, next, he were to lose his feeling, so as to be numb and cold. He could then think how things used to feel ; how an orange felt round, and a book felt flat.

Yes, and if he were to lose eyes, and ears, and taste, and feeling, and smelling, all at once, he could still tell us how things used to be. The sun used to look bright and round, and so did the

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The watch in the case.Proof of God.

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moon; the rose and the pink used to smell sweetly, the flute to sound pleasantly, the honey to taste sweet, and the ice to feel cold. He could think all about these things.

Now, what is it that *thinks*? It is the soul,—the soul within you. How do you know that a watch-case has any watch in it? Because you hear it tick, and see the pointers move. And just so you know your body has a soul in it, because it thinks, and moves your hand, and your eye, just as the watch within the case moves the pointers. But nobody ever saw the soul. † And yet we know we have a soul, *because we see it do things*. When you feel happy, the soul makes the face laugh; when the soul feels bad, it shows itself through the face, and perhaps makes the face cry. When you feel wicked, it makes you cross, and speak wicked words, and disobey your parents, and disobey God.

Now, it is in just such ways we know there is

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Meeting-house.

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What the meeting-house made for ?

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a God. Just attend to what I am going to say, and see if I do not make it plain, and prove it all out to you, that there is a God, because *we see that he does things.*

You see this meeting-house. You see it is full of things which were planned out, and every thing in it planned for some use. Now, look. This pulpit with its stairs, and window, and seat—for what are they designed? Why, the window is to let the light in, the seat for the preacher to sit down, and the stairs so that he can get into it; and this place where I stand, that he may stand up so high as to be seen by all in the house. Those seats or pews were made for you to sit in, during the sermon, and all done off and numbered, so that each family might have their own pew, and know it. Those windows were made to let the light in; those posts to hold up the gallery, so that it might not fall on those who sit under it. Those doors are made to shut the noise and the

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A meeting-house built by chance!

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cold out, and those stoves to warm the house in winter, and the long pipes to carry off the smoke. That front gallery is for the singers to sit in and sing God's praises. Look now, and see if you can find any thing to play with. No. There is nothing. Of course, this house was not made to play in. See if you can see any thing to sleep on—any couch, or bed? No, none. Of course, this house was not made to sleep in. It is all planned to be a place in which to worship God.

Suppose, now, I should tell you this house was never built by any body ! It all grew up by chance, just as it is ! The brick for the walls on the outside, and the roof on the top, grew just so, making this great square room, with its pews, and pulpit, and windows, and stoves, and every thing just as it is ! It all grew so by chance ! Could you believe this ? No, you could not believe it. Why, you would say, this house must be built by somebody. True. True. But tell me, did you

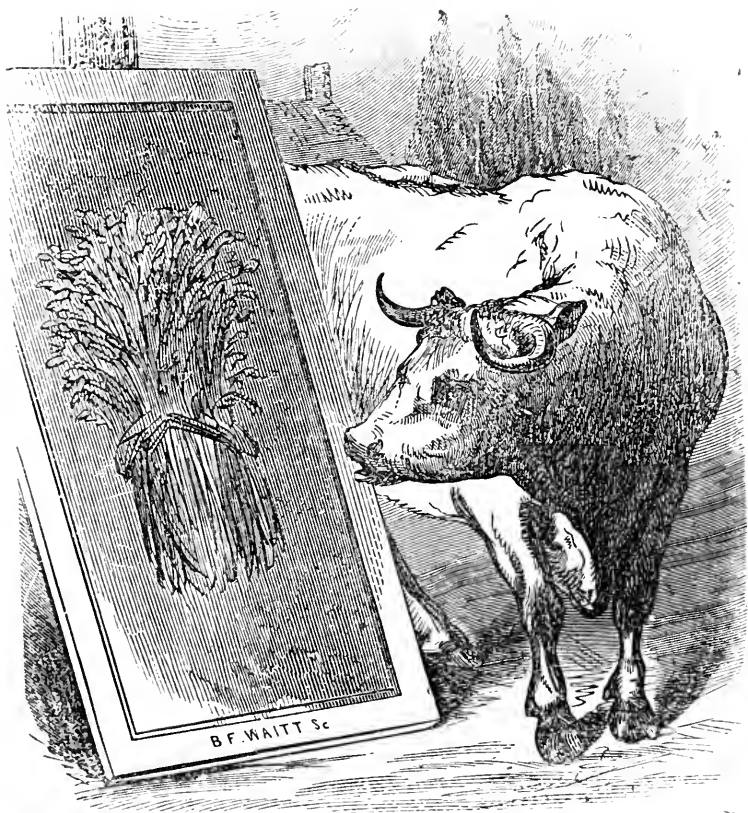
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The silk-worm.

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ever see the man who made these bricks, and spread these walls? No. Did you see the carpenter who built these pews, and pulpit, and doors, and windows? No. Did you ever see the glass-maker who melted the sand and made this glass? No. Did you ever see the silk-weaver who wove this pulpit-curtain? No. Or the man who hammered out the iron and made those pipes? No, no. You never did, and yet you know that all these lived, because you see what they have done. And this is good proof.

And it is in just such ways that we know there is a God; for he made the clay, which had only to be altered by the fire, and it is brick. He made the wood, which has only to be altered in its shape, and it becomes pews and seats. He made the iron, which had only to have its shape altered by melting, and it is these stoves. The sand, which he made has only to be melted, and it becomes glass. He made the little







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The dead rabbit and birds.

The cow and horse seeing a painting.

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worm which spun the silk of which this cushion was made. And he made the light to shine through these windows, and your eyes to see it after it comes in, and your ears to hear voices and sounds. He made that mind of yours, so that it can understand what I say, and your memory so that you can lay it up and keep it, and talk it over after you go home.

I once saw a painting of a dead rabbit and some large birds. They looked just as if they were a real rabbit and real birds; and a little dog, coming in, jumped up to catch them in his mouth, thinking they were real. Now, could any one doubt but a painter had been there, who made that picture? No. Nor could any one doubt but there is a God, who made the rabbit and the birds.

A painter once painted a large sheaf of wheat for a baker's sign. A cow came up, and mistook it for a real sheaf, and tried to eat it. And another painter painted a horse which looked so natural.

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The mind is glad.The body is a house for the soul.

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that another horse came up, and neighed to it, thinking it was a real horse. Suppose you had seen these pictures, and nobody near them; would you not at once say, Somebody must have made those pictures? Yes; and when you see the wheat in the field, and the horse in the street, you know that somebody made them; and that somebody is God.

Why do you love to hear a new and curious story? Is the ear pleased? No. The ear feels no pleasure. Why do you love to see something that is new, and curious, and strange? Is your eye made glad? No. The eye knows nothing about it. But your *mind* feels glad, when you hear a pleasant story, or sweet music, and when you see a new sight. The mind is glad. But how came that curious mind within you? Did it come there by chance? No, no more than this house came here by chance. The body is the house. The soul lives in it; and God has made the ear to let

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The body is a house for the soul.

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sounds into the soul ; and the eye, so that light may go in as through a window ; and the tongue, so that the soul may speak out and tell its feelings ; and the feet to carry it about any where ; and the hands to be servants, and do any thing the soul wants done. And then the body needs food, and God has made it, the fire to cook it, and the teeth to chew it. It needs drink, and so he has made water, and the cow to give milk. It gets sick, and so he has made medicines to cure it. It needs clothes, and so he has made the cotton grow out of the ground, the leather on the ox, the wool on the back of the sheep, and the worm to spin the silk. It needs tools, and so he has made the iron and lead, the silver and the gold, and the wood. It needs to be warm, and so he has made and hung up the sun like a great fire to pour down his light and heat. The world is full of what God has done. Can you not see his doings every where ?

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Who made the new book ?God made things.

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You see this little book in my hand. It is full of leaves, and maps, and printing. It is a Testament. Here are the chapters and verses all marked out plainly and correctly. Every word and every letter is right. Now, you never saw the man who made this paper, nor the man who put up these types, nor the man who pressed the paper on the types so exactly, nor the man who bound it all up in this bright, red leather. And yet you know that such men were alive a short time since ; for the book was printed this year. You never will see these men, and yet you know they are alive somewhere.

Just so you know that God lives. For he made the cotton, which is here altered into paper ; he made the oil and the wood, which are burned to make this ink ; he made the skin of sheep, which is dressed, and colored, and is here in the shape of the morocco binding.

God knew you would love to see the light, and

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The rainbow, flowers and fruit made by God.

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so he made the sun and the moon. He knew you would love to see beautiful things, and so he painted the rainbow in the dark clouds, and spread the green grass over the ground, and pencilled the flowers, and planted the trees, and hung apples on one tree, and plums on another, and grapes on the vine. He knew you would love to hear sweet sounds, and so he gave your parents a pleasant voice, and filled the air with little birds, whose great business is to sing. He knew you would want houses and fires, and so he made the wood and the clay for the brick. He knew you would have reason, and yet not enough to lead you to heaven, and so he made the Bible. He knew you would have wicked hearts, and so he has given you the Sabbath, and the Saviour, and the Holy Spirit, to help you to be good. He knew you would want to live forever, and so he has made heaven, where you may live forever, and never die, if you are good and holy.

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God seen plainly.Poetry describes God.

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Who does not see that the world is full of the things that God has done? I am sure I can no more doubt it than I can doubt that little boy to have eyes, when I see them both open and looking at me. I am sure I have no doubt that these children have souls, though I never saw their souls; for I can see their eyes, and hands and limbs moved by their souls.

And now, dear children, you see it all proved out to you that there is a great and glorious Being around you, always doing you good, whose name is God. Yes,

“There is an unseen Power around,  
Existing in the silent air:  
Where treadeth man, where space is found,  
Unheard, unknown, that Power is there.

When sinks the pious Christian's soul,  
And scenes of horror daunt his eye,  
He hears it whispered through the air,  
A Power of mercy still is nigh.

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When ought children to think of God ?

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The Power that watches, guides, defends,  
Till man becomes a lifeless sod,  
Till earth is nought,—nought earthly friends,—  
That omnipresent Power—is God."

Ought not these children to think of God?  
To think of him when you go to bed at night, for he it is who has kept you safe and done you good all the day long, and then thank him for his goodness? Think of him in the morning, for it is he who has kept you, given you sleep and awaked you, and lifted up the great sun to shine upon you. Oh, pray that he will keep you from sinning all the day. You ought to think of him when you hear the pleasant and kind voice of your parents, for it is God who gave you these parents; think of him when you are happy, for it is he who makes you happy. Think of him when you have sinned, or are about to sin, for he sees you. Think of him when you are sick, for he only can make you well, and keep you from being sick. Think of

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The sincere wish.

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nim on the Sabbath, for he gave it to you to fit you for heaven. Yes, he gave you every good thing you ever had, or ever can have, and even gave his dear Son to die for us.

And now let me stop, after looking at each child before me, and repeating to each one this sincere wish of my heart—

“ Oh, be thy wealth an upright heart ;

Thy strength, the sufferer's stay ;

Thy earthly choice, the better part,

Which cannot fade away :

Thy zeal for Christ, a quenchless fire ;

Thy friends, the men of peace ;

Thy heritage, an angel's lyre,

When earthly changes cease.”

**AMEN.**



## LECTURE III.

## REPENTANCE FOR SIN.

*They went out and preached that men should repent.*—MARK 6. 12

CONTENTS.—A hard word used. The hard word explained. Nothing good without pay. Who need repentance. Christ's testimony. Great question. Two kinds of money. Two trees. STORY. The sick father. Little boy's falsehood. The tender look. The dying father. Death arrived. The burial. Repentance at the grave. A few plain remarks. God not loved. The discontented boy—the storm—the Bible—his repentance. Who have sinned? Stopping in sin. The Indian and his rum. Hands full. Conclusion

CHILDREN, I am going to use a hard word, and I must tell you what it means. The word is *conditions*. I would not use it if I did not think I could make it easy. Suppose a little child goes to school, and wants a new book. Her mother says, "Well, Mary, if you will be perfect in your lessons and behavior for two whole weeks, I will buy the book for you." This is a *condition*. A little boy asks his father to let him ride. He tells him he may ride with him to-morrow, on the *con-*

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The hard word explained.

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*dition*, that he governs his temper and is a good boy all day to-day.

So every good thing in this world has some such condition, and for every thing we have something to do. I will only name four things which have such conditions.

1. God has so ordered things, that any child shall grow up greatly beloved and respected, on *condition* that he is kind and obedient to his parents and teachers, and kind and affectionate to every body.

2. God has so ordered things, that a man may be learned, on condition that he studies and reads, and wastes no time.

3. God has so ordered things, that medicine will frequently cure the sick man. But the condition is, that it must be carefully taken.

4. God has so ordered things, that any body may know all about God, and heaven, on condition, that he faithfully reads the Bible, and prays

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Nothing good without pay.

Who need repentance.

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to God for the Holy Spirit, and obeys God in every thing.

It is just so with every thing. Who would not laugh at the farmer who expected to raise corn, except on the condition that he plant, and hoe, and plant the right seed, and at the right time? That little boy cannot see his top spin round, except on a condition—that he do something to make it go. That little girl, just beginning to talk, cannot learn a single letter, or take a single stitch with her needle, except on condition that she try to learn. No. You cannot rear a single beautiful flower so as to get one single blossom, without a condition.

Now, the greatest good that God ever gave to us, is that eternal life which Christ bought for us by his own blood. No man ever became holy without a condition for him to fulfil. No man ever went to heaven without repentance. Job could not. David could not. Peter, and Paul, and John, could not. Not one of that great multitude

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Christ's testimony.Two kinds of money.

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who are now in heaven, went there without repentance. Christ preached this condition, and so did the apostles; so has every true preacher since. Not one sinner in this house, not one in this place, not one in this world, will ever go to heaven without repentance. If we knew just how many, and who would repent of sin, we should know just how many, and who would go to heaven. All must repent. Christ says, "*Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*" So Paul says, "*God now commandeth all men every where to repent.*" You cannot doubt *who* must repent—all must, every human being that has ever sinned.

A very great question rises up here; and that is, *What is it to repent?*

You all know there are two kinds of money—the good, and the counterfeit. And a man might have a house full of the counterfeit, and yet he could not be said to have any money. It would do him no good. So there are two kinds of

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Trees.Story to explain.

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repentance. One is good, and the other good for nothing. They may not seem very different, just as two pieces of money may look alike, while one is good, and will buy things, and the other is good for nothing ; just as two trees may stand together, and look alike, while one produces good fruit, and the other nothing but leaves. But you want to know what it is to repent. Let me try to tell you.

A man, who is now a minister of the gospel, gave me the following account. I tell it to you in order to show you what repentance is. "I had one of the kindest and best of fathers ; and when I was a little white-headed boy, about six years old, he used to carry me to school before him on his horse, to help me in my little plans, and always seemed trying to make me happy ; and he never seemed so happy himself as when making me happy. When I was six years old, he came home, one day, very sick. My mother, too, was sick ;

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The sick father.Little boy's falsehood.

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and thus nobody but my two sisters could take care of my father. In a few days he was worse, very sick, and all the physicians in the region were called in to see him. The next Sabbath morning, early, he was evidently much worse. As I went into the room, he stretched out his hand to me and said, ‘My little boy, I am very sick. I wish you to take that paper on the stand, and run down to Mr. C.’s, and get me the medicine written on that paper.’ I took the paper, and went to the apothecary’s shop, as I had often done before. It was about half a mile off; but when I got there, I found it shut; and as Mr. C. lived a quarter of a mile farther off, I concluded not to go to find him. I then set out for home. On my way back, I contrived what to say. I knew how wicked it was to tell a lie, but one sin always leads to another. On going in to my father, I saw that he was in great pain; and though pale and weak, I could see great drops of sweat standing on his

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The tender look.

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forehead, forced out by the pain. Oh, then I was sorry I had not gone and found the apothecary. At length he said to me, ‘My son has got the medicine, I hope, for I am in great pain.’ I hung my head, and muttered, for my conscience smote me. ‘No, sir, Mr. Carter says he has got none!’ ‘Has got none! Is this possible?’ He then cast a keen eye upon me, and seeing my head hang, and probably suspecting my falsehood, said, in the mildest, kindest tone, ‘*My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for the want of that medicine!*’ I went out of the room, and alone, and cried. I was soon called back. My brothers had come, and were standing,—all the children were standing, round his bed, and he was committing my poor mother to their care, and giving them his last advice. I was the youngest; and when he laid his hand on my head, and told me ‘that in a few hours I should have no father; that he would in a day or two be buried up; that I must now make

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The dying father.

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God my father, love him, obey him, and always do right, and *speaking the truth*, because the eye of God is always upon me'—it seemed as if I should sink; and when he laid his hand on my head again, and prayed for the blessing of God the Redeemer to rest upon me, 'soon to be a fatherless orphan,' I dared not look at him, I felt so guilty. Sobbing, I rushed from his bed-side, and thought I wished I could die. They soon told me he could not speak. Oh, how much would I have given to go in and tell him that I had told a lie, and ask him once more to lay his hand on my head and forgive me! I crept in once more, and heard the minister pray for 'the dying man.' Oh, how my heart ached! I snatched my hat, and ran to the apothecary's house, and got the medicine. I ran home with all my might, and ran in, and ran up to my father's bed-side to confess my sin, crying out, 'O here, father'—but I was hushed; and I then saw that he was pale,



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Death arrived.

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The burial.

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and that all in the room were weeping. *My dear father was dead !* And the last thing I ever spoke to him was *to tell him a lie !* I sobbed as if my heart would break ; for his kindnesses, his tender looks, and my own sin, all rushed upon my mind. And as I gazed upon his cold, pale face, and saw his eyes shut, and his lips closed, could I help thinking of his last words, ‘My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for the want of that medicine’? I could not know but he died for the want of it.

“In a day or two, he was put into the ground and buried up. There were several ministers at the funeral, and each spoke kindly to me, but could not comfort me. Alas ! they knew not what a load of sorrow lay on my heart. They could not comfort me. My father was buried, and the children all scattered abroad ; for my mother was too feeble to take care of them.

“It was twelve years after this, while in college,

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Repentance at the grave.A few plain remarks.

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that I went alone to the grave of my father. It took me a good while to find it; but there it was, with its humble tomb-stone; and as I stood over it, I seemed to be back at his bed-side, to see his pale face, and hear his voice. Oh! the thought of that sin and wickedness cut me to the heart. It seemed as worlds would not be too much to give, could I then only have called loud enough to have him hear me ask his forgiveness. But it was too late. He had been in the grave twelve years; and I must live and die, weeping over that ungrateful falsehood. May God forgive me.”

Now, I wish to say two or three things about this little boy's repentance.

1. You see that a child may be wicked. He can sin against a father and against God at the same time. God commands us to obey our parents and to speak the truth. This child did neither.

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God not loved.

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2. You see that a child is not too young to repent of a sin against his father. Some have an idea that a child is too young to repent; but this is a great mistake. If this boy could repent of this one sin, he could of more; and if he could repent of a sin against an earthly father, could he not of those against his heavenly Father?

3. You see what true repentance towards God is. It is to feel sorry and grieved that you have sinned against God, just as this child did, because he had sinned against his dying father. He did not grieve so because he was afraid of being punished, but because his father was so good to him, and he was so wicked against his father. Now, had he felt as sorry for each and all of his sins against God, as he did for this *one* sin against a man, it would have been true repentance.

4. You see that if we loved God as much as we do an earthly parent, we should repent deeply; because he has done us ten thousand kindnesses,

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The discontented boy.The storm.

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and is doing them every day, and because we have committed ten thousand sins against him more shameful than this shameful sin of the little boy.

There was a wicked boy once, who would leave his father's home and go to sea. His kind father tried to persuade him not to go; but he was not to be kept away from the sea. The reason was, he thought that he might be wicked when he got away from his father, and there would be nobody to reprove him. His weeping father gave him a Bible as he went away, and begged him to read it. The boy went away, and became very wicked, and very profane. But God saw him. There was a great storm upon the ocean. The ship could not stand against it. She struck upon the rocks in the dark night. It was a time of great distress;—and for a few moments, there was the noise of the captain giving his orders, the howling of the storm, the cries of





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The Bible.

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the poor sailors and passengers, who expected every moment to be drowned. Then this wicked boy wished himself at home. But he had but a few moments ; for a great wave came and lifted the ship up high, and then came down upon another rock, and she was shivered in a thousand pieces. Every soul on board was drowned, except this same wicked boy. By the mercy of God, he was washed and carried by the waves upon a great rock, so that he could creep up, much bruised and almost dead. In the morning, he was seen sitting on the rock with a book in his hand. It was his Bible,—the only thing, except his own life, which had been saved from the wreck. He opened it, and there, on the first leaf, was the hand-writing of his father ! He thought of the goodness of that father, and of his own ingratitude, and he wept. Again he opened the book, and on every page was the hand-writing of his heavenly Father ; and again he wept at the remembrance

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His repentance.

Who have sinned ?

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of his sins against God. His heart was broken. He was truly penitent ; and from that hour to this he has lived as a Christian. He is now the commander of a large ship, and seems to make it his great business to honor Jesus Christ. This was true repentance.

But I must tell you, in a few words, WHY it is necessary for every one to repent of sin.

1. Because all have sinned. I need not try to tell how many times. I might as well try to count the hairs on that little boy's head, who stands at that pew door and gives me all his looks while I am speaking. We all have sinned against our parents, by not obeying them and being kind to them ; we have sinned against the Sabbath, by not remembering to keep it holy ; against the Bible, by not loving it and not keeping its sayings ; against conscience, which stands close to our heart, and, like a sentinel keeping watch, cries out when we sin ; against the Holy Spirit, by not doing as



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Stopping in sin.

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he says, when he makes us feel solemn and sinful, and against God himself, whose commandments we break. Oh! our sins are like a great cloud. Did you ever see a cloud of dust or sand in a windy day? And could you count the little particles of dust in it—all of them? No, no. But our sins are quite as many.

2. None will forsake sin till they have repented. You might stop a man from stealing by killing him or shutting him up in prison. But this would not stop his *wishing* to steal; and that wishing, in the sight of God, is sin. One of these children might have his tongue cut out, so that he could not talk, and so that he could never again tell a lie; but if he *thought* a lie in his heart, this would be sin, and cutting out his tongue would not stop his sinning. The Indians, some years ago, tried to stop their people from sinning; and so they gave them strong *emetics*, in order to have them throw up their sins; but they did no good. The sin

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The Indian and his rum.

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was in the heart, and not in the stomach. One of these Indians, who had thus taken emetics, went to Pittsburgh, and bought a barrel of rum to sell to the other Indians. On his way back, he called and heard the Moravian missionaries preach the gospel. "He was so convinced of his sinfulness and misery, that he resolved to alter his manner of life. He accordingly returned the barrel of rum to the trader at Pittsburgh, declaring that he would neither drink nor sell any more spirituous liquors, for it was against his conscience. He, therefore, begged him to take it back, adding, that, if he refused, he would pour it into the Ohio. The trader, as well as the white people who were present, was amazed, and assured him, that this was the first barrel of rum he had ever seen returned by an Indian : but he, at the same time, took it back, without further objection."

Nothing but repentance would ever have led this Indian to do this. And this, and nothing but this, will make any one leave off sin.

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Hands full.Conclusion

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3. None will serve God unless they have first repented of sin. Christ says that no man can serve two masters. Suppose a child has a large apple in each hand, and, without laying down either, she goes and tries to take up two large oranges. Could she do it? No. Because her hands are already full. Just so, when the heart is full of sin, you cannot have the love of God in it. If you would stop sinning, my dear children you must repent of sin. If you would serve God, have him for your Father and Friend, you must repent. You all can do it. You all have been sorry when you have grieved your parents, and you can be sorry when you have offended and grieved your blessed Redeemer. Oh ! if you will not, you will grow up sinners, live sinners, die sinners, and be sinners, accursed by God for ever and ever. **Amen.**

## LECTURE IV.

## ANGELS' JOY WHEN SINNERS REPENT.

*There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.*—LUKE 15. 10.

CONTENTS.—Who ever saw an angel? What angels do. Many angels. How do they feel? Why they rejoice. First reason. Home. Whom have they seen? The poor boy. What is an eye worth? What is the soul worth? The second reason. The sick child. The little boy drowning. The boy recovered. The brazen serpent. Three remarks. What people talk about. Piece of gold. What men love. Sleeping out of doors. Bitter medicine. The broken arm. The last remark.

DID any of these children ever see an angel? No. Did I ever see one? No. Did any body ever see an angel? Yes. A great many have. Abraham did. Lot did. David did. Christ did. Peter and John did. And in the Bible you read of many who have seen angels.

But though you never *saw* an angel, yet you all know what an angel is. Angels are good spirits, who love God more than they love one another.

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What angels do.

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Many angels.

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er, and more than they love any thing else. They live in heaven. And what do you think they are doing there? Idle, do you think? No. They are never idle a moment. Sometimes God sends them away on errands, just as your parents send you. Sometimes they come down to this world to do good to good people here. When a good man dies, they stand by his bed, and carry his soul up to heaven, just as you are led by the hand when you do not know the way.

And though we cannot see them, yet I suppose some are here in this meeting-house now, seeing you and me, and looking to see if this sermon will do any good. What else do they do? Why, if God has no errands on which to send them, then they sing his praises, and make music a thousand times sweeter than any which we ever heard.

There are a great many of these angels in heaven;—more than this house would hold,—

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How do angels feel ?Why they rejoice.

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more than a thousand or a million of such meeting-houses would hold, if they were all to be seated just as you are. And, they are all happy. Because not one of them ever did wrong ; not one ever spake a cross or a wicked word ; not one of them ever told a lie ; not one of them ever sinned, or ever felt any kind of pain. And, what is very wonderful, they love us. They come down here, and when any body repents of sin, they tell of it in heaven, and they all rejoice and are glad. Now, just read this beautiful text again. "I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Now, if I had told you this without first finding it in God's Book, you could not have believed me. But now we know it *must* be so, because Christ hath told us so ; and he says, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

I wish, now, my dear children, to tell you two

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First reason.Home.

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plain reasons why the angels rejoice over every sinner who repents. I could give you many more reasons, but am afraid you cannot remember more.

1. First, then, they rejoice when any one repents, because *they know what heaven and hell are.*

Now, suppose I had never seen any one of you before ; and I should ask one of these little boys or girls about their home. You could tell me about it—where you eat, where you sleep, where you play, how you are kept warm in the cold weather,—how your parents take good care of you,—where you go to school,—how many ways your parents take to make you happy. You could tell me all about your home, and your garden, and all your pleasant things there, *because you have always lived there.*

Just so of the angels. They have always lived in heaven, and know how pleasant a place it is. And when any one repents, they know he

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Whom they have seen.The poor boy.

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will go to heaven, and be happy as they are. They have talked with good old Noah about the wicked world that was drowned in the flood, when he,

“ humble, happy saint,  
Surrounded with the chosen few,  
Sat in the ark, secure from fear,  
And sang the grace that steered him through!”

They have talked with Abraham, and Joseph, and David, and Paul, and all the happy men in heaven; and they know that they are all happy, and so they rejoice when any one repents and sets out to go to heaven.

Suppose you were to see a poor ragged boy, almost frozen with the cold, and who has no home, and no fire to warm him by, and no food to eat, and no bed to sleep on, and no friends to take care of him; now, would you not be glad to have some kind man take that poor child in, and give him a good home like yours? Yes. I know



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What is an eye worth ?

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you would—I know you would, because you know what it is to have a pleasant home. Well, just so the blessed angels feel when any one repents, for they know God will take him to heaven.

Children, what would you let any one take some heavy tool and crush your finger for? For a dollar? No. For ten? No. But what would you have your arm cut off for? For a hundred dollars? No. For all the playthings in the whole world? No. For how much would you lose your *reason*, and be crazy? For any thing in this world? No. I know you would not. For how much would you have your eyes put out, so that you could never again see your friends, nor the beautiful light of the glorious sun? Not for all the world. But, my dear children, the man who goes to hell because he will not repent of sin, is worse off than if he were to lose an arm, or his eyes; yes, worse off than if he were to lose his reason, or be put into the fire, and

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What is the soul worth ?

The second reason.

The sick child.

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kept burning all day, and all night, and a year, and ten thousand years. For he loses his soul, and has not a friend in heaven, nor any where else ; and, what is more, he never will have a friend. He is "covered with shame and everlasting contempt." The holy angels know all this, and rejoice when any sinner repents, and thus escapes the punishment of hell.

This is the first reason. Can you remember it ?

2. The second reason why angels rejoice over a sinner who repents, is, that *till he does repent, it is very uncertain whether he ever will.*

If one of you were sick, and laid on the bed, and were so sick that it was very uncertain whether you would live or die, your parents and friends would feel very anxious about you. They would come to your bed-side, and raise up your feeble head, and inquire about your pain, and send off for the physician, and would sit up with

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The little boy drowning.

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you all night. Yes, and they would think more about their sick child, and feel more anxious about you, than about all the rest of the family, so long as it was uncertain whether or not you got well. And just so the angels feel, so long as it is uncertain whether or not a sinner repents.

Turn now to the 12th chapter of 2 Samuel, and see if David did not feel just so. As long as it was uncertain whether his child should live or die, he lay on the ground, and fasted and prayed. This uncertainty made him feel very anxious.

Suppose one of your little brothers should fall into the river, and there sink down under the deep waters, and before he could be got out, he should grow cold, and pale, and seem to be dead. Your father takes the little boy in his arms, and carries him home, and then they wrap him up in warm flannels, and lay him on the bed. The doctor comes, and goes into the room with your father and mother, to see if it is possible to save

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The boy recovered.

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the little boy's life. The doctor says that nobody may go into the room but the parents. They go in, and shut the door, and in a few minutes the question is to be decided, whether or not the child can live. Oh, then, how would you go to the door, and walk around with a step soft as velvet, and hearken to know whether the dear boy lives! And after you had listened for some time, treading softly, and speaking in whispers, and breathing short, the door opens, and your mother comes out, and there are tears in her eyes! Is he dead?—says one, in a faint, sinking whisper—is he dead? Oh, no—no—your little brother lives, and will be well again! Oh, what a thrill of joy do you all feel! What leaping up in gladness! Now, there is such a joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. The sinner has been sick, but the gospel has been taken as the remedy, and he is to live forever. Do you wonder that the angels rejoice at it?

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The brazen serpent.Three remarks.

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Just turn to the 21st chapter of Numbers, and read the account of the healing of those who had been bitten by the fiery serpents. Had you been there, you might have seen parents carrying their little children who had been bitten, and who were just ready to die. The poison of the serpents is circulating through them, and they are almost gone. The mother brings up her child to the brazen serpent. Oh, how anxious is she, lest it has not got strength sufficient to look up! How tenderly does she gaze upon its face, as she holds it up to the brazen serpent, waiting for it to open its eyes! and what joy when it does look up and live! So there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

I have now told you the two reasons why the holy angels rejoice when a sinner repents. I next wish you to hear *three* remarks. Will you remember them—all three?

1. *Most men are not like the holy angels.*

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What people talk about.Piece of gold.

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By being *like* the angels, I do not mean, that most men do not *look* like them ; for nobody looks like them. But I mean that they do not *feel* like them. You hear men talk every day. What do they talk about ? Why, about the weather, their health, their cattle, their crops, their farms, and their neighbors ; but very few say any thing about the repentance of sinners.

† Suppose one of you should repent to-day. I should be glad, and so would some others ; but the greater part of the people in this town would know nothing about it ; or, if they did, they would care nothing about it. Not so with the angels. They would all rejoice over it—would all know it.

Suppose one of you should find a piece of gold, as you go home, as big as your fist. What a wonder ! All the town would know of it, and talk about it, and call you a lucky child ; but the angels would care nothing about it—no, not if

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What men love.Sleeping out of doors.

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you should find gold enough to fill this house. You see why. Because they feel for your *soul*; while most men think only of this world. And the reason is, men are sinners, and most of them love any thing better than repentance. If any one of you should repent to-day, I suppose many would laugh and sneer at it. But not an angel in heaven would laugh or sneer. You see, then, how it is, that the first remark is true, that most men are not like the holy angels.

2. My second remark is, *that we cannot go to heaven without repenting of sin.*

If a man could go to heaven without repenting of sin, then nobody would need to repent; and if any one did repent, he would be doing what was not needful. And if so, then the angels would rejoice to see men do what they need not do!

Suppose I should say to you to-day, that, in order to meet God on the Sabbath, and receive God's blessing, you must sleep out on the ground!

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Bitter medicine.

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The broken arm.

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all Saturday night, wet or cold, sick or well. Suppose you do it, and I rejoice to see you do it. Now, if this be *not* necessary in order to receive God's blessing, then it would be cruel in me to wish to see you doing it.

You know, when you are sick, your parents rejoice to see you swallow, cheerfully, the bitter medicine, because you cannot get well without taking it; but if you could get well just as well without, your parents would never rejoice to see you take it. Now, repentance is disliked as much as medicine is; and if we could go to heaven without it, the holy angels would not rejoice to see us repenting.

Suppose, in going home to-day, one of you should break his arm so dreadfully that it must be cut off, or else you die; and I should call and see you to-morrow, and should find the doctor there, with his sharp tools all out, ready to cut the arm off, I should rejoice to have it cut off! And why?



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The last remark.

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Not, my dear children, because I should love to see you suffer, or lose your arm ; but because your life could not be saved without. And thus you see why the angels rejoice so much over one who repents. It is because none can go to heaven without repentance.

3. My third and last remark is, *that you will all be very wicked if you do not repent immediately.*

And why ? Because you are all sinners ; and because I have read to you Christ's words, how that the angels would rejoice at it, and have told you *why* they would rejoice. No one is too young to sin, and so it is plain that no one is too young to repent. Because, too, that if you do not repent, you cannot go to heaven. You can play, you may grow up, you may learn your books, you may become rich, if God spares your lives ; and may do all this without repentance. But you cannot

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The last remark.

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go to heaven without. You cannot begin to go, till you have a new heart.

And now, when you are riding or walking home, not knowing that you will live to see another Sabbath; when you see the sun go down to-day, not knowing as you will live to see him rise; as you lie down to sleep to-night, not knowing that you will ever open your eyes again in this world,—will you not remember what I have now told you, and go before God and repeat! Oh, if you will, there will be joy in heaven over you. Amen.

## LECTURE V.

WHAT FAITH IS, AND WHAT ITS USE IS

*Without faith it is impossible to please him.*—HEB. 11. 6.

CONTENTS.—Lecture to be made plain. Different kinds of faith. The little girl who was generous. Faith rewarded, and made plain. The glass beads. Faith in a father. The storm at sea. Faith in God. Casting bread on the waters. Sowing rice. The old man and his son. The house of the slave. The mother's faith. Faith in Christ. Falling into the river. Faith leads to obey God—to do good. The dying mother. Faith comforts us. The dead boy's lantern.

I AM going to make this Lecture very plain, and, I hope, very interesting to these children. You may, at first, suppose it will be about what you cannot understand, and that it cannot be interesting to you. But let us see. I do not believe there will be five of these children who will not hear it all, and remember most of what I shall now say.

There are many kinds of faith or belief among men. But only one kind is the true faith, without which it is impossible to please God. because

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The little girl who was generous.

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only one kind of faith makes us obey God. I will explain it to you.

A little girl was once walking with her father, and they were talking together. They were talking about being *generous*. The father told the little girl that it meant “to give to others what would do them good, even if we had to go without ourselves.” He also told her, that generous people were happy; because nobody could deny himself any thing, in order to give it to another, without feeling happy;—so that no one ever lost any thing by being generous, because God would make him happy for doing so. He then asked her if she *believed* this. She said, “Yes, father.” In the course of their walk, they went into a bookstore. The little girl said, “Father, I want one of these new books very much.” “So do I,” said the father; “but I cannot afford to buy each of us one. But here is some money; and you may do just as you please; you may buy a book, and give to your

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Faith rewarded and made plain.

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father, and go without yourself, or you may buy one for yourself, and I will go without. Do just as you please." The little girl hung her head, and looked at the new books; but then she thought of what her father had said about being *generous*, and she had *faith* in his words. She quickly said, "I will go without, and father shall have the book." The book was therefore bought. And the child felt happy, because she had believed her father, and because she had been generous. The bookseller, however, overheard the conversation, and was so much pleased at seeing the *faith* and the generosity of the little girl, that he gave her a very beautiful book.

This was having faith in a father. But this is not the kind spoken of in the Bible. For a child might believe a father, and have a strong faith in him, and yet be, towards God, a very wicked child.

Mr. Cecil gives us a beautiful account of the

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The glass beads.

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manner in which he taught his little daughter what is meant by faith. “She was playing one day with a few beads, which seemed to delight her wonderfully. Her whole soul was absorbed in her beads. I said,

“ ‘My dear, you have some pretty beads there.’

“ ‘Yes, papa.’

“ ‘And you seem to be vastly pleased with them.’

“ ‘Yes, papa.’

“ ‘Well, now, throw them behind the fire.’

“The tears started into her eyes. She looked earnestly at me, as though she ought to have a reason for such a cruel sacrifice.

“ ‘Well, my dear, do as you please ; but you know I never told you to do any thing which I did not think would be good for you.’

“She looked at me a few moments longer, and then—summoning up all her fortitude—her breast heaving with the effort—she dashed them into the fire.

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Faith in a father.

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“ ‘Well,’ said I ; ‘ there let them lie , you shall hear more about them another time ; but say no more about them now.’ ”

“ Some days after, I bought her a box full of larger beads, and toys of the same kind. When I returned home, I opened the treasure, and set it before her ; she burst into tears of ecstasy. ‘ Those, my child,’ said I, ‘ are yours ; because you believed me, when I told you it would be better for you to throw those two or three paltry beads behind the fire. Now, that has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember, as long as you live, what FAITH is. You threw your beads away when I bid you, because you had faith in me, that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence in God Believe every thing he says in his Word. Whether you understand it or not, have faith in him that he means your good.’ ”

This, too, was faith in a father ; but the little girl might have had it, even if she had been a

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The storm at sea.

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heathen child. It was not the faith required in the Bible, because it was not faith in God himself.

I will now tell you what is faith in the *care* of God. A lady and her husband were standing on the deck of a ship during an awful storm. The winds howled, and the ship was tossed like a feather over the great waves. The lady had to hold on with both hands to keep from falling. She was very much frightened, and asked her husband if he was not afraid. He said nothing, but, in a moment after, he held a naked sword with its point close to her breast, and asked her,

“Are you not afraid?”

“No.”

“Why not? Do you see this sword within an inch of your heart?”

“Yes, but I am not afraid, for it is my husband who holds it!”

“Yes,” said he, “and it is my heavenly Father who holds this storm in his hand, the winds



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Faith in God.Casting bread on the waters

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and the waves ; and why should I be afraid ? No, I am not afraid !”

This was faith in the care of God. God was pleased with it. Now see. Was not the gentleman pleased to see that his wife had so much faith in his love as not to be afraid, though he held a drawn sword to her heart ? Yes, he must have been pleased. And so was God pleased to see him put so much faith in his care, when the storm was raging, and the ship seemed like being destroyed.

The Bible tells us to “cast our bread upon the waters, and we shall find it after many days.” Let us see what this text means. Rice is the food most used in the Eastern countries, especially in Egypt, even to this day. Every year, when the snows all melt off the mountains, the river Nile rises up high, and overflows its banks, and covers all the country round it with waters. The people set down stakes, every man in his own land, before the waters come. And when

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Sowing rice.

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the Nile has risen, and all the ground is covered with waters, they go out in their little boats, and sow, or cast their rice upon the waters. The rice sinks down, and sticks in the mud beneath ; and when the waters are gone, they find it has taken root and sprouted, and it grows up, and gives them a harvest. This is casting their bread upon the waters, and finding it after many days.

Here is one kind of faith. The man who sows the rice, believes that it will sink, that the waters will go off in due time, and that he shall come out and find his rice growing. This is a kind of faith in the Providence of God. But, you know, this is not the faith required in the Bible, because a very wicked man has faith to plant and sow, expecting to get a harvest, though he forgets that God must make every blade to grow, if it does grow. Thousands have had this kind of faith, but it did not make them good and holy.

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The old man and his son.

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Now, let me show you what faith in God is,—such a faith as will please God.

There was once a man to whom God spake, and told him to leave his home, his town, and his country, and go off into a strange land, and live under a tent, and never again have a home. The man asked no reasons, but obeyed. After this, he had a son, his only son. God told him that this son should live and grow up, and should be the forefather of great nations, millions of people. But after this, God told this man to go and take this boy of his, and take his life, and burn up his body with fire. God gave him no reasons for this direction. The good man prepared to obey. He got the wood ready to burn the body of his dear child ; he bound his hands and feet, and put out his hand, and took the knife with which to take his life. God then told him not to do it, but to take a ram which he would find close by, and kill him. This was faith in God ; for Abraham (for that was his name, and you

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The house of the slave.

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will find the whole account in the 22d chapter of Genesis) obeyed God, because he believed God was wise, and holy, and good, though he could not understand why he told him to do this.

Suppose you had lived while the children of Israel lived in Egypt. And suppose you had walked out some pleasant day, just at night, down towards the river. Look, now, and see what is before you. Yonder is a cluster of tall trees, and just under them is a little cottage or hovel. They are poor folks who live there. See, the house is small, and has no paint on it, no windows, nothing about it that looks comfortable. This hovel is the home of slaves. The man and the woman are poor slaves. But just look in. † What is that woman doing? See her weaving a little basket with rushes, which she has gathered from the banks of the river. See! she weeps as she twists every flag; and, by the moving of her lips, you see that she is praying. She has finished it. Now, watch her. Do you see her go to the corner of the

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The mother's faith.

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Faith in Jesus Christ.

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room, and there kneel down, and weep, and pray over a beautiful little boy? See her embrace and kiss him. Now she lays him in the little basket; now she calls her little daughter, and tells her to take her little brother, and carry him, and lay him down by the cold river's side! There! now she takes the last look of her sweet babe; now she goes back weeping into the house, and lifting her heart to God in prayer, while her daughter goes, and carries her dear boy, and leaves him on the bank of the river. What will become of him? Will the crocodiles eat him up? or will the waters carry him off and drown him? No, no. That poor mother has FAITH in God; and God will take care of her son. The king's daughter will find him, and save him; and that little infant is to be MOSES, the leader of Israel, the prophet of God, and the writer of much of the Bible! This was true faith in God.

Faith in Jesus Christ is a strong belief in him; such a belief as will lead us to obey his commands.

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Falling into the river.

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We believe there was such a being on earth once as Christ ; that he did the miracles told of in the Testament ; that he was holy ; that he spake the words and the sermons told of in the Testament, as coming from him ; that he died for sinners, and rose from the dead, and is gone to heaven, and now lives there, and is doing good to his people. We believe all that is told us about him in the Bible. And if this belief or faith is good for any thing, it will cause us to love to read the Bible, to obey Christ, to love him and to serve him, because he will reward his people forever beyond the grave, and punish those who do not obey him.

Suppose, as a good old writer says, you should fall into a river, which was deep, and where the water ran swiftly, and you were almost drowned ; and a man should run to the bank of the river, and call to you, and throw you a rope. This would be just like our Saviour. We are all perishing in the “deep waters” of sin ; and Christ throws us the rope, and calls to us to take hold of it. But

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Faith leads to obey God.

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it will all do no good unless we take hold of it. Now, this taking hold of the rope *is faith*. Faith makes us take hold of Christ, just as you would take hold of the rope, when drowning. He draws us from the deep waters; and when he has done it, we love him, we thank him, and we obey him.

But I wish to tell you, in a few words, what good faith does us.

1. It makes us obey and serve God.

No one will serve God by leaving off sin and doing his will, unless he has faith to believe that he will reward all who are good, and punish all who remain wicked. Who would get any good from the Bible, if they have not faith in it? Who would try to govern the temper, the tongue, the words, and the thoughts, if they did not believe that God will bring every secret thing unto judgment? No one. But if we believe what God has told us in his Word, we shall be very careful to do what God commands us to do. The sailor goes away on the great waters, and works hard

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Faith leads us to do good.

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and faithfully, because he has faith to believe the captain will pay him. So we must have faith in the promises of God, if we would serve him and please him.

2. Faith makes us do good.

The apostles went every where preaching the gospel, though they were hated, and stoned, and put in prison, and put to death, because they believed God, and had faith in his Word, that whoever will repent, and love Christ, shall be saved ; and whoever will not, shall be lost forever. It is the faith which led them to endure such sufferings, that leads good men now to go to the heathen, and preach to them, and die among them. It is faith in God that leads good men to preach, to have Bible Societies, and to make great efforts, and take great pains, to have all men every where know, and believe, and obey the Bible. It is this faith which leads the praying mother to come to the bed of her little child, and hear him say his



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The dying mother.

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prayers before he shuts his eyes in sleep. It is faith that comforts the dying mother as she leaves this world, and leaves her dear children behind without any mother. I once visited a dying mother, who had this faith in Christ; and after she had called her children around her bed, and had taken each one by the hand, and had given each her advice and her blessing, and had bidden them farewell, and was then too much exhausted to speak aloud,

“ She made a sign

To bring her babe ; 'twas brought, and by her placed.

She looked upon its face, that neither smiled

Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon it ; and laid

Her hand upon its little breast, and sought

For it—with look that seemed to penetrate

The heavens—unutterable blessings—such

As God to dying parents only granted

For infants left behind them in the world.

‘ God bless my child ! ’ we heard her say, and heard

No more. The angel of the covenant

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Faith comforts us.

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Was come ; and, faithful to his promise, stood,  
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.  
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,—  
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused  
With many tears,—and closed without a cloud.  
They set as sets the morning star, which goes  
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides  
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,—  
But melts away into the light of heaven ! ”

3. Faith comforts us, and holds us up, in the time of trouble.

There are many times when we can have no help from any human friend. None but God can aid us. It was so with Noah, when the ark floated upon the great waters, and nobody but God could roll off these waters, and make the dry land appear. It was so with Daniel, when thrown among the fierce lions, and nobody could shut their mouths but God. It is so with every dying Christian, whether he dies at home among his friends, or

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The dead boy's lantern.

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away from home among strangers, or alone where no one is with him. See what faith can do for a child, and in the most awful situation :—

“By a sudden burst of water into one of the Newcastle collieries, thirty-five men and forty-one lads were driven into a distant part of the pit, from which there was no possibility of return, until the water should be drawn off. While this was effecting, though all possible means were used, the whole number died, from starvation or suffocation. When the bodies were drawn up from the pit, seven of the youth were discovered in a cavern separate from the rest. Among these was one, of peculiarly moral and religious habits, whose daily reading the Sacred Scriptures to his widowed mother, when he came up from his labors, had formed the solace of her lonely condition. After his funeral, a sympathizing friend of the neglected poor went to visit her; and while the mother showed him, as a relic of her son, his Bible, worn and soiled

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The dead boy's lantern.

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with constant perusal, he happened to cast his eyes on a candle-box, with which, as a miner, he had been furnished, and which had been brought up from the pit with him; and there he discovered the following affecting record of the filial affection and steadfast piety of the youth. In the darkness of the suffocating pit, with a bit of pointed iron, he had engraved on the box his last message to his mother, in these words:—

*“‘Fret not, my Dear Mother,—for we were singing and praising God while we had time. Mother, follow God more than I did. Joseph, be a good lad to God and mother.’”*

This was faith; and, oh, what comfort did it give this poor boy in the hour of dying! and what comfort to the poor widow, as she wept over her dear son! May you, dear children, all have such a faith. Amen.

## LECTURE VI.

GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF US.

*Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.*—MATT. 6. 28, 29.

CONTENTS.—How Christ preached. The rich man. God is very rich. Hogshead of gold. Many cattle. Servants. Little boy and his sister. Charge to angels, and beautiful illustration. The garden lily. The cold winter and the lily. The pond. Sermon by a lily. The poor heathen child. His lonely feelings. Comes to America. His death. Sailing of the missionaries. The hymn. The gospel received. The weeping mother. The ostrich in the wilderness. Sorrows to come. When will God be a friend ?

OUR Saviour used to preach any where, and every where, as he met with those who wanted to hear him. Sometimes he sat down on the ground, and sometimes sat in the boat on the water, and sometimes stood in the great temple and preached. He used to be very plain, and easy to be understood. †He would have preached finely to chil-

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The rich man.

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dren; and if he were now to speak to all these children before me, I do not believe there is a single one who would not understand all he should say. And yet it is possible, if any one wants to do so, to misunderstand even the Saviour himself. Now see. Suppose a lazy boy should read over my text, and then say, that Christ teaches us that God takes care of the lilies, though they do no work, and, therefore, we need not work, and he will take care of us in our idleness. This would be to make the Bible favor our sins; but the Bible never does that.

Suppose you should go and visit a man who was so rich that he had his trees covered with silk of the most beautiful colors, and even his most ugly looking creatures covered with gold and silver, and adorned by the most curious art! Would you not think him a rich man? And if he were known to be a good man, and true to his word, and he should tell you that he would be your friend,

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God is very rich.

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Hogshead of gold.

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and always take care of you, would you have any fear but he would do it?

God is richer than all this. + He is so rich that he can put more of what is beautiful upon a single lily or tulip, than the great king Solomon could put on all his clothing. The hoarse, homely peacock carries more that is beautiful upon his tail than the richest king could ever show. And even the poor butterfly, which is to live but a few hours, has a more glorious dress than the proudest, richest man that ever lived. God can afford to dress this poor worm up so, because he is rich. If, then, he can afford to take such care of the lilies, the birds, and insects, and to make them more beautiful than man can ever be, will he not take care of us, if we obey him?

Suppose you had a rich father—so rich that he had a hogshead full of gold, and a great barn full of silver. Do you think that, if you were to be a good child, he would ever refuse to take care of you? But God has more gold and silver laid up

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Many cattle

Servants.

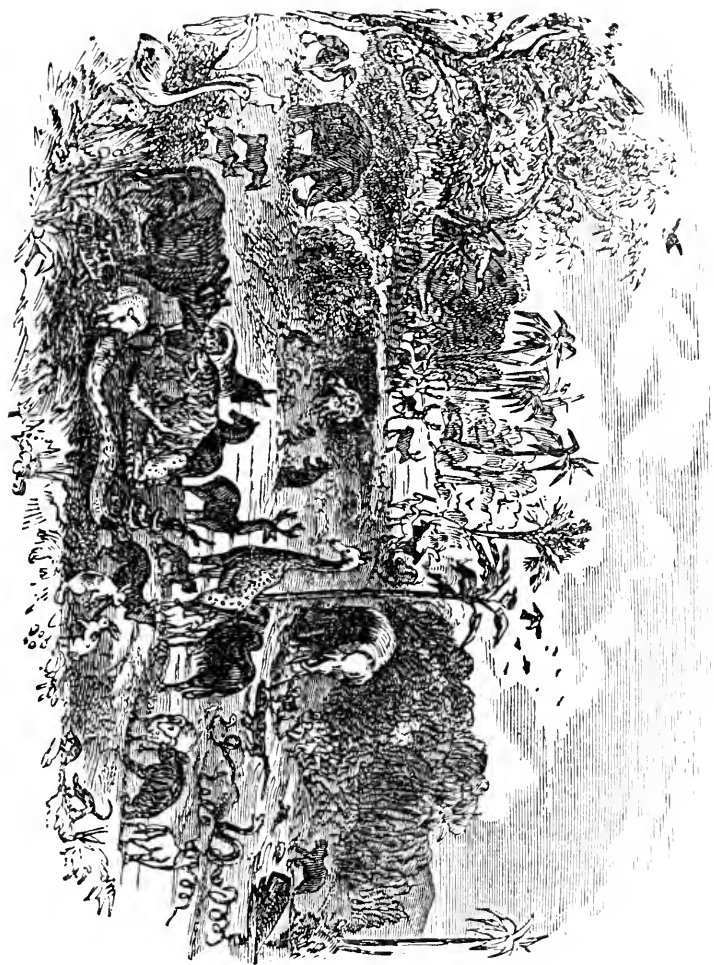
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in the ground, which men have not yet dug up, than would make a mountain—it may be a hundred mountains. Can he not take care of you?

Suppose your father had more oxen, and horses, and cattle, than you could count over in a day, or in a week. Would he not be able to take care of his child, and give him every thing he needs? Yes. But God has “cattle upon ten thousand hills,” and “every beast of the forest” is his, and his are “all the fowls of the air!” Can he not give you food from all these cattle, and clothe you, and give you beds from the feathers of all these fowls? Yes, he is able to do it all.

Suppose your father was so rich that he had ten thousand men at work for him every day, all at work, and all paid to their mind, and all happy in working for him. Would you have any fears but he could take care of you, and do you good? But God has more servants than these. He has all the good people on earth in his employment, and all the angels in heaven. He pays them all







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Little boy and his sister.

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And if you need any thing, he can send one, or a million of these his servants to you, to help you.

A little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just begun to run alone, and could not step over any thing that lay in the way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, but *charged* him not to let her fall. I found them at play, very happy, in the field.

I said, "You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can she walk alone?"

"Yes, sir, on smooth ground."

"And how did she get over these stones, which lie between us and the house?"

"O, sir, mother *charged* me to be careful that she did not fall, and so I put my hands under her arms, and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it."

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Charge to angels, and beautiful illustration.The garden lily

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“That is right, George. And I want to tell you one thing. You see now how to understand that beautiful text, ‘He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.’ God charges his angels to lead and lift good people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Anne over these stones. Do you understand it now?”

“O yes, sir, and I shall never forget it while I live.”

Can one child thus take care of another, and cannot God take care of those who put their trust in him? Surely he can; and there is not a child among you here to-day, over whom he is not ready to give his holy angels charge.

Did you never see the lily as it stands in the garden in the summer? God sends it the pure sunshine, and it seems to rejoice in his warm beams. He sends it the cooling dews, and it seems to drink in their sweetness like

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The cold winter and the lily.

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milk. The clouds gather, the storm rages, the rains pour down, the winds sweep along. See ! the lily has shut up its blossom, and folded its leaves, and meekly bows its head, and bends to the wind, and asks no eye to gaze on it, while the storm lasts. God has taught it to do thus, till the smile shall again follow the tempest. It is not injured. It opens and smiles again. So does God teach the good. The Christian thus rejoices when blessed ; and when troubles and sorrows come, he meekly bows and waits till God remembers him and removes the storm.

You have seen the lily, in the fall, when the frosts came, drop its head, and droop, and die. The stalk on which the sweet flower waved all summer, is gone, and the spot where it stood is forgotten. But see the care of God for that lily. The cold winter goes past, the sunshine of spring returns, the young buds swell and open, and the lily, which has only been sleeping in the ground,

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The pond lily.

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puts up its meek head, and rises again to beauty and glory. God takes care of the frail, beautiful plant, and will not let it perish forever. So you have seen the beautiful little child, which stood, like the flower in the garden, struck down by sickness, and cut down by death, and laid in the little grave. But God will take care of it. The long winter will be over; and though that dear child is forgotten by every body on earth, yet it is not forgotten by God. There is a day coming when God will come down from heaven, and send his angel to call this child from the long sleep of the grave, and it will come up from the ground fair and glorious on the morning of the great day. Do you ask how it can be? Let me ask you one question.

Did you ever see a pond covered over with hard ice, thick and cold, all the long winter? Well, the spring comes, and the ice melts away, and the lily-seed, which has so long been sleeping

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Sermon by a lily.

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in the mud at the bottom of the pond, springs up, and shoots up, and opens its beautiful white flower, on the top of the smooth water, and seems to smile as it looks up towards heaven. How is this done? By the care and the power of that God who watches over all his works, and who will take care of the flower-seed, and of the immortal spirit of every child.

While too many people, who know about God, seem to live, day after day, for years, without loving, or obeying, or even speaking of God, you can almost hear the lily speak, as if preaching, and say,—

“I acknowledge the presence of God, my Maker. When he passes by me on the soft wings of the breeze, I wave my head as he passes; when he rides on the whirlwind or the storm, I bow and tremble; when he draws over me the curtains of the night, I feel safe, and go to sleep; when he opens upon me the eye of morning, I

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The poor heathen child.

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wake up, and drink in the fresh beams of his sun ; and when he sends his chilling frosts, I let my frail body perish, and hide myself in the ground, knowing that he will again raise me up to life and beauty !”

Some years ago, there was a poor child left alone, at the death of his parents, in a distant island of the ocean. His people were all heathen, wicked people. His father and mother were killed in a cruel war. Now, see how God takes care of his creatures. Let us hear his own account of the thing. “ At the death of my parents, I was with them ; I saw them killed with a bayonet—and with them my little brother, not more than two or three months old—so that I was left alone without father or mother in this wilderness world. Poor boy, thought I within myself, after they were gone, are there any father or mother of mine at home, that I may go and find them at home ? No ; poor boy am I. And while I was



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His lonely feelings.Comes to America.

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at play with other children, after we had made an end of playing, they return to their parents,—but I was returned into tears,—for I have no home, neither father nor mother. I was now brought away from my home to a stranger place, and I thought of nothing more but want of father or mother, and to cry day and night. While I was with my uncle, for some time I began to think about leaving that country, to go to some other part of the globe. I thought to myself that if I should get away, and go to some other country, probably I may find some comfort, more than to live there, without father and mother.”

This poor boy, thus left, an orphan, in a heathen country, was under the care of God. He left the island, and came to this country. Here he found kind friends, who took care of him, and taught him to read and write, and who took great pains to teach him about God and about Jesus Christ. He became a true Christian, and a dear youth he was. He wanted to go back to

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His death.

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The sailing of the missionaries.

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his country, to tell his people about God and Jesus; but just as he had gotten his education, and was ready, he was taken sick, and died. His name was HENRY OBOOKIAH. He died with "a hope full of immortality." His grave is in Cornwall, Conn. But he lived not in vain. By means of his life and death, good men felt so much for his poor countrymen, that many good missionaries have gone to those islands, and there built churches, and printed school books, opened schools, printed the Bible, and taught many thousands to read and to know God. The foolish idols are destroyed, and they are becoming a Christian nation.

I remember when the missionaries first set out for that country. They sailed from New Haven; and before they entered the ship, and as they took leave of their dear friends, amid a great company of Christians, they all united in singing a beautiful hymn. Three verses of this I will now read to you.

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The hymn.The gospel received.

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‘Wake, isles of the South! your redemption is near;  
No longer repose in the borders of gloom;  
The strength of his chosen in love will appear,  
And light shall arise on the verge of the tomb.

The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,  
The day-spring, the prophet in vision once saw,  
When the beams of Messiah will ‘lumine each clime,  
And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law

And thou, OBOOKIAH, now sainted above,  
Shalt rejoice as the heralds their mission disclose;  
And thy prayers shall be heard, that the land thou didst love  
May blossom as Sharon, and bud as the rose!”

Oh! what care and goodness in God, thus to guide this lonely child to this country, and, by his means, lead many to go and carry the gospel to that whole nation! The Sabbath is now known there, and many thousands have already learned to read the Word of God; and we believe multitudes have become true Christians, and have followed Henry to the presence of God in heaven

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The weeping mother.

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When they were heathen, they used to kill almost all their children when they were small; and many of them were murdered, and given to their idol gods. One day, when the little church there was sitting down at the communion table, a poor woman, who had been a heathen, but who was now a Christian, was seen to weep most bitterly. One of the ministers asked her why she wept and wrung her hands. "Oh!" said she, "why did I not know of this blessed God before! Why did I not! I once had six sweet children—they are all gone—I murdered them all with my own hands! But oh, if I had known about God as I now do, they would have been alive now!" They have now done with the cruel practice of murdering their children. They know better.

Perhaps some of my little hearers are orphans, —have no father, or no mother. I can feel for such; for I know what it is to stand by the grave of a father when a child. But let me say to you,

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The ostrich in the wilderness.

Sorrows to come.

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that God will take care of you. He takes care of the lily. You have heard of the ostrich, that great bird which lives in the wilderness. She lays her eggs in the sand, and then leaves them forever. The warm sun hatches out the young ostrich, and there is no mother to feed and take care of it. But God takes care of it, and feeds it; and will he not much more take care of the child who has lost father or mother, if that child ask him to be a father? Surely he will

Children, you have all yet to meet with trials and disappointments. You are meeting with them every day. You will have sickness, and pain, and sorrow, and you want a friend whose love cannot change. You must die, and be buried up in the ground; and you want God to take care of you, whether you live in this world or in the next. Well, God will be such a friend to you on these conditions:—

1. You must ask him to be your father and

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When will God be a friend ?

Conditions.

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friend. Ask him every day, and feel that without his blessing upon you every day, your feet may fall, your eyes fill with tears, and your soul meet with death. Ask in the name of Jesus Christ.

2. You must promise him sincerely that you will obey him and do his will. Suppose you had no father or no mother, and a great, and good, and rich man were to offer to take you, and take care of you, and make you his own child, and should say he would do it all, on the condition that you obliged him and did his will,—would you not at once promise to do it? And so you ought to promise God.

3. You must love God as you would the best father in the world. Love his Son, because he is the express image of the Father. Love his word, his people, his service, his commands, his duties, and thus give him your heart, and he will be your friend forever and ever. Amen.

## LECTURE VII.

## JESUS CHRIST TASTING DEATH.

*Jesus—who, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man.*—HEBREWS 2. 9.

**CONTENTS.**—Figurative language. Fields smiling. The sea afraid. Meaning of the text. How they used to put people to death. Socrates' death. Long row of prisoners. Christ drinking the cup of poison. Children of Israel. The court-house. The young prisoner. His plea. His home. His family. The parting. Killing his parents. The compassionate judge. The pardon. Christ died for us. All saved? The hospital. The house for all the blind. Offered to all. A question answered. Light for all. Water for all. Salvation of Christ free. A thing to be remembered. The story of the slave. The good man. The slave bought. Ingratitude. All men slaves. John Howard. Four things to be done.

IF I should speak about *figurative* language, I wonder if these children would know what I mean? Some, no doubt, would. But lest all could not understand it, I will tell you what I mean. If I should walk out with one of these children, on some fair and beautiful morning, and see the bright sun, and the trees full of blossoms, and the ground covered with green grass, and

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Meaning of the text.How they used to put people to death.

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hear the birds sing, I might stop and say to my little friend, "How pleasant! The very fields *smile!*" By this I should not mean that the fields have eyes, and a mouth, and a face, and can smile, just as we do. But this is figurative language. So when the Bible says, "The sea saw God, and was afraid," it means the waters rolled back, and went away, just as a man would run away when he was afraid. This is figurative language. The sea rolled back, just as if it were afraid. The fields look pleasant, just as a man does when he smiles.

Now, see if you cannot understand this beautiful text. In the times when the Bible was written, they used to put men to death, who had broken the laws, in different ways. Some were stoned to death. Some were drowned. But one very common way was, to make them take a cup and drink what was in it. This cup used to have poison in it. The condemned man drank it, and



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Socrates' death.

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Long row of prisoners.

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in a few moments was dead. In this way Socrates, one of the best heathen that ever lived, and put to death unjustly, died. "The fatal cup was brought. Socrates asked what was necessary for him to do. 'Nothing more,' replied the servant, 'than, as soon as you have drank it, to walk about till you find your legs grow weary, and afterwards lie down upon your bed.' He took up the cup without any emotion or change in his color or countenance--and then drank off the whole draught with an amazing tranquillity."

Now, this text represents all men as guilty of crime, and justly condemned to die. It is just as if all were shut up in prison, and doomed to drink, each a cup full of poison. Just suppose the prison doors to be opened, and the poor men all brought out and placed in a long row, and each man holding a cup of poison in his hand, which he must drink. Then, at that moment, Jesus Christ comes along, and pities the poor

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Christ drinking the cup of poison.Children of Israel.

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guilty prisoners, and goes slowly along, takes each cup out of the hand, and drinks it himself ! This is drinking, or “tasting death for every man !” This is just as if Christ had done so for sinners. This is figurative language ; but you now understand it ; and whenever you read over this delightful text, you will know it means, that Christ died for sinners, and thus saved them from hell, just as he would save the poor prisoners, if he should drink the cup of poison for each one !

You know how mercies may come to people sometimes, not on their own account, but on the account of others. To make this plain :—The children of Israel all sinned against God in the wilderness, and God was about to kill them all. But Moses went and prayed for them ; and God heard his prayers, and spared the wicked Hebrews for the sake of Moses. When Joseph was sold a slave in Egypt, God blessed his master, and blessed all Egypt, for the sake of Joseph. And

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The court-house.

The young prisoner.

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men who are guilty, and who deserve to die, can sometimes be forgiven for the sake of others, who are not guilty. This I will try to make plain to you.

Suppose, in one of your walks, you go into the court-house, while the court are doing their business. You go in, and find the great room full of people. A young man has just been tried for committing an awful crime. The lawyers have done pleading for him, and he is proved to be guilty. He must die; and he has now been brought into the court to hear the sentence of death. The judge rises up with a paper in his hand, on which the sentence is written. He looks towards the young man, and says,

“Young man, the court have found you guilty. Is there any reason why the sentence of death should not now be pronounced upon you?”

The young man rises up. His hands are clasped together in agony. The sheriff stands

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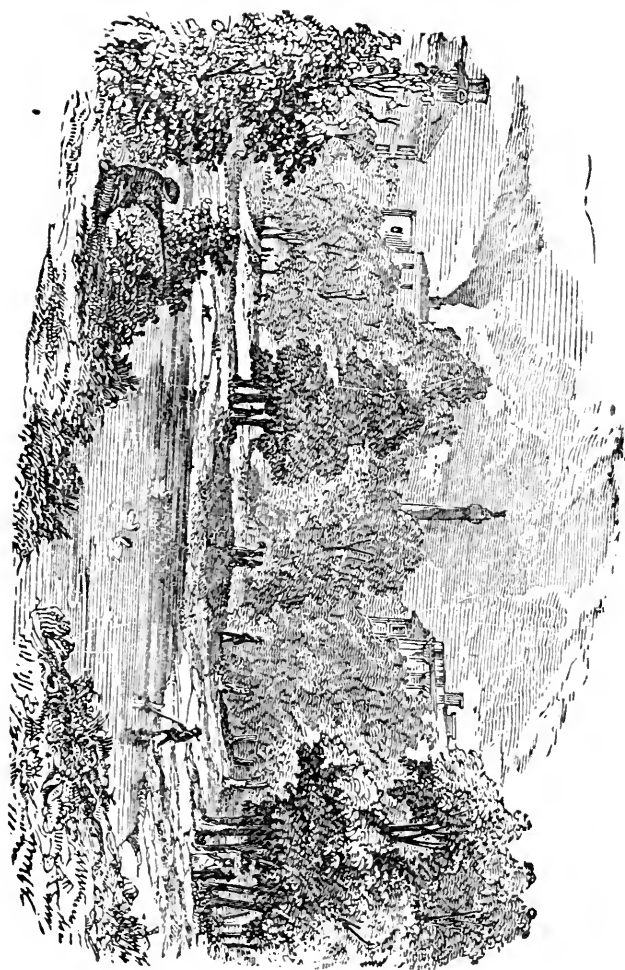
His plea.

His home.

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close by him, so that he shall not escape. He stands a moment, and the tears fall fast from his cheeks. He falters,—and then speaks :—

“ Sir, I have to thank you for the kind manner in which I have been tried. I deserve to die, and, for myself, I cannot, and I do not, ask for life. But, sir, far away from this, in a remote corner of the country, there is a high mountain rising up towards heaven. At the foot of that mountain is a beautiful meadow, with a sweet little brook winding through it. On the banks of that brook, and just at the foot of the mountain, stands a little cottage, under the lofty elms that hang over it. And there I spent my boy hood. The stream was never dry, and the meadows were always green. There I lived, gay as the lark which flew over my head ; and in that little cottage there lives an old, worn-out soldier, who fought and bled for his country. You can remember how you and he fought side





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His family.

The parting.

Killing his parents.

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by side, and how he once saved the life of his general, at the risk of his own. He is an old man ;—his hair is gray ;—he leans upon a staff when he walks. And beside him sits a feeble woman. They are my father and my mother. At their feet sit my two little sisters, who, every night, go to the little window, and stand and watch as long as they can see, in hopes to see me return. For, when I left my home, and my father laid his hand on my head, and prayed for me, and my mother wept her blessing over me, and my sisters hung upon my arm, I promised to return again, and be the comfort, the stay, and the staff of that family. And now, sir, when I am gone,—when I am cut off with all the sins of my youth fresh upon me,—the tidings will all go to that distant cottage, and the news will kill that old man, my father, and that aged woman, my mother. Yes, they will sink down in sorrow to the grave; and my orphan sisters will be

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The compassionate judge.

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The pardon.

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turned out upon a world whose charities will be cold towards the sisters of one who died on the gallows. Oh, sir, how can I die, and bury that family in ruin ! Oh, save me, for the sake of that old soldier, who shed his blood freely for his country, and that mother, whose prayers will cover your head as long as she lives, and those sisters, who will never lie down without praying for you ! For *my* sake, I dare not ask life ; but for *their* sakes, I ask and entreat it ! ”

The humane judge is moved ; he is a father, and he weeps. He says, “ Young man, I cannot pardon you. I must pass the sentence of the law upon you. But I will commend you to the governor, who has the power to pardon you. I will tell him your story, and I hope, for the *sake* of that old soldier, your father, he will pardon you ; but till his mind is known, you are condemned.”

Now follow the good judge. He goes to the



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Christ died for us.

All saved ?

The hospital.

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governor. He states the case, the crime, the guilt of the youth. He also states the situation of the old father whose only son is condemned to the gallows. The governor listens. His heart, too, is moved, and he pardons the young man, and sends him home, not because *he* deserved pardon, but for the sake of his father's family. This, now, is a plain case, where a man may receive pardon for the sake of another. Just so, for the sake of Jesus Christ, men may be pardoned by God, and prepared for heaven. In this way have more good people gone to heaven than we could count—a multitude from every nation under heaven.

But perhaps I should here ask you a question. If Christ died for all men, tasted death for every man, will every man, of course, go to heaven? I answer, No; not of course. Let me show you how it is. At Boston they have built a great and a beautiful house for sick people to be carried

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The house for all the blind.

Offered to all.

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to, in order to be taken care of, and cured. It is called a hospital. It is built for the use of every man in Massachusetts—if he chooses to go to it. It is so that any person who wishes may go there and enjoy its accommodations. Now, if any body does not feel sick, he need not go there. He may be sick at home, if he chooses. Still he has a right to go to the hospital. It was built for every body. So Christ died for all men, and is ready to save all men; but if any do not feel their need of him, or if they choose to go somewhere else for pardon, they can, and, of course, they are not saved by Christ.

Suppose I am a rich man, and I build a great house, and call it the house for blind people; and print it in all the newspapers, that the house is all ready and complete, and that every blind child in the land may come and live in it; that I will give him food and clothing, will have him instructed, and will even cure him of his blindness. But I

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A question answered.

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have one condition ; and that is, that all the blind children who come shall behave well, and be good children, and obey all the rules of the house. This would be a house for all the blind in the land. But would all come to it ? No. Some would say, they do not wish to be fed and clothed. Some would say, they do not wish to be taught. And some would say, they do not wish to be cured ; they had as lief be blind as not. And thus there might be multitudes who are blind, but who receive no good from my house. Just so with men in regard to Jesus Christ. All may go to him and be saved ; but all will not choose to go ; and none will be saved except those who do go to him, and who obey him.

But will God, perhaps you ask, provide for all, and yet all not receive salvation ? + Will he lay a foundation for a great church, and yet set only a small building on it ? I reply to you, that God has provided a Saviour, who is able and willing to save all men ; and yet he will save none but those

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Light for all.Water for all.

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who break off from sin, and obey him. What child needs to have me tell him that God provides many blessings which all do not enjoy, though all might, if they chose? He has created sunshine enough for all. But some are so wicked that they had rather be thieves, and go to steal in the night, and sleep when the sun shines. Still there is light enough for all, if all choose to use it. So, also, God has created water enough to supply every thirsty man on earth; but some choose not to drink it; they had rather drink some strong drink, which destroys them. But there is water enough, and it is their fault if they do not use it. Does any man ever say that God could not and did not write the Bible? or that God has not appointed and blessed the holy Sabbath, because so many people choose to break the Sabbath, and waste it? No. In all these cases, we know that God has, in mercy, provided these blessings, and then left men to do as they please about enjoying them.

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Salvation of Christ free.A thing to be remembered.

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It is just so with the salvation by Jesus Christ. It is as free as the water which flows from the clouds ; but, then, men may do as they please about going to Christ for it. † He healed every sick man who came to him, when he was on earth ; but if any were sick, and did not go to him, or send to him, such he did not heal.

I have almost done this Lecture. But I want to say a word more to these dear children, and to say, if I can, such a thing, and in such a manner, that they will not forget it. What I wish to say is this, *that it is very wrong not to love Jesus Christ for his mercy in tasting death for every man.*

Now, suppose I should say to you, “ Children, I am now going to tell you a story about myself ; and the story is this. Just suppose it true. I was once out on the great waters, far out upon the ocean, in a large ship, going to the Indies. On one fine morning, another ship came in sight, and bent her course so as to come straight to-

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The story of the slave.

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The good man.

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wards us. We were afraid of her, and so we hoisted up every sail we could, in order to get away. But she gained upon us, and we could not escape. So she sailed up to us, a great ship, full of men, and guns, and swords. They took us all, and carried us to their country, and put irons on our hands and on our feet, and stripped off our clothes, and sold us in the market for slaves, just as they would cattle. I was bought by a cruel, wicked man, who almost starved me, and who used to whip me every day till the blood ran down my back. So I lived for years. The news at length reached my native place. And then the richest and the best man in the whole country, and one whom I had always treated unkindly, heard of my condition. He felt for me. At once he sold his house, his lands, and every thing he had, and took all he had in the world, and went into that distant country, to buy me out of slavery. When he got there, he told what he

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The slave bought.

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Ingratitude.

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wanted. My master would not sell me. The good man offered all his money, and to become poor himself. No,—my master would not take it. At last, the good man offered to become a slave himself, if I might be set at liberty. The offer was accepted. I had the irons taken off from my hands, and put on his; and the stripes which I had received, were laid upon him. I saw him a poor slave, and knew that he had left home and friends, and had become a slave, to buy my freedom! I came home to my friends, where I have a home and so many blessings. And now I forget that friend who became a slave in my place. I never speak of him; I never write to him, never thank him; never have tried to love him or his friends! Is not this ungrateful? Is it not wrong, and sinful? And have I not got a very wicked heart?"

Now, just see how this applies to us. We were all taken and made slaves by sin. We were

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All men slaves.John Howard.

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all in bondage, and all ruined. Jesus Christ was in heaven, with the Father. His eye pitied us. He was rich, and had all in heaven for his own; but he became a poor man. For our sakes, he became poor. He came, like an angel, on the wings of love, down to this world, where we poor slaves live. He would buy us. And he bought us by becoming a curse for us;† bought us, “not with corruptible things, as with silver and gold,” but by his own precious blood. “The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all, and by his stripes we are healed.” Ought we not to love Jesus Christ, and that, too, with all the heart?

Christ died for us while we were enemies. The great and the good John Howard went all over Europe to visit the prisons and to do good to the poor prisoners. When he entered a prison, the prisoners would frequently go the whole length of their chain, to fall at his feet and bless



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Four things to be done.

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him. But they were not his enemies, nor did he die for them. But Christ died for us, while we were enemies. What a love is this ! What a Saviour is he ! “What think ye of Christ,” my dear children ? Should you not at once begin to do, and continue to do, these four things ?

1. Think about Jesus Christ every day, in your own heart.

2. Read about Christ in the Bible, and try to know as much about him as you possibly can.

3. Think how little you have thought of him, or cared for him, and be humbled and truly sorry.

4. Give him your love, your heart, your life, your all. Amen.

## LECTURE VIII.

## CHRIST INTERCEDING FOR US.

*He ever liveth to make intercession.*—HEB. 7. 25.

CONTENTS.—The name of Washington. We all want a friend. The poor Indian and his child. Christ is such a friend as we need. Children's troubles. The three friends. The real friend. Story applied. Christ is the real friend. When most needed. The just king and his laws. Christ's manner of interceding. High treason. The wife and ten children. The pardon. How is Christ's intercession different? The child in prison. The two brothers. Four things in Christ. He is worthy. He knows our wants. Ever lives. Never changes. The waters quench not his love.

ALMOST every prayer which we hear, is made in the name of Jesus Christ; and every thing we ask God for, is asked “for Christ’s sake.” A poor, sick soldier might go to the door of congress, and ask to go in, and ask for help for himself and his family, and he could not get any. But if he had in his pocket a paper, saying that he might go and ask help in the name of Washington, and if congress knew that the paper was written by Washington, they would hear his re

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We all want a friend.

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quest, and aid him, for Washington's sake. This would be asking in another's name, just as we ask God in Christ's name ; and it would be answering for another's sake, just as God answers us " for Christ's sake."

Nobody can feel happy without a friend. And almost every one tries to get and keep a few friends, however wicked he may be. Let any one have no friend to feel for him, to share his joys and his sorrows, and he will feel unhappy. You have seen how children will love a little dog, or a lamb, or a dove, or any thing that can love them. The little boy will talk to his top, and the little girl will talk to her doll, because they want a friend ; and if the top and the doll could talk, and love them, they would be still more glad. Why ? Because we all want friends, to whom we can talk, and who will feel for us. Let me show you just what I mean.

Some years ago, there was an Indian in the

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The poor Indian and his child.

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state of Maine, who, for his very good conduct, had a large farm given him by the state. He built his little house on his land, and there lived. Around him were quite a number of white families. They did not treat him badly, but, because he was an Indian, they did not act and feel as if they loved him, and as if they were his friends. His only child was taken sick, and died, and not one of the white people went near him to comfort him, or to aid him to bury his little child. A few days after, he came to the white people, and said to them,

*“When white man’s child die, Indian man be sorry,—he help bury him. When my child die, no one speak to me—I make his grave alone,—I can’t no live here,—and have no friend to love me!”*

The poor Indian gave up his farm, *dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forest, to join the*

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Christ is such a friend as we need.Children's troubles.

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Canada Indians! What love for his child! What a deep feeling in his heart, that he wanted a friend!

So we all want some one to whom we may look every day. But when we are sick, when in distress, when we are about to die, oh, then, we want a friend who will stand near us, and who can help us. Now, Jesus Christ is just that friend. He was once a man of sorrows, and was acquainted with grief, and knows how to help those who are in sorrow. He was once in the agonies of death, and knows all how the dying feel. Is any one poor? So was he, and knows all about being poor. Are you a poor weak child? So was he, and knows just how the child feels, and just what a friend he needs. You have little trials and troubles, which older people would not think of, but which sometimes make your heart feel heavy and sad. Well, Jesus Christ knows all about such feelings, and

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The three friends.

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can help you, and will do it every day, if you ask him every day to do so.

But though we want a friend all our lives, there is one hour when we very much need such a friend. That is the hour of dying. Let me show you why.

There was once a man who had three friends. He knew them, and lived near them for years. It so happened, that this man was accused to the king of the country as a bad man, and the king ordered that he should be put to death. The poor man heard of it, and was in great trouble. He expected to lose his life, and to leave his family of children in great distress. After thinking it over, and weeping over it, he determined to go to the king, and fall down before him, and get somebody to go with him, and beg his life. So he called on these three friends, and begged them to go with him. The first whom he asked, he loved best, and thought him his best friend.

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The real friend.Story applied.

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But no;—he would not go with him one step towards the king's court. He would not move to help him. He next went to the second friend, and whom he loved next best, and asked him to go. So they set out to go; but when they came to the gates of the king's court, this friend stopped, and would not go in with him, and ask for his life. Then he went to the third friend, and the one whom he loved the least, and asked him to help him. This friend was known to the king, and beloved by him. So he took him by the hand, and led him in to the king, and *interceded*, or begged for him, and the king pardoned the condemned man, *for the sake of his friend who interceded for him!*

Now, see how this story applies here. People have three things, which they think of and which they call their friends. These three things are, 1. The world; that is, property, and houses, and all the fine things which they have. 2.

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Christ the real friend.When most needed.

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Their friends. 3. Jesus Christ. The first of these friends is loved the most. Our friends are loved next best; and Jesus Christ least of all. So, when we are taken sick, and must die, and go in before the great King, we call upon these to help us. The world, and the things of the world, however, cannot go with us one step. They must all be useless the moment we lie on the bed of death. The next, which is, our friends, can go with us through the sickness, and as far as to the king's gates, the gates of death, and they there stop and leave us. But Jesus Christ, that friend, of whom we think so little, and whom we love so little, he can go in with us before the great King of kings, and plead for us,—intercede for us, and thus save our souls from being condemned to eternal death. This, oh, *this* is the time when we need him for our friend, and need him for our intercessor. He died for us, and can, therefore, be our friend, and plead for us, and save us.



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The just king and his laws.

Christ's manner of interceding.

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I trust you have not forgotten the last Lecture, in which I tried to show you how that God can save our souls, because Christ suffered for us. I am now showing you that Christ does something more ; he intercedes for us. A king once made a law against a certain crime ; and the law was, that every one who did that wicked thing should have both his eyes put out. Very soon, a man was found who had broken the law. He was tried and found guilty. It was the king's own son. Now, the king saw that, if he did not punish his son, nobody ought to be punished, and nobody would keep the law. So he had one eye of his son put out, and one of his own eyes put out ! He could now go before the court and plead for his son, and, by his own sufferings and intercession, could save his son from further punishment. All the people saw that the good king hated the crime and loved his laws. Just so does Jesus Christ save us. He has suffered for us, and now lives to intercede for us

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High treason.

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How very different are Christ's prayers for us from any thing which we can do for one another! He can always aid us. We cannot always do it. Let me try to show you the difference.

Many years ago, there were some men, in the state of Pennsylvania, who would not obey the laws of their country, but tried to destroy the laws, and have their own wills. When men go so far as to unite, and say they will not obey the laws, this crime is called "high treason." Among these men who did so, was one by the name of John Fries. He was carefully tried by the court, and found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. The death-warrant was signed by the president of the United States, and the day was fixed on which he should die. But just before the day came, some people went to the president, and asked him to permit a woman to see him, who had something to say to him. The president said he would see her.

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The wife and ten children.The pardon.

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A few kind friends went with her to the house of the president. The president stood up to receive her. But what was his surprise to see this woman with ten children all kneeling before him in tears! They were the wife and the ten children of John Fries, kneeling and weeping, and *interceding* for the life of their father, who was condemned to die! The president stood in amazement; and then the big tears came gushing down his cheeks, and his voice was so choked, that he could not speak. With his eyes streaming with tears, and his hands raised towards heaven, he pushed away out of the room. Oh, what a moment of anxiety! Would he hear the petition, or would he let the man die? In a few moments he returned with a paper in his hand. It contained a full and free pardon for her husband, and their father. He gave it to Mrs. Fries, and she went away, and returned joyful to her home, having her husband with her.

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How is Christ's intercession different ?The child in prison.

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This was interceding before a human being. Christ intercedes before God. This was interceding for one man. Christ does it for all his people. This was for one short life. Christ asks for us eternal life. This was for one sin. Christ intercedes for all our sins. This was for a friend. Christ does it for those who have ever been enemies. This saved from the curse pronounced by human laws. Christ saves us from the curse of God's law. This was a little stream ; but Christ carries us over the dark river of death.

Suppose one of these children were condemned to die, and were shut up in prison, and were going to send a petition to the governor for your life. Whom would you wish to carry it? The most worthy man in the whole town, certainly. Christ is the most worthy being in the universe, and therefore he is a good intercessor. If you were to petition for your life, whom would you wish to carry your petition ; a stranger, or some

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The two brothers.Four things in Christ.

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warm, intimate friend of the governor? The friend, surely. You would say, the governor will be more likely to hear his friend than a stranger. Yes. And God is ever well-pleased with his dear Son, and is willing to hear him when he intercedes for us.

History informs us of a man who was doomed to die for some crime which he had committed. His brother had lost an arm in defending his country. He came forward and held up the stump of his lost arm, and interceded for his brother. The judges were so affected by the remembrance of his past services, that they freely pardoned the guilty brother for his sake. Thus is Christ described to us as sitting on the throne, with his wounds yet bleeding (Rev. 5. 6,) and interceding for us.

There are four things about Jesus Christ which make him just such an intercessor as we need. I will tell you what they are.

1. *He is worthy.*

You know, dear children, that it is a great

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He is worthy.

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comfort to have good men pray for us. You know, too, that the prayers of good men avail much with God. In the Bible you will find the stories, where one man prayed, and the dead child of a heathen woman was raised to life ; where another prayed, and an angel came down and shut the mouths of lions, so that they did not hurt the good man. Peter prayed, and a dead woman came to life. Paul prayed, and a young man, who had fallen from the third story of the house, and was killed, was brought to life. Abraham prayed for Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities would have been spared, if there had been ten righteous men in five cities. But good men might pray for you ; all the good men on earth might, and if Christ should not also, it would not do you any good. No. And all the good spirits in heaven, saints and angels, even up to Gabriel, might pray for you, and all would not be so good as one prayer of Christ. He is worthy. The saints and the angels cast their crowns at his feet, and cry, "Thou art worthy."

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He knows our wants.

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He is worshipped by all in heaven. He sits on the throne with God, and God loves him, and will hear him in our behalf.

*2. Christ knows your wants.*

I sometimes pray with these children, and for them. I shall do so again when this Lecture is done. But it is some years since I was a child; and I forget how a child feels, and what his wants are. So does every man. Were David to pray for you, he would forget how he used to feel when a child. So would Abraham, so would all heaven. Not so with Jesus Christ. He never forgets how he felt when he was a child. He can look at once down on the heart, and knows every feeling, every fear, every sorrow, every want. You can conceal nothing from his eye. And when he intercedes for you, he knows exactly what you need. He knows better than your mother, and even better than you know yourself.

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Ever lives

Never changes.

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3. *Christ will ever live to intercede for you.*

Good parents may pray for you often. So may good ministers. But they cannot do it long. They must soon die, and leave you. They will soon all be gone. But Christ is alive to-day; he will be alive to-morrow; he will be alive when you come to die, and your soul goes into the eternal world. And when the graves are opened, when the sun goes down to rise no more, and the moon and the stars all fade away, he will still live, and live to intercede for his disciples. Death will take us all away, but *he* dies no more.

4. *Christ never changes.*

Almost every thing changes. The weather changes, the trees change, the flowers change, and all things which we see. Friends also change. Some go away from us. Some are good friends when we are well, but leave us when we are in trouble. The severe lines of the poet are often true:—



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The waters quench not his love.

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“The friends, who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown;  
And he who hast but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.”

Yes, we may all change; we may be disappointed, may be in sorrow, may be in sickness, be in the agonies of death; but Christ never changes, never leaves us, never forgets us. We may sink into the cold, swelling river, and be drowning, and our friends stand on the banks, not daring to go in after us; but his love cannot be quenched by the cold waters of “many floods.” We shall die, and sleep in the grave. We shall awake again at the resurrection day. But in all this Christ does not change. “The same yesterday, to-day, and forever,” he ever liveth to intercede for us. O what a Redeemer! “Blessed, O Lord, is the man who trusteth in thee.” Amen.

## LECTURE IX.

## GIVING ACCOUNT TO GOD.

*Every one of us shall give account of himself to God.—*

ROMANS 14. 12.

CONTENTS.—Plain text. The stranger. His account of himself. How different from the account to God. The merchant. Account of one of these boys. Fields, horses, and plants, called to account. The plant producing no flower. How a father feels. The house burned. The soul poisoned. The father's feelings over a murdered child. Every one must give account. How can children sin? How much does a child sin? The little rattle snake. What murder is. Anger. The Bible destroyed. The bones broken. The Sabbath lost. The child killing people. Conscience. The fruit-trees. The broken bowl. Three directions. The Roman emperor

THIS seems to be one of the plainest texts in the Bible. It tells you *who* shall give an account; “every one of us.” It tells us *to whom* you shall give an account; “to God;” and *about whom* you must give the account; “of himself.” So far is plain. But perhaps these children will mistake, after all. Let me make it so plain that you cannot mistake it. Suppose, when you go home to-

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The stranger.His account of himself.

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night, a stranger comes into your house, and is asked to stay and spend the evening. He is very pleasant, and talks with all the family ; and, among others, he talks with the children. He tells them he has been away off on the great waters, in a ship, to catch whales ; that, one day, when trying to kill a poor whale, the wounded fish turned and struck the ship with his tail, and broke it all in pieces ; that he and his few men who were not drowned, got into a little boat, and rowed off, day and night, for many days, till nearly all were dead,—starved to death ;—that they were then cast upon a low, desert island, where they lived upon fish, and such things, for years, till a ship happened to pass that way and took them, and brought them home. Thus he tells you the whole *account* of his life. You thank him for it. It is an interesting and useful account. You love to hear it. But this is not what is meant by giving account to God. Why not ? Because he

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How different from the account to God.

The merchant.

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is not obliged to give the account to you, unless he pleases ; but we *must* do it to God. Because, also, you cannot know whether or not it is the *true* account of his life ; but God will know whether we give a true account or not. Because, too, you could not reward him for the times when he did well, nor punish him when he did wrong ; but when we give account to God, he will reward us, or punish us, as we have done right or wrong.

A merchant might tell us all about his bargains, his ships, his losses, and gains, and the curious things with which he has met ; but though the account of his life is very interesting, yet it is not such an account as we must give to God. A lawyer could give you an account of what he has seen,—what prisoners tried for stealing,—others for murder,—and how the friends were present, and how they seemed to be broken-hearted when the sentence of death was pronounced ; but this is not such an account as we must give to God at last.

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Account of one of these boys

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† Suppose that one of those little boys in that front seat should now get up, and try to give me an account of his whole life. Could he do it in such a way as he would have to, if God should call him to do it? No. Because he would not be likely to remember but a small part of it; and I could not know the rest, as God can. He would not feel willing to put into the account all the foolish and wicked words he has ever said; the wicked thoughts and feelings he has ever had; nor the wrong things he has ever done. And I could not tell them. Besides, I could not know how to punish or reward him as he deserves; but God knows just how to do it. I should have no right to do it, if I could; but God would have the right. So you see, that it is a very different thing to give an account to God from what it would be to give it to a man.

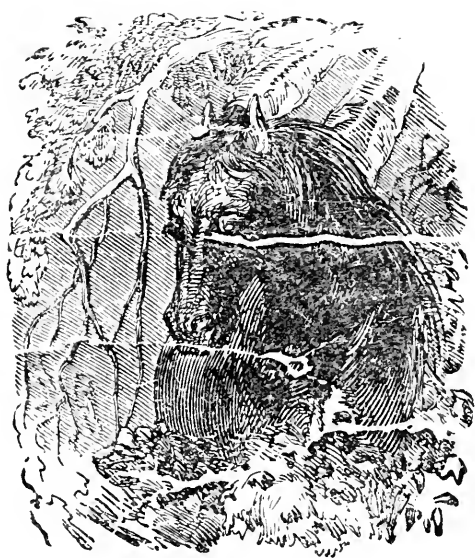
We call almost every thing to account in some way or other. Just see. Did you never see a

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Fields, horses, and plants, called to account.

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farmer go out and look carefully at the waving wheat in the field, and, taking some of the wheat-heads in his hand, rub them to get the wheat out? Why was he doing it? To see if it had much wheat in it, and to see if it were good, full wheat. This was a kind of trial, or account, to which he was calling his wheat. When a man buys a new watch or clock, you will see him examining it every day, and looking carefully to see if it goes, and goes right. Yes, he calls it to account; and if it goes wrong, or stops, he sends it back, and will not keep it. And he would blame it severely, if it could understand him, and knew better. Let a man own a horse, and keep him, and take good care of him, and he will blame the horse, and whip him, if he is not kind, and does not obey him. The very horse is called to an account for his conduct. Yes, if one of these little girls had a plant, which she had kept, and watered, and taken care of for years, and if it never pro-







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The plant producing no flowers.How a father feels.

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duced one single blossom, she would feel discouraged, and call it to an account, and give it up, and let it perish. She would call the frail plant to a kind of account, and treat it according to its character. She might grieve over her plant, and even shed tears to have it turn out so poorly ; but she would not keep taking care of it, if it were a useless plant, and never blossomed. \*

Some seem to think that God does not care how we live in this world. But let us see. In the Bible, he is called our Father. Does a father love to see a child do wrong ? Suppose the father of one of you should go away on a journey, and should hear, while gone, that a wicked man had set his barn on fire, and burned up all his hay and his cattle. Would he not feel as if the wicked man ought to be called to an account ? Suppose, the next day, he should hear that the same wicked man had set his house on fire, and had burned it to ashes, and, in doing this, had burned up one

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The house burned.

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The soul poisoned.

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of his dear children. Would he not feel grieved? Would he not think the wicked man ought to be called to account, and punished? Yes, he would. Well, do you not suppose our Father in heaven feels just so towards those who sin, and do wrong? Suppose I should give one of these dear children poison, and should tell him it was food, and he should believe me, and it should kill him. Ought I not to be called to account, and punished? Certainly I had. But suppose I should, by any means, poison the mind, and tell you what is not true, and make you lose the soul forever. Ought I not to be called to account? Yes, I ought to be. But nobody can do it but God, and he will do it.

Now, suppose, as you go home, and as you get away at some distance, you see an old man, with gray hair, bending over and leaning on his staff. He is looking down towards the ground. As you get near him, you see blood on the ground

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The father's feelings over a murdered child. ?

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and you see a little girl lying and bleeding in the path just before the old man. She is pale ; her eyes are closed ; and the blood runs out of her mouth and ears ; and she is dead. She moves no more than the stones. She has been murdered. But who is that old man bending over her ? Oh ! he is her father,—and she is his youngest child. She was walking with him, and clinging to his arm, when a wicked man came up, and struck her with a club, and, in spite of the cries and entreaties of her father, kept striking, till she was dead ! What think you ? Does not that old man's heart ache ? Does not that good father wish to have the murderer called to an account and punished ? Yes, he does. He cannot but wish so. And so does our Father in heaven feel when he sees sin. It may be only anger in the heart ; but he sees it so clearly that it is murder in his sight. And so he will call us to an account. God can no more look upon sin without disliking

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Every one must give account.

How can children sin?

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it, than a father can see his children murdered, without wishing the man who does it to be called to an account

Every child knows that every man must give account of his conduct to somebody. The child must give account to his parents and to his teachers. The teacher must give a kind of account to the parents. The parents must give account to conscience, to society around, and to God. But has the child much of an account to give to God? Let us see.

Take one of these children who is eight years old. That child has had fifty-two Sabbaths every year, for eight years: this is over four hundred Sabbaths. Has he kept all these Sabbaths holy? Has no one of them been lost, and wasted? All these have been seasons of mercy, in which he might learn about God, and Christ, and heaven. But there are three hundred and sixty-five days in every year; and so that

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How much does a child sin ?

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child has lived almost three thousand days. In each day, how many times has he thought of God? In each day, he could disobey his parents more than once; speak cross and wicked words more than once; neglect to pray to God more than once, and have many wicked thoughts and feelings in his heart. Oh, how many days has that child lived and hardly thought of God! And yet, every day, God has awaked him in the morning, and fed him with food, and clothed him, and kept him alive. When he has been sick, God came to the bed-side and cured him. When he was in danger of dying, God has made him well; and all these many days, God has been doing good to him. Say, has not that child a great account to give to God?

Some people seem to feel that a *child* does not commit sin; or, if he does, his sins are few, and very small. But I hope you will not feel so, till you have thought much upon it. I will examine it for a few moments.

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The little rattlesnake.

What murder is.

Anger.

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All know that it is wrong to be angry. God declares that anger in the heart is murder. It may not seem to be murder to you. Now, does the little beautiful snake, not longer than your finger, seem to be a very bad creature? But keep him, and feed him, and let him grow; and you will soon see him turning red on the back, and hear him hiss with his tongue; and he is soon the deadly rattlesnake, who, with a single bite, can kill any body. Just so with anger. If it dies away in the heart, nobody but God knows it. If it swells still larger, it breaks out in cross looks, and cross words, and perhaps makes the hand strike. If it swells still larger, it may raise the arm, and stab, and kill. The arm does not move of itself. No, it is the wicked feelings within which move it to kill.

Now, suppose a dollar in money must be paid for every time these children have ever been angry in all their lives. Who would be able to pay it? If not one of them could be saved, unless a dollar

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The Bible destroyed.

The bones broken.

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was paid for each angry feeling which he has ever had, who could buy his salvation? who would engage to do it?

Suppose there were now only one Bible in the world, and that one is this lying on the pulpit before me. From this one, all the Bibles which the world are ever to have, must be copied. And suppose God should now speak from heaven, and say, “This Bible must lie here one year without being moved; and every time one of these children commits a single sin, one leaf of the Bible shall drop out and perish forever!” Pray tell me, if many, many leaves would not be gone before the year is out? Tell me, if what was left would not be a very poor Bible? And will any body say that children do not sin?

Suppose, too, that God should say, “I will now pardon all the sins which these children have ever committed; all shall be forgiven; but every child who sins after this, shall have one of his bones

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The Sabbath lost.The child killing people.

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broken for every sin which he ever commits!" Do you not think that one and another would soon be cripples? What child here would live a month or a week without having some bones broken? And will any one say that children do not sin?

If God should say, "Take the best child in this house, and let him hear what I am to say; every time you break the Sabbath, one Sabbath shall forever be taken away out of each year!" how long would it take that child to sin away all our Sabbaths? Do not children sin?

Once more. Suppose that one of these children be called out from the rest,—no matter which one it is,—but one be called out, to stand up in the aisle there, and God should say, "For the first sin, and for every sin, which that child commits, the person who is nearest to him shall drop down dead;—and so on, as long as he lives, every sin shall kill the person who is nearest to him!" Who would not fear? Why, every one in this



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Conscience.The fruit-trees.

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house would flee out for his life ; every one would run for the door, so as not to be the nearest person.

And before we all got out, a sin would rise up in his heart, and one would drop down dead, and then another, and perhaps another ! Oh, what a terror would that child be ! The angel of death, on his pale horse, could not be more feared. And, now, will any one say that children do not sin ? And have they not a great account to give to God ?

There is another way by which you may know whether or not you are sinners ; and that is, by asking your own hearts. Let the boys of a family be at play together on a mild afternoon. Their father tells them they must be careful and do no mischief. But, when he comes home at night, he finds some one has cut, and mangled, and killed several of his young fruit-trees. One of his boys has done it. He calls them to an account. Now, who is afraid to be called to the account ? Most plainly, the boy who has done the mischief. The

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The broken bowl.Three directions.

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rest are not afraid. So with you. No child would be afraid of God, were it not that the heart tells him that he is a sinner. A mother comes into the room where her little daughters have been playing. She finds the cupboard door open, and her sugar-bowl all broken in pieces. Which of the little girls is now afraid? Why, the one who has done the mischief. And all, who are afraid of God, are afraid because they are sinners. And all are sinners. Oh, that God would make us holy!

Let me close this Lecture with three short directions.

1. Every day be careful how you live—because you must give account to God for every day. Do nothing of which you will feel ashamed when God calls you to account. Omit no duty which God tells you to do. You will be sorry for every sin when you come to die.

2. Learn something of God every day. You

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The Roman emperor.

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may learn about God by thinking of him, talking about him, reading about him, and praying to him. The more you know about God, the more you will fear to sin, and the more you will try to please him.

3. Do something every day which will please God, and which will make you glad in the great day of accounts. Titus, a heathen emperor, through all his life used to call himself to account, every night, for the actions of the day past, and when one day had slipped without his doing some good, he used to write, "I have lost a day." He did not know of a judgment-day; but you do; and therefore lose no day, in which you do not something and much to please God. Amen

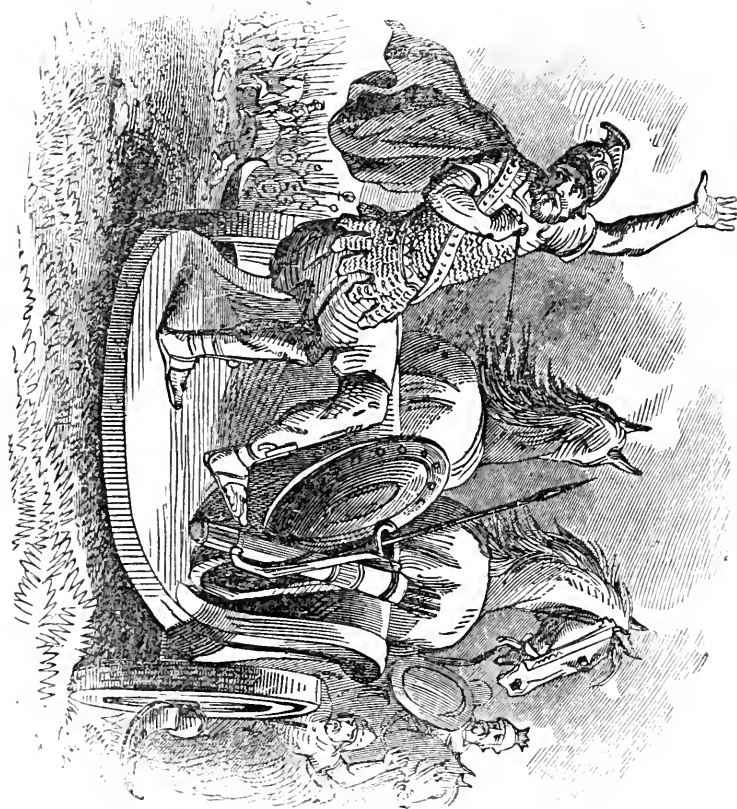
## LECTURE X.

GREAT EVENTS HANG ON LITTLE THINGS.

*A certain man drew a bow at a venture.—1 KINGS 22. 34.*

CONTENTS.—The man and his bow and arrow. What an arrow can do  
 The subject stated. The ship-yard. The wormy stick. The leaky ship  
 The result. The child and the acorn. The oak. The result. The light-  
 house removed. A little mistake. Ship and lives lost. Result. Great  
 fires in the forest. Little boy playing with fire. The spark caught. The  
 mother of Mohammed. The consequence. How it is with these children.  
 What the subject teaches. The tongue. The child did not tell a lie.  
 Company. Every day. The little stream. The last thing taught by this  
 subject.

THIS chapter gives an account of a war between two kingdoms. They were the kingdoms of Israel and of Syria. They fought hard, and shed much blood. Ahab was king of Israel. When going out on the battle-field, he put off his kingly dress, and put on such clothes as other men wear, lest they should know him and should kill him. During the battle, a man (but what his name was, or what his history was, we know





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What an arrow can do.

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not)—a man held his bow and arrow in his hand. He thought he would shoot towards the army of Israel. He saw no man at whom he especially desired to aim. Perhaps he paused a moment, and doubted whether he should shoot or not. But the arrow was in his hand, and he put it to the string of his bow. Now, is it any matter whether he shoots or not? He raises the bow to shoot. —Is it any matter whether he shoots one way or another? Yes; much depends upon his shooting, and which way he takes aim with his arrow. He shoots,—the arrow flies,—the wind does not turn it aside out of the way,—it goes towards a chariot. The harness, at that moment, just opens a little at the joints! There, now! it goes in at that little opening. Hark! there is a groan. It has hit the king; it has killed the king! Ahab, the great king, who built great cities, and built an ivory horse, and who carried on great wars, is killed, and the war is

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The subject stated.

The ship-yard.

The wormy stick.

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put to an end, by that little arrow, which any one of these children could have broken with the fingers in a moment ! Oh, how much sometimes hangs on little things !

And this is just what I am wishing to show to these children ; *that great results do often hang on little things.*

Two men were at work together one day in a ship-yard. They were hewing a stick of timber to put into a ship. It was a small stick, and not worth much. As they cut off the chips, they found a worm, a little worm, about half an inch long.

“This stick is wormy,” said one ; “shall we put it in ?”

“I do not know ; yes, I think it may go in. It will never be seen, of course.”

“Yes, but there may be other worms in it ; and these may increase and injure the ship.”

“No, I think not. To be sure, it is not worth much ; yet I do not wish to lose it. But come.



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The leaky ship.

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never mind the worm; we have seen but one,—put it in.”

The stick was accordingly put in. The ship was finished, and as she was launched off into the waters, all ready for the seas, she looked beautiful as the swan when the breeze ruffles his white, feathered bosom, as he sits on the waters. She went to sea, and for a number of years did well. But it was found, on a distant voyage, that she grew weak and rotten. Her timbers were found all eaten away by the worms. But the captain thought he would try to get her home. He had a great, costly load of goods in the ship, such as silks, crapes, and the like, and a great many people. On their way home, a storm gathered. The ship for a while climbed up the high waves, and then plunged down, creaking, and rolling finely. But she then sprang a-leak. They had two pumps, and the men worked at them day and night; but the water came in faster than they could pump it

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The result.The child and the acorn.

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out. She filled with water; and she went down under the dark, blue waters of the ocean, with all the goods and all the people on board. Every one perished. Oh, how many wives, and mothers, and children, mourned over husbands, and sons, and fathers, for whose return they were waiting, and who never returned! And all, all this, probably, because that little stick of timber, with the worm in it, was put in, when the ship was built! How much property, and how many lives, may be destroyed by a little worm! And how much evil may a man do, when he does a small wrong, as that man did who put the wormy timber in the ship!

Suppose a little boy were walking out in the fields on some fair day of autumn. As he bounds along, he sees something on the ground, which looks round and smooth, like a little egg. He picks it up. It is an acorn. He carries it a little while, and then throws it away. It is a small af-

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The oak.

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The result.

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fair, and useless. He forgets it entirely. The poor little acorn lies forgotten. The ox comes along, and treads it in the ground without ever knowing it. It lies and sleeps there in the ox-track during the cold winter. In the spring, it swells. The little sprout peeps out; a root grows down, and two little leaves open on the top of the ground. It lives and grows. During a hundred years it grows, while men live and die, and while many a storm beats upon it. It is now a giant oak. It is made into a mighty ship, and laden with goods; she sails round the world, and does her errands at many hundreds of places. She bears the flag of her nation on her mast, and her nation is honored for her sake. What great things may spring from small ones! Who would have thought that such a little thing could contain the mighty oak in it? Besides this, that one tree bears acorns enough, every year, to raise a thousand more oaks; and these, every year, bear

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Light-house removed.

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enough to rear ten thousand more. Thus a whole forest may be shut up in the little bud of a single acorn. What great things may be found in little things !

I wish to have you see this so clearly, that you cannot forget it, because it will be of great use to you, all the way through life, if remembered.

In a dark night, there was once a ship coming into one of our harbors. She had been to India on a long voyage, and had been gone a year or two. She had a very costly cargo, or load, on board. The captain and all in her were hoping and expecting soon to see their friends, and their homes. The sailors had brought out their best clothes, and were clean and neat. As they came bounding along over the foaming waters, and drew near to the land, the captain told a man to go up to the top of the mast, and “look out for the light-house.” The light-house is a high, round kind of a tower, built out on the points of the land, with

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A little mistake.

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great lamps lighted every night in its top, so that vessels may see it before they get too near the land. This light-house stood at the entrance of the harbor. Pretty soon, the man cried out, "Light ahead!" Then they all rejoiced, and knew they were near the harbor.

Now, while they had been gone, this light-house had been removed to another place. But the captain knew nothing about that. So they kept sailing in what, they supposed, was the old way. In a short time, the man at the mast-head cries out, "Breakers ahead!" that is, rocks just before us, and the ship is just on them. The captain just cast his eye out on the dark waters, and saw the white foam of the rocks. + In a moment, he cries out, "Starboard the helm." Now, see how much may hang on one little word. The man at the helm mistook the word, and thought the captain said, "Larboard the helm." So he turned it the wrong way. It was done in

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Ship and lives lost.	Result.
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a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. But it was turned the wrong way ; and the ship struck on the rocks the next moment, and was dashed in a thousand pieces. The cargo was lost, and every soul on board, except one or two, were drowned. All this hung upon one little word, one little mistake. If that word had been understood right, she would not have been lost. One single mistake, small as it seemed to be, brought about all this ruin and death. Do you not see how plain it is, that great results may turn upon very small things ? One moment of time turned the scale, and property and lives all go down into the deep. There the goods are destroyed, and there the human beings sleep till the great morning of the resurrection-day.

In the new country, that is, in those new states where the great forests are not cut down, and where only a few people live, the fire sometimes, when it is dry in the autumn, gets into

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Great fires in the forest.Little boy playing with fire.

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the woods. It burns the dry leaves, the dry limbs and twigs, and dry trees, and even the green trees. Sometimes it gets so hot, that nobody can go near it. It leaps from tree to tree, burning and crackling, and rushing on like a fierce army in battle. A thousand war-horses could not make more noise ; and, in the night, it throws up its flames, and is seen a great way off. Sometimes it goes almost a hundred miles before it can be stopped. Now, see what this has to do with my Lecture.

A little boy was playing one day just at the edge of the woods. His mother was gone ; and though he knew it was wrong, yet he went into the house, and brought out some fire. He felt that it was wrong, but thought that nobody would ever know it. He played with the fire awhile, and it did no hurt. At length, the wind blew a spark into the woods, and the dry leaves caught—they blazed—the whole woods were on

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The spark caught.

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fire. On the fire went, kindled into a great flame, raging and burning all before it. For whole days, and even weeks, it roared and raged without hurting any body. But one day, when the wind blew hard, it burned on faster and more awfully. And, as it swept through the forest, it passed by a small, new house, which a poor man had just built, almost in the middle of the forest, on some land which he had just bought. 'The man was gone away. When at a great distance, he saw the fire, and hastened home as fast as possible. But, oh, what a sight! The woods were all burned black. Not a leaf was left. They looked like a funeral. His little house and barn were burned up, and, what was worse, his faithful wife and little child—all were burned up. On the spot where he left them happy in the morning, nothing was left but a pile of smoking ashes.

All this, all this, because that little boy dis-



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The mother of Mohammed.

The consequence.

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obeyed his mother, and played with fire ! All this from one little spark of fire ! How much, how very much, may hang on little things !

Let me give you one example more. Almost twelve hundred years ago, in a distant country, there was a mother with an infant in her arms. She was not a Christian mother. Now, it would seem as if that little infant was of no consequence. Ten thousand such might die, and the world would hardly know it. It would seem, too, as if it was of no great consequence whether or not that child be instructed about God and Jesus Christ, and be taught to serve God. He was not so taught. What was the result ? He grew up, became a man, made a new religion, which is called Mohammedanism. He taught people to believe the most foolish and wicked lies, and to practise the most wicked things. He made them believe that he was a prophet of God, and that God would be pleased to have

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How it is with these children.

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them kill every body on earth who will not believe Mohammedanism. They are a most bloody, cruel, wicked people. Millions of such have lived, and are now living. And what is worse than all, God says that he will cast them all away into hell forever and ever. Read the 19th chapter of Revelation, and see what an awful doom is before them.

Now, all this seemed to turn upon the point, whether that little infant should be taught to be a Christian or not. Had he belonged to a Sabbath School, and been taught as you are taught, I do believe he would never have told such wicked lies, and led away millions of men after him, who will perish forever. Wicked man! he lived only to do mischief, and began a great evil, which has not yet been checked. How thankful ought you to be, who have Christian mothers to watch over you, to pray for you, and to teach you from the Bible! Else you might not only

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What the subject teaches.

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The tongue.

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live in vain, but be lost, and be the means of leading others to eternal ruin. How much good or evil may hang on a single child !

Let me, now, my dear children, tell you what this subject ought to teach you. Let me show you what the great truth, that great results may hang on little things, should teach you.

1. *Be careful what you say.*

The tongue is a little member ; but it does immense evil. Let a child drop one wicked word, and another may catch it, and remember it, and follow the example, and become a wicked child and a wicked man. Let a child tell one lie, and he may thus begin a course of lying which will ruin him for this life and the next. Says a good man, speaking of his dear child, then in the grave, “ When he was about three years old, an aged female, at whose house he was staying for a day, informed me that William had told a falsehood. I was thunder-struck, and almost distract-

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The child did not tell a lie.

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ed; for the information seemed to blast my most cherished hopes. This might, I thought, be the commencement of a series of evils forever ruinous to our peace. I am not sure that my agony, on hearing of his death, was much more intense than that which I then endured, from an apprehension of his guilt. Instantly, but without betraying my emotions, I asked him what he had said. He answered, at once, in so artless a manner, as to convince me that my boy was yet innocent. I pursued the inquiry, and, in a few moments, found, to my inexpressible joy, that he was perfectly correct in all he had stated." You see how a good father abhors a single lie. God abhors it much more. And one lie will lead to others; one wicked word to others; one foolish word to others. Remember that God hears every word, and will call you to an account for every word, at the great day of judgment.

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Company.Every day.

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*2. Be careful what company you keep.*

You may think of God, and think you will serve him; but one half hour spent in wicked company will drive all that is good far from you. You may hear a wicked word which you never heard before. Where did these children ever hear wicked words? Did their parents teach them these words? No. But you learned every one of them in bad company. Where did you learn wicked thoughts? Surely, no where but in bad company. One wicked boy may spoil many more. He may spoil their manners, spoil their language, spoil their innocent feelings, spoil their obedience to God and to their parents. See to it, that you are not thus spoiled. When you hear one word from any body, which you feel that your parents would not say, be sure that is bad company. Flee from it at once.

*3. Be careful to fear God and live for him every day.*

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The little stream.

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Every child can easily form habits of sin. They are formed very easily indeed. One day spent without thinking of God, or praying to him, will prepare for another. One Sabbath broken, will fit you to break another. One day spent in sin, will only fit your heart for sin to dwell in. Would you dig away the dam which keeps in the great mill-pond? You need only dig a little place, and let out a little stream, and the whole will rush through after it. There may be multitudes lost forever, whose ruin might be traced back to their conduct on a single day.

4. *Be careful what you do.*

Do you see a thing which you want, but which is not yours? Do not covet it; for you may thus begin those covetous feelings which will keep you out of heaven. Had Judas not coveted the first thing which he did covet, he would never have been so wicked as to sell the blessed Redeemer. Does your eye see something which you want

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The last thing taught by this subject.

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and does your little hand want to stretch itself out, and take it? Oh, do it not, do it not! This is stealing. And this may lead you on till you are a thief, till you are shut up in the dungeon, and shut up in hell. Remember that you ought not to do any thing, upon which you cannot go and ask the blessing of God in prayer. The eye of the great God is ever upon you; and your eternity may hang upon the conduct of an hour. Remember this, and be afraid to sin. **Amen.**

## LECTURE XI.

FRAGMENTS ALL TO BE SAVED.

*Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.—*

JOHN 6. 12.

CONTENTS.—The goldsmith's shop. The mountains weighed. The stars named. The little gleaners. Christ feeding the multitude. Wrong to waste things. Wrong to waste money. The deep river. Brimstone matches. The expensive drink. Hamilton's duel. Life wasted. The sailor's dream. The ring. The ring lost. Burning mountains. The ring recovered. The dream supposed to be true and real. Limbs lost. The Bible wasted. The mind ruined. Six things seen. The SOUL—the SOUL.

I SUPPOSE most of these children have been into the shop of a goldsmith. A goldsmith is a man who works in gold, and makes beads, and rings, and other things, out of gold. If you have ever been in such a shop, did you see the man work at the gold? What fine and beautiful tools he has! what little saws, and files, and drills to bore with! And then he is very careful not to waste any gold. When he files it, or bores it, he is very careful to have a fine, soft brush, with which to



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The mountains weighed.

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sweep up every grain of gold, even the smallest and finest dust. He is very careful not to lose any fragments.

Did you ever read the 40th chapter of Isaiah? How wonderfully is the great God described there! When he spread out the mighty heavens over our heads, "he measured" them, so as not to have them too large or too small. When he made the great waters, he "measured" them, so as not to have a drop too much or too little. When he made the hills and the lofty mountains, he "weighed the mountains in a scale, and the hills in a balance," so as to have not a grain of sand, or a single atom, too much or too little; not because God has not water enough, and ground enough, but because he would teach us to *waste* nothing. Every fragment must be saved and used.

Go out, on some bright, star-light evening, and look up. What a multitude of stars! How thick they are! If many of them should go out

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The stars named.

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forever, we should not know it. And if new stars were to be added to them, we should not know it. They may seem useless to us. We cannot count them. But God knows every one, and has not made one too many nor one too few. David says, "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names." What a family! All have names, and all

"Forever singing, as they shine,  
'The hand that made us is divine!'"

Have these children never been out in the time of harvest, and seen the men reap the wheat and rye? They cut down the waving grain with the greatest care, and then bind it in bundles, and then carefully carry it home on the cart. They try not to lose any, because every kernel will make a little flour. But after all their care, they do lose some. Some heads of wheat do drop out, and some kernels will shell out. God knew this

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The little gleaners.Christ feeding the multitude.

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would be so. But he would have nothing lost ; and so he has made “ the little gleaners,” such as the little bird and the squirrel, to follow the harvest, and pick up the fragments, that nothing be lost.

So Jesus Christ teaches us. He preached out in the open fields, for he had no meeting-house ; and, if he had, it would not have held half who wanted to hear him preach. A great many thousands followed him ; and when he had taught them for a great while, and found that, under the hot sun, they were weary and hungry, he had them sit down on the grass in companies. I suppose this was so that neighbors and friends might sit together, and, also, so that they might be counted. He blessed the bread, which was only five loaves, and the fishes, which were only two little ones ; and they all ate enough. One loaf of bread was enough for a thousand people, after Christ had blessed it. After they had done

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Wrong to waste things.

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eating, he told the disciples to gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost. So they gathered up the pieces and the crumbs, and had each of them a basket full. Now, Christ could have made bread enough to feed the world. He does make enough for every mouth every year. And he could make it at any time. But he would have nothing lost. The twelve baskets of fragments would do for the poor, and do for the disciples at another time.

You see what I am teaching you in this Lecture. It is, *that it is wrong to waste any thing.*

Give me your thoughts, and follow what I say, and see if it be not so. Shall I have your close attention? Yes. I see, by the looks of every little boy and every little girl, that I shall.

Suppose you know of a narrow river, where the waters are dark, and almost black. They are deep, too—so deep that no one, with the

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Wrong to waste money.

The deep river.

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longest pole, can reach the bottom. The stream runs swift, too ; so that, if you drop any thing into that river, it sinks, and can never be found again. Now, suppose, just on the bank of this river, a little way back, there is a little cottage. It is very small. And in it is a poor widow and five or six little children. The woman is sick and poor, and can neither work nor buy food for her hungry children. She is in great distress. Suppose a man lives not far off, who has money, a great deal of money. He hardly knows what to do with it. So, every night, he comes just before that cottage, where the poor children are crying for food, and there drops a dollar into that river. It sinks, and is lost forever. To-morrow night he will do so again, and so every night, while that wretched family are starving. Now, does he not do wrong? Has he a right thus to drop his money into the river, and let poor children suffer? No. no ; he has no right to do

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The brimstone matches.

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it. But suppose, instead of throwing it in the river, he spends it for something which he does not want, and which will do him no good. Is this right? No. It is wasted, even then. Suppose he spends it for something fine and showy, but which is really of no use. Is that right? No. It is still wasted. You see, then, that it is wrong to waste money, when people are starving.

A Bible can be printed and bound, and sent to a poor family, or to a poor child who has none, for fifty cents. Some gentlemen went out, one day, to ask such as choose to give, for money, in order to send the Bible to the heathen, who have none. They went to one house and another, and at last went up to a house to go in, where they were not acquainted. As they stopped on the door-steps, they overheard the gentleman of the house talking to a girl in the kitchen for wasting a new match every time she wanted to light a candle. This, they thought, was real stinginess

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The expensive drink.

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“ Let us go,” says one ; “ we shall get nothing here. A man who scolds about a match will never give any thing.”

“ We can but try,” said the other.

They went in, and told their errand. The gentleman took out his purse, and gave them more than any one had done, enough to send a hundred Bibles to the heathen. They were astonished at his giving so much. They told him how they had overheard him talking about the match, and did not expect any thing from him.

“ Oh, this is the very reason,” said the gentleman, “ why I can give so much to send the Bible. I allow nothing to be wasted, and thus, by saving all, I have money with which to do good.”

But people love to spend their money for handsome and fine things, rather than use it to send the Bible to those who have not any Bible. I know they do. But do they do right? Suppose there is a kind of drink that you love very

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Hamilton's duel.

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much. It tastes so good, you could drink a whole tumbler full ;—but this drink, though it does not hurt you now, will, in the end, shorten your life one minute for every drop you taste ; one minute for every drop ; one hour for every tea-spoon full ; one year for every tumbler full. Would it be right for you to drink this awful drink, though you do love it ? No. No. You know it would not be right. You have no right to waste your own life. You may not throw away a year, nor a fragment. All must be gathered up. Nor have you a right to waste money because you love the useless things which it will buy, any more than to waste life by such a miserable drink.

There was once a man by the name of HAMILTON. He was a great man, a friend of Washington, a friend to his country, and a man who was greatly respected and beloved. But in an evil hour he engaged to fight a duel. It was with



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Life wasted.

The sailor's dream.

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a man who never missed his aim, and, therefore, Hamilton felt certain that he should be killed. He told no one. But the evening before, he went to the flower shop, and bought a beautiful bunch of flowers for his wife, and for each of his children. These he carried home, and gave them the evening before the duel. They took them with smiles, little thinking that on the morrow their dear father would be brought home to die. He bade them good night ; and the next morning, before any of them had risen, he had fought the duel, and was brought home wounded, and was soon to die. I cannot tell you how that family felt. But I can ask you a question here ; was it right for this man thus to throw away his life ? He had a right to gather the beautiful roses, and carry them home to wither ; but he had no right to fight a duel, and lose his life.

When John Newton was a common sailor, and very wicked, he tells us he had this remarkable dream. " The scene presented to my imagination

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The ring.

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was the harbor of Venice, where we had lately been. I thought it was night, and my watch upon the deck ; and that, as I was walking to and fro by myself, a person came to me (I do not remember from whence), and brought me a ring, with an express charge to keep it carefully ; assuring me that, while I preserved that ring, I should be happy and successful ; but if I lost or parted with it, I must expect nothing but trouble and misery. I accepted the present and the terms willingly, not in the least doubting my own care to preserve it, and highly satisfied to have my happiness in my own keeping. I was engaged in these thoughts, when a second person came to me, and, observing the ring on my finger, took occasion to ask me some questions concerning it. I readily told him its virtues ; and his answer expressed a surprise at my weakness, in expecting such effects from a ring. I think he reasoned with me some time upon the impossibility of the thing ; and at length he urged me in

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The ring thrown away. •The burning mountains.

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direct terms to throw it away. At first I was shocked at the proposal; but his insinuations prevailed. I began to reason and doubt, and at last plucked it off my finger, and dropped it over the ship's side into the water, which it had no sooner touched, than I saw, at the same instant, a terrible fire burst out from a range of mountains (a part of the Alps), which appeared at some distance behind the city of Venice. I saw the hills as distinct as if awake, and that they were all in flames. I perceived, too late, my folly; and my tempter, with an air of insult, informed me, that all the mercy God had in reserve for me was comprised in that ring, which I had wilfully thrown away. I understood that I must go with him to the burning mountains, and that all the flames I saw were kindled on my account. I trembled, and was in great agony; so that it was surprising I did not then awake; but my dream continued, and when I thought myself on the point of a constrained departure, and stood

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The ring recovered.

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self-condemned, without plea or hope, suddenly either a third person, or the same who brought me the ring at first (I am not certain which), came to me, and demanded the cause of my grief. I told him the plain case, confessing that I had ruined myself wilfully, and deserved no pity. He blamed my rashness, and asked if I should be wiser, supposing I had my ring again? I could hardly answer to this, for I thought it was gone beyond recall. I believe, indeed, I had no time to answer, before I saw this unexpected friend go down under the water, just in the spot where I had dropped it, and soon returned, bringing the ring with him! The moment he came on board, the flames in the mountains ceased, and my seducer left me. Then was ‘the prey taken from the hand of the mighty, and the lawful captive delivered.’ My fears were at an end, and, with joy and gratitude, I approached my kind deliverer to receive the ring again; but he refused to return it, and spoke to this effect: ‘If you should

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Suppose the dream true and real.

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be intrusted with this ring again, you would very soon bring yourself into the same distress. ~ You are not able to keep it, but I will preserve it for you, and whenever it is needful, will produce it in your behalf.' Upon this I awoke in a state of mind not to be described."

This was a dream ; but had it been real, and had the ring been a real ring, and able to make him happy as long as he kept it, I ask you, if he would not have done wrong, and have been very wicked, in throwing it away into the sea ? I know you will say, Yes. Had all of these dear children a ring put on their first finger, which could make them happy as long as they kept it, would they not be foolish, and wicked, to throw it away ? Suppose you had such a ring, and, as you went home, you should meet with a wicked child, who should try to persuade you to throw it away,—would you not do wrong to listen to him a single moment ?

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Limbs lost.

The Bible wasted.

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Suppose that you are very fond of a certain kind of food. It does not hurt you now, but some time hence it will hurt you. It will cause you to lose a finger, and then an arm, and then a foot. Would it be right for you to eat it, though you were fond of it? You all say, No, it would not be right. Our hands, and our arms, and our feet, are too valuable to be wasted in this manner.

If each of you had a beautiful new Bible given you, and it was the only one you could ever have in this world, would it not be wrong to throw it away? Would it not be wrong to tear out its leaves and burn them? Would it not be wrong to take a pen and blot out whole verses, so that you could not read them? Yes, I am sure you will all say, yes, it would be wrong. And why? Because the Bible is too valuable to be wasted.

Suppose you know of a fine little boy, who behaves well, and learns well, and who has a bright eye, and a bright mind looking out of that eye. He is the hope of his parents. He may

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The mind ruined.Six things seen.

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make a minister of the gospel, or a very useful man, if he lives. And suppose that two or three of these children should get together and lay a plan to scare that little boy on some dark night. They do it. They scare the poor child so much that he loses his reason, and will be crazy all the rest of his life! I ask you, would not this be very wicked, very wrong? I know you will say, Yes, yes. And why? Because the *mind* is too valuable to be thus wasted and destroyed in sport. Very true.

Now, if you have heard what I have been saying, you see,

1. That it is wrong to waste *property*, because it is too valuable. Christ would not allow the crumbs to be wasted. Property will feed and clothe the poor, and send the Bible to those who have none.

2. That it is wrong to waste our *lives*,—because life is too valuable to be thrown away.

3. That it is wrong to waste our *happiness*,—'t is too precious.

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The SOUL—the SOUL.

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4. That it is wrong to waste our *limbs*, such as hands and feet.

5. That it would be wrong to waste and throw away the *Bible*, or any part of it.

6. That it would be very wrong to destroy the *mind*, even of a child, because the mind is too valuable to be wasted.

And now, dear children, what shall I say to you of the SOUL—the SOUL—which will never die? If it be wrong to waste other things, is it not much more so to throw away your thoughts, your feelings, and, at last, your soul itself? Oh, you may be careful of property, and of life, and happiness, and limbs, and the Bible, and the mind; but if you neglect the soul, and do not see to that, you are miserable forever. All other things are nothing, of no value, when laid by the side of the soul. I beg you, then, as you gather up the fragments about the soul, not to forget and neglect the soul itself. That must live forever Amen.



## LECTURE XII.

## THE SABBATH TO BE KEPT HOLY.

*Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.*—Ex. 20. 8.

CONTENTS.—Picture-books. Parables of Christ. A new parable. The offer. The wreck of the ship. THE LIFE-BOAT. Life-boat in use. The parable explained. The foolish excuses. Who would be a thief? The poor beggar. The house broken open. Little thieves. What makes people poor. A strong reason. STORY by the Author. Duty put off. The school not together. The foolish superstition. What makes a man stupid? The corpse. Mill going on the Sabbath. Little boy crushed by the wheel. Sad thoughts. Scene remembered. Instruction. Poetry. Conclusion

CHILDREN, your little books are full of pictures. One has in it the picture of a horse; another a house, trees, rivers, birds, and hills. Suppose I wanted to make a little boy understand about a lion, how he looks, how he acts, and the like. What would be the best way? The best way would be to lead him out, and let him *see* a lion. But if I could not do it, the next best way would be to show him the *picture* of a lion. This picture

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Parables of Christ.A new parable.

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would give him a better idea of it than any thing I could tell him about a lion.

Just so Jesus Christ used to preach. He used to teach in parables, which are a kind of picture-preaching. In this way, he used to make things plain and very interesting to those who heard him. Now, I am going to give you a parable. Try and see if you can understand it, and remember it.

There was once a good man who was very rich. I cannot stop to tell you all the good things which he did, but will mention only one. He built a large and beautiful ship all at his own expense. He fitted up the ship with a Pilot who knew the coast, and a helm by which to steer her, and a compass to point out the way they were sailing. She had every thing ready. He then called his friends together, and said, "See, here is a beautiful ship, filled with costly goods, and all fitted and ready to sail. Every thing is ready. You may have her, and have every thing on board. You may go and trade

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The offer.The wreck of the ship.

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where you please, on *one* condition. Not one of you may carry or drink a drop of ardent spirit. This is the only condition I make ; and I make this, because, otherwise, you will get the ship on the rocks, and will all be lost.” The men take the ship on this condition, and set sail for a distant country. They had been out on the water but a little while, before one of them brought forward some ardent spirit, which he said he had taken for sickness, and to make him feel better, though he had no wish to disobey him who gave them the ship. So he drank ; and, one by one, they all drank, till they knew not how to manage the ship. They were intoxicated by the drink. Then came on the dark night. The cold, wet winds blew, and the whole ocean foamed and rolled up its great waves most fearfully. The ship was carried onward and onward, till she struck upon a great flat rock. Here she turned on one side, and lay, every moment creaking, as if going to pieces. The peo-

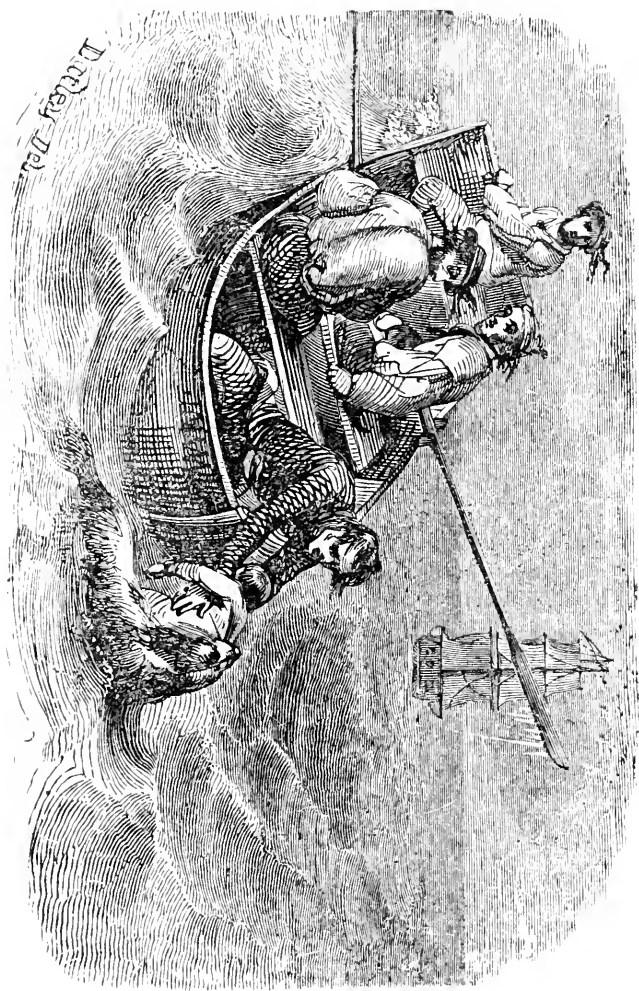
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The life-boat.

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ple on board were too much intoxicated to do any thing. The morning comes, and it is cold, and the spray of the water, upon the poor ship, freezes in a moment, and the people are chilled, and cold, and hardly able to hold themselves where they are. They have got over their intoxication just enough to know where they are. The shore is near, but no one can get to it. The high waves roll and dash, and a boat cannot go from the shore to the ship. It would be turned over and sunk in a moment. The people all gather down on the shore, and see the ship, and the freezing people on board, but cannot help them.

But, look ! who is that man who hastens down to the water's side ? It is the good man who fitted up the ship, and gave her to these people. He sees they have disobeyed him, and ruined the ship, but he feels deeply for them. What is he going to do ? See there ! He has built a little boat of costly materials, and made it to hold air,





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Life-boat in use.

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and filled it with his own breath. That little boat cannot be sunk. It will live and swim any where. It is called the LIFE-BOAT, because it can go out on the stormy water, and save the lives of perishing men who are shipwrecked. It is now launched out on the waters! But who is in it? It is the only son of that good man! See! it bounds and drives from wave to wave like a feather—straight to the ship! The poor people on board gaze upon it. 'They are perishing! There, now, one has dropped over in the waves, and is lost! No,—the life-boat has picked him up! One and another gets in, and the little boat shoots off over the stormy water for the shore. Again and again it comes, and will hasten backwards and forwards all day, till dark, so that *all* may have the opportunity of getting on shore, if they please. But some are ashamed to see the face of that good man on shore, and so they hesitate, and do not get into the life-boat. They had rather perish where they are.

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The parable explained.

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Now, tell me, is not that a very kind and good man? You all say, Yes. And is not that life-boat an admirable contrivance? You all say, Yes. And are not those who will not get into it very foolish? Yes.

Well, then, you have my parable. Do you understand it? The world is the ship, and God is the good man who built it, and gave it to us. We have become intoxicated with sin, are ruined, and lost. The SABBATH is the life-boat, which comes regularly from the shores of eternity, and offers to carry us near to God, and to safety.

But I want to talk a little longer about this shipwreck, and this life-boat; and I do it so that you need not forget it. He who neglects or refuses to keep the Sabbath holy, refuses to leave the wreck of the ship, and chooses to brave the storms and the ruin which will one day consume the whole world to ashes. Is this wise? Is this safe? Is this being grateful to God? Suppose some one on the wreck of the ship



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The foolish excuses.

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should laugh at the little life-boat, and say, "It can never carry any one to the shore." Would it be wise to mind him? Suppose some should say, "We are too busy, and we wish to drink a little more of that intoxicating drink, before we go." Would that be wise, and should others do like them? Suppose others, again, should say, "We intend to go in the boat before night, but as we are ashamed to see the face of the good man whom we have disobeyed, we will not go now, but will wait awhile." Is this wise? Is this safe?

Just so people do, who neglect to keep the Sabbath holy. They hear others speak lightly of religion, and so they let this life-boat come and go, once every week, and do not improve it. Or they are busy, and want to drink in more sin, and so they say, "Not now." Or they are ashamed to go and confess to God, and so they say they are going to improve the Sabbath, and

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Who would be a thief ?

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The poor beggar.

serve God at some time, before the night of death comes ; but are not yet ready. Is this wise ? Will you be like them ? I trust not.

Who would be a thief ? I suppose there is not a child present who does not think it very mean, and low, and wicked, to steal. You would despise the little boy who would put your ball or your top into his pocket, and thus steal it ; and the little girl who would put a doll or a pin-cushion in her bag, and carry it home, would be despised as mean and wicked. But suppose a poor man, who was without any home, should come to your house, almost without clothing, and very hungry. You all at once pity him. You give him food to eat, and your mother looks him up some clothing. And as he goes away, warm and comfortable, your father says to him, “ Here, poor man, here are *six* dollars. I have but *seven* in the world, and give you six of them, and will keep only the seventh for myself and

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The house broken open.

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family.” Would not this be very kind and generous in your father? I know you all think it would. But suppose that poor man went away, not thankful in the least, and, in the night, came back, and broke into your house, and stole that *seventh* and *last* dollar which your father has. What would he deserve? Why, he would almost deserve the gallows. He would be an ungrateful monster, and a vile thief. But suppose, also, that, in breaking into the house, to get the dollar, he had to kill several members of the family. What now do you say? Is any punishment too severe? But take care, or you pass sentence upon yourself.

We are the poor man, and God has but seven days in the week. He gives us six of these, in which to “labor and do all our work,” and keeps only the seventh for himself. And the man, or the woman, or the child, who breaks the Sabbath, steals from God. Yes, he robs God. And,

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Little thieves.What makes people poor.

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in doing it, he sets a wicked example, which kills the souls of others. Is not this stealing? Will you remember, then, that when you break the Sabbath, you steal from God? Are there no little thieves present, who have often thus stolen from God? Now, will God bless you and prosper you in doing so?

You see why the families who break the Sabbath, and who do not go to meeting, are generally so poor and so miserable. It is because they steal from God every seventh day of their lives; and God will not, and does not bless them in it. Merchants who keep their counting-rooms open on the Sabbath, generally fail in business, and lose all the property they have. A gentleman took notice, in New York, for twenty-five years, that every merchant who thus broke the Sabbath, failed, without a single exception. And a great lawyer in this country, who helped to try very many for murder, says, that they all began their wickedness by breaking the Sabbath.

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Strong reason.Story by the author.

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I have a strong reason why I feel very anxious to have these children remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy. And I will now give you this strong reason.

Many years ago, while I was in college, I opened a Sabbath School in a distant, neglected neighborhood, yet within the limits of the town. At first, the project was greatly ridiculed, and many opposed. But ridicule and opposition soon give way to a good cause, and in a short time I had seventy scholars. The room in which we met was an unfinished chamber of a poor, lame woman—the only place that was offered. The floor was not nailed down, and neither ceiling nor plaster had ever been seen in the chamber. The chimney passed up in the centre, and the bare rafters were over our heads. Yet never did I see brighter or happier faces than among the little groups with which I regularly met. They lived so far from meeting, that few could attend; or,

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Duty put off.

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rather, their parents felt too indifferent to carry them; so that their Sabbath School embraced all that was Sabbath to them. It is now many years since, and I suppose they have all grown up, or have been removed into eternity ere this time; but I can never forget this, my first Sabbath School, nor the happy countenances which composed it.

One hot Sabbath, I had walked out to meet my Sabbath School, and, at the close of the lessons, I felt weary and unwell. The children were expecting me to give them a history of the holy Sabbath, from its first appointment, and to tell them *why* God appointed it, and what are our *duties* in regard to it; for so I had promised them, and had in fact prepared myself to do it. But, being weary and unwell, I told them that, for these reasons, I would defer it till the next Sabbath. While thus putting it off, I noticed a bright little boy, sitting near me, who seemed to look disappointed. He had expected to hear about

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The school not together.

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the holy Sabbath. Oh, had I remembered how Christ taught the poor woman of Samaria, though he was weary and faint, should I not have done differently?

The next Sabbath came, and my school were again coming together. On arriving at the house, instead of finding them all quiet in their seats, as usual, I found them grouped around the door, some sobbing, others looking frightened—all silent. On inquiry, they told me that “little Lewis —— had just been killed by the mill!” This was all they knew about it. At the head of my little flock, I hastened to the house where the little boy lived. At the door I was met by the father of the child, wringing his hands, his face red and swollen, his eyes sunken and glaring, and his breath loaded with the fumes of ardent spirits.

“Oh,” cried the man, “I might have known it. I might have known it all!”

“Might have known what, sir?”

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The foolish superstition.

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“Oh, I might have known that to-day one of my family must go; but I did not think, could not think, it must be my youngest boy!”

“Pray, how might you have known that one must die to-day?”

“Why, when I came home last evening, old Rover” (pointing to a stupid old dog that lay crouched under the table) “sat on the door-steps, with his face to the east, howling, and howling. I knew then some one—or I might have known that some one—must go to-day, but did not think it must be poor little Lewis!”

“Do you believe there is a God?”

“Oh, yes, have no doubt of it.”

“And do you suppose he reveals events to a dog, a creature without a soul, and without reason, which he does not reveal to the wisest of men? Nothing is more common than for a dog to howl when his master is gone, and he feels lonely; and as to his face being towards the east,



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What makes a man stupid.The corpse.

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I see nothing strange in that, since your house faces the east."

"Ah, you may say so; but I might have known it would come,"—and again he turned away to sob, and I fear to drink, and then wonder over his being more stupid than his dog.

I led my scholars into the room. ¶ They seemed to breathe only from the top of their lungs. I lifted up the white napkin, and there was little Lewis—a mangled corpse! The children were all hushed as we gazed. The little girls covered their faces with their handkerchiefs and aprons. The little boys wiped their eyes with their hands and with the sleeves of their jackets.

For some weeks, it had been very dry, and the streams had become low. But during the preceding day and night, a heavy rain had fallen. A mill, on a small stream near by, which had stood still for some time for want of water, was set a-going early on Sabbath morning. I need not ask if the miller feared God.

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Mill going on the Sabbath.Little boy crushed by the wheel.

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About an hour before the Sabbath School usually came together, little Lewis went down to the mill-stream to bathe. The poor boy had never seen his parents keep the Sabbath holy. He swam out into the stream. The current was strong—too strong for him—he raised the cry of distress—the miller heard him and saw him, but was too much frightened to do any thing. The current swept along—the little boy struggled—again cried for help—the waters rushed on—he was sucked down under the gate—the great mill-wheel rolled round—crash!—he was in a moment crushed and dead! Scarcely had his last cry reached the ears of the miller, before his mangled corpse came out from under the wheel. *It was the same little boy who had looked so disappointed on the last Sabbath, because I omitted to talk about the holy Sabbath.*

While standing beside the lifeless clay of this fair child, with all the children about me, my

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Sad thoughts.

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Scene remembered.

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feelings were awful indeed. It seemed as if every child would cry out, "Oh, had you kept your word, and told us about breaking the Sabbath, he would not have gone into the water—he would not have lain there dead." It seemed as if the lips, though sealed by the hand of death, would open and reproach me. "Had I not put off my duty, probably this life would have been saved—perhaps an undying soul would have been saved from the guilt of being the everlasting enemy of God. What sacrifices would I not make, could that child once more come into my Sabbath School!" Such were my thoughts. I have never been able to look back upon that scene without keen anguish. I have sometimes mentioned it to Sabbath School teachers, and, by it, urged them never to put off till the next Sabbath any duty which can be performed on this. And since I have been a minister, when I have felt weary and feeble, and tempted to put off some duty to a

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Instruction.

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Poetry.

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more convenient season, I have recalled that scene to my mind; and truly thankful shall I feel in the great judgment day, if you, my dear children, will learn from this simple story two things.

1. To remember and keep holy the Sabbath day. Had that dear child only obeyed this one short text, he would not have been called to the presence of God while in the very act of sin.

“This day belongs to God alone;  
He makes the Sabbath for his own;  
And we must neither work nor play  
Upon God’s holy Sabbath day.

’Tis well to have one day in seven,  
That we may learn the way to heaven;  
Or else we never should have thought  
About his worship as we ought.

And every Sabbath should be passed  
As if we knew it were our last;  
For what would dying people give  
To have one Sabbath more to live!”

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Conclusion.

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2. Never to put off any duty, or any opportunity to do good, because you do not feel like doing it now. You may never have the opportunity again.

Should you live and grow up, I have no doubt but you will be prospered and happy, that you will be respected and useful, very much as you keep the Sabbath. God will honor those who honor him. He does not ask us even to open the doors of his house for nothing; no, he will repay us in this life, and in the life to come, with everlasting blessings. May all these great rewards be yours, my dear children, by your keeping his commandments. **Amen.**

## LECTURE XIII.

## THE GRAVE LOSING ITS VICTORY.

*O grave, where is thy victory?—1 COR. 15. 55.*

CONTENTS.—Vapor of morning. Garden flowers. What is a *buoy*? The drowning man clinging to the buoy. Morning after the storm. Who must die. The twins. Beautiful poetry. Who can die happy? My sister's grave—and the two little boys. Reflections in a grave-yard. The soul lives after the body dies. The humming-bird. The island. The adventurer—his return—his tidings—his death. Meaning of the story. The Christian's death. Angels' conversation. Beautiful description of heaven. Conclusion.

THE Bible, my dear children, talks a great deal about the shortness of our lives. Did you ever get up in some October morning, and see a thick vapor or fog hanging over the wide meadows and fields? You could not see a man, or even a great tree, at a little distance, the fog was so thick. But go out a few hours afterwards, when the sun is up, and where is all this vapor gone? It is all melted away, and has left no

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Garden flowers.

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mark on any thing. Such, the Bible says, is the life of man. You may look upon a great congregation to-day, and see the street full of people, and in a few short years they are all gone—and forgotten, like the vapor.

Did you ever walk along the street, and stop and look into a garden, and admire the beautiful flowers which were waving in rows each side of the alley? I presume you have. What colors! How many kinds! See that tulip—that pink—that rose! How beautiful! But wait a few short months, and then stop there again. Where *now* are those flowers? All faded and gone; all dead and passed away. Just so, says the Bible, do we all, even the fairest among men, die and pass away as the flower.

Now, why do men all die? Do they wish to die? No, far from it. Let any man be sick, and be in danger of dying, and what will he not do, rather than die? Why, he will swallow as much

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What is a buoy?

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bitter, disgusting medicine as the doctor wishes him to. He will let him cut off his arm or his leg, or cut out his eye,—or do any thing, if he may only live. Men had rather do any thing than die. For the most part, they are unwilling even to think of death, and contrive to think of ten thousand things rather than that.

Do you know what a *buoy* is? I will tell you. When a river runs into the sea, the bed in which it runs along is called the channel; and at the place where it goes into the sea, the water is deeper in the channel than any where else; so that, when vessels would go up a river from the great sea, they try to keep in the channel, so as to be in deep water. But how shall they know where the channel is? In this way. The people who know where the channel is, take a great stone, and tie a rope to it, and let it sink just in the middle of the channel. At the other end of the rope is a large, round, pine stick, or log, tied



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The drowning man clinging to the buoy.

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This log floats upon the water, and is held in its place by the stone at the bottom. Well, this log is called a *buoy*, and the sailors steer just alongside of the buoys, when they would go safe.

During an awfully stormy day, a vessel was seen coming towards the shore. The men could not manage her. The people on shore saw her, but could do nothing. There were some great rocks out from the shore, a mile or two; and onward she drove towards those rocks. Soon she was on them—dash—and was split all in pieces. The people on shore could see it all, but had no life-boat, nor any means by which to help them. Were the poor sailors all drowned? No,—there was one poor fellow who floated awhile. They watch him. All the rest are gone. Now he tries to swim a little. There! he has caught hold of a *buoy*, and clings to it for life. O, if they could only get to him! but they cannot. There he hangs, and rises and falls on each wave—still

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Morning after the storm.

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clinging to the buoy. Is he willing to die? No, he would hang there years, if he could, rather than to die. And now it is night; the sun goes down; the darkness begins to come over the dark waters; and the people sigh, and begin to go home, leaving the poor sailor still holding on to the buoy for his life. One by one they go away, and then turn, and turn round again, to see if they can see him. The last man now goes: it is dark, and he turns and looks. Can he see the buoy and the man? No!—yes, yes, he is still there! They go to their homes; they pray for that poor sailor; they dream about him; they think much of him. The morning comes. The sun rises fair, and the people had hastened down as soon as the light broke in the east, to see if the poor man was there. The storm had gone past, and the buoy was still floating there. But where was the sailor? Ah, he was gone, gone to the bottom, and will be seen no more till the resurrection day.

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Who must die ?

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Is it not plain, that we know that every body dreads to die? Why, then, must every body die? The Bible tells us, “Death hath passed upon all men, in that all have sinned.” Yes, all are sinners, and must therefore die. The old, gray-headed man must soon go. Death will not respect his silver locks. He will put him in the grave. The man in middle-life is cut down, too, though wife and children may weep and pray against it. The fair youth and the sweet child are not spared; and I think I have never had my heart more affected, than when called to attend the funeral of children. I have seen them in the coffin, when they looked so fair and beautiful, that it seemed hard to bury them up in the ground. The beautiful lines which I am now about to read you, very accurately describe what ministers must often see. They describe two little twin babes, dead, and in the coffin, and the mother bending over it, and looking upon them through her tears.

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The twins.Beautiful poetry.

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“ ’Twas summer, and a Sabbath eve,  
And balmy was the air :  
I saw a sight which made me grieve—  
And yet the sight was fair—  
Within a little coffin lay  
Two lifeless babes, as sweet as May.

Like waxen dolls, which infants dress,  
Their little bodies were ;  
A look of placid happiness  
Did on each face appear.  
And in the coffin, short and wide,  
They lay together, side by side.

A rose-bud, nearly closed, I found  
Each little hand within,  
And many a pink was strewed around,  
With sprigs of jessamine ;  
And yet the flowers that round them lay  
Were not to me more fair than they.

Their mother, as a lily pale,  
Sat by them on a bed,  
And, bending o’er them, told her tale,  
And many a tear she shed ;  
Yet oft she cried, amidst her pain,  
*‘ My babes and I shall meet again ! ’*”

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Who can die happy ?

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Do you know what it was that gave comfort to this weeping mother, as she saw her dear twin babes in the coffin? It was the hope of the gospel;—hope, that Jesus Christ would watch over them in the grave, and at last raise them from the long sleep of death, and that she would be allowed to meet them again in heaven, to part from them no more. Yes, the gospel of Christ gives us that blessed hope. “I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, from henceforth, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.” For this reason, we cannot go and stand by the grave of a Christian, without having hope spring up in the breast. It may be the grave of some dear friend; but if he died a Christian, we feel that Christ will one day come to that grave, and awake his sleeping disciple.

A short time since, just at sunset, on a summer's day, I went to the grave of a dear sister of

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My sister's grave—and the two little boys.

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mine. Her two little boys went with me. When we had arrived there, I saw four little rose-bushes standing, two at the head and two at the foot of the grave, bending over, as if to meet and hang over the grave.

“That is her grave—our mother’s grave,” said one of the boys.

“And those rose-bushes”—said I, as the tears started in my eyes,—

“Those,” said the eldest, “brother and I, and father, set out soon after she was laid there. Those two at the head she planted in the garden herself, and we took them up, and set them there, and call them “mother’s bushes.”

“And what do you remember about your dear mother, my boys?”

“Oh, every thing.”

“What, in particular?”

“*Oh, this, uncle, that there never was a day since I can remember, in which she did not take us to her*

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Reflections in a grave-yard.

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*closet, and pray with us, unless she was sick on the bed !”*

Never did that sister seem so dear to me as at that moment ; and never did my heart feel so full a hope in the words which were engraved on the tomb-stone—

“No mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch her soft repose.”

Dear children, you and I must die, because we are sinners. † And every grave that is dug and filled up, is a new monument to show that men are all sinners. Men sometimes are so foolish as to deny that there ever was a flood, which drowned all the world in a few days ; but they cannot deny that death now sweeps off the whole world once in about thirty years. Go to that grave-yard yonder. How full of graves ! You tread on some sleeper at every step. “Who slew all these ?” Suppose you should go to a great pris-

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Reflections in a grave-yard.

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4 on, full of little cells, and every cell had a prisoner chained in it, and the number was as great as the number of graves in that grave-yard. Would you not think to yourself, "Here must be a great deal of guilt and sin, in order to fill all these cells?" And the grave-yard is the prison-house where God has confined so many prisoners. There is no grave in heaven, and there never would have been one on earth, had it not been for sin.

What a beautiful piece of workmanship is destroyed when one of these children die! The hands hang motionless; the bright eye is closed and dull in darkness; the fresh cheek is pale and cold; the tongue is silent; and the whole body, like a broken vessel, is in ruins. But we may rejoice that the disciple of Christ may go shouting into the grave, "O grave, where is thy victory?" Christ himself has been in it, and sanctified it, and blessed it. Besides, the grave can only receive



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The soul lives after the body dies.

The humming-bird.

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and claim the poorer part of us. It only takes the body ; while the soul, the immortal part, escapes its power. You know you can seem to see things when the eye is shut, and you dream of things when asleep. And so the soul can live, and think, and act, when the body is in the grave. You will sleep in the grave a long, long time, but not always. God can, and will raise up the body again. He is able. Do you see that beautiful little humming-bird dancing from flower to flower, like a spirit of flowers ? He was once confined to the little mummy shell ; but God brought him out. See that looking-glass : how perfectly you can see your face and form, and every hair on your forehead in it ! But had you seen the coarse sand lie on the sea-shore, before the workmen began, would you think that they could make such a thing from that sand ? So God will raise us up from the grave by his wisdom and power.

Oh, how much do we owe to Jesus Christ !

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The island.

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At the opening of every grave I seem to hear the angel say, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay." Let me show you what Christ has done here for us.

Suppose we lived upon a great island, entirely surrounded by the great waters. As we looked, we could see nothing but the waters and the sky. We had no ships with which to go away ; and there we all lived. We had farms, and shops, and stores, and things just as we now have, with no difference, except we were on an island. One thing more. Every few days, there came a great ship to our island, and the men landed and caught our neighbors and friends, and carried them to the ship, and sailed away, out of sight ; in a few days, another ship, and another ; and so continually they came, and carried off old and young, friends and neighbors, and we knew nothing what became of them. We wept, and mourned, and feared for ourselves, but we knew not what





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The adventurer.His return.

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to do. At length, we see a man rush suddenly down to the shore with a little vessel, which he has built himself at his own expense. He jumps into it alone, and spreads his little sails, and goes off on the great ocean, following those awful ships, to see what has become of our friends. We watch the poor, frail boat till it is out of sight, wondering if he will ever come to us again. In the mean time, the dark, dreadful ships continue to come and catch away our friends. We look out, and wonder what has become of our dear friend in his boat; for he told us, that, if he found our friends who had been carried off, he would come back to us, with a white flag at the top of his mast. At length, the boat comes in sight. Yes, there she comes, and the white flag streaming at mast-head! Yes, he has found our friends! The crowds all rush down to the water-edge to hear his tidings. The little vessel comes to the shore, and our friend leaps out on the land. We cry

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His tidings.

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out, "What news? What tidings of our friends? Have you found them?"

"Yes, I have found them."

"Are they alive?"

"Yes, all alive."

"Are they happy? What are they doing?"

"Oh, they are all carried to a distant country, by the king's ships. When they get there, they are put to a kind of trial, and those who can bear that trial well, are made honorable, and happy, and have most delightful homes, and would not come back here for a world. While those who cannot bear the trial, are sent away to the deserts, and are wretched."

"But will the ships come any more?"

"Yes, they will come again, and again, and carry you all off. But you may all fit yourselves for the trial; and then you will be very happy, and need not fear to go."

"But what? How can we fit ourselves? What

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His death.Meaning of the story.

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shall we do? Oh, tell us quickly, for the ships may be here before we are ready.”

“I cannot tell you now. I am dying with fatigue. Here, do you see this book which I take out of my bosom? This tells you all what and how to do. It is plain, and full of instruction. Obey it, and you will all be happy. See, because I could do no other way, I opened my own veins, and have written it with my own blood, and the blood came directly from my heart before I had finished it. Oh, take it, as the last and best pledge of my love.”

He ceases to speak, and, worn out with fatigue, he drops down dead on the spot! Oh, what a friend!—and what a book that must be!

You understand me, do you not? We are on the island; and diseases are the dreadful ships which come and carry us off; and eternity is that distant world where we are carried; and Christ is that dear friend who went through the grave into

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Meaning of the story.

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eternity ; and the Bible is the book which he has written for us, to prepare us for our trial at the great judgment ; and he poured out his soul unto death in thus preparing us to go into eternity and live in happiness. What a friend do those reject and despise, who do not love Jesus Christ ! What a book do those neglect, who live from day to day without reading or thinking about the Bible !

All will come up from the grave at once, but not all to share alike. Just so the chief butler and the chief baker were both let out of the prison at the same time, the one to be honored, and the other to be hanged. “Marvel not at this ; for the hour is coming in which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth ; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life ; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.” The grave has been called the dressing-chamber, in which good people put on their beautiful garments, in which



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The Christian's death.

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to arise and meet the Lord in the air. But to the wicked and the unholy, it is the prisoner's cell, in which he is shut up, till led forth to execution.

When Christians die, the angels of God come and lead them up to glory, while the body rests and is purified in the grave. "There," say they, "is Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. You are going now," say they, "to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the Tree of Life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof; and when you come there, you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. There shall you not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth, to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death, 'for the former things have passed away.' You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, to Jacob, and to the prophets, men that

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Angels' conversation.

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God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now 'resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness.'

"What must we do in the holy place?"

"You must there receive the comforts of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King, by the way. In that place, you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the Holy One; for there 'you shall see him as he is.' There, also, you must serve him continually with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Almighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with

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Beautiful description of heaven.

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joy receive even every one that follows into the holy places after you. There, also, you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When he shall come with sound of trumpet in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by him: yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you shall also have a voice in that judgment, because they were his and your enemies. And when he shall again return to the city, you shall go too, with sound of trumpet, and be ever with him."

Such, my dear children, will be the glory of every one who obeys God and loves the Redeemer; and such your glory, when you come up from the grave, if you obey God. I must now take my leave of you. Many of you, who read these lines,

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Conclusion of the Lecture.

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I shall never know, and never see, till the great day of judgment. Oh, if one of you shall be made wise unto eternal life by this Lecture, I shall have more joy when we meet, than if I had been able to give you a kingdom. Do not put off religion till you are old. You may die within a week. Seek the Saviour while he may be found. Call upon him while he is near. Read his word. Obey his voice. Commit yourself, each of you, to his hands. Then the grave will only be a place to sleep in, while God prepares for you a house not made with hands, an everlasting mansion of glory—eternal in the heavens. Amen.

## LECTURE XIV.

## H E A V E N .

*In the beginning God created the heaven.*—GENESIS 1. 1.

**CONTENTS.**—Shape of the earth. Inside of the world. High chimneys Creating and forming things. Light first made. The three heavens. First heaven. Second and third heavens. Guiding the stars. Idea of the third heaven. Beautiful things. What a throne will be. Society of heaven. How they look in heaven. Why the beautiful things of earth not to be saved. Our friends. Is heaven a place?

You know, children, that the earth is round, like an orange. If you were to make a hole through an orange, and then measure the length of that hole, you would find it took three times that length to reach round the orange. And were a hole dug straight through the earth, it would take three times the length of that hole to reach round the earth. Suppose such a hole dug through the earth, and you could walk through it, going a mile every day, how long do you think it would take you to get through? It

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Inside of the world.High chimneys.

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would take you eight thousand days, which is almost twenty-two years. And it would take you over sixty years to walk round the world, going at the same rate. What a great world! And what do you suppose we should find away down in the earth? I suppose rocks and stones, and some great rivers, and a great deal of fire! A great deal of fire, say you? Yes, a great deal of fire, and it is the heaving of this fire which makes earthquakes, and it is this which makes volcanoes. Volcanoes are always in the tops of very high mountains, which seem to be a kind of chimney, through which these great fires send out their belchings and flames. One of these openings which I call chimneys, on the top of a high mountain on the Sandwich Islands, is ten miles across. What a chimney, to be ten miles across its top! And a few years ago it sent out a river of fire which ran down the mountain two miles wide and forty miles long before it reached

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Creating and forming things.

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the sea, when it plunged into the great ocean. What fires, then, must there be inside of the earth! And how easy for God to make these fires burn up the world at the last day, as he has said in 2 Peter 3. 10: "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up."

Men can form things, but they cannot create. They can dig up some ore and make it into the wheels of the watch, or into the little springs which keep the watch agoing. † They can take some coarse, heavy sand, into which you cannot look and see a pin, if it were buried ever so little way, and they can melt this sand and make it into the pure clear glass which you see in these windows, and through which you can see almost as well as if there was no glass there. Men can

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Light made.

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dig up the different kinds of earth and burn them, and make them into the beautiful colors with which they paint the faces of men, the trees, the waters, or any thing they please. But, though we can change and fashion things, and make them curious and useful, we cannot create any thing out of nothing. But this is what God did when he created worlds. He formed them out of nothing. He made the light, but he had no sun or any thing else to help him do it. He created the world and the heavens, but he made them out of nothing. How *could* he do it? He said, "Let there be light, and there was light." "He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast." (Psalm 33. 9.)

I am now going to talk about that part of God's works which are called the heavens. "In the beginning God created the heaven."

Do you recollect that the Bible speaks of three heavens? In Daniel we are told that the ange'



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The three heavens.

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came from God or the third heaven. (Dan. 9. 21.) And Paul tells us (2 Cor. 12. 2) that he was once caught up to the third heaven. Can I make you understand what it means when the Bible speaks of three heavens? Let me try. You know the birds can fly in the air, and the clouds sail in it, and the rain, the dews, and the snows come down out of it. Well, this air is called the heavens. 'Thus we read of the dews of heaven, the rains of heaven, the clouds of heaven, and the storms of heaven. 'This is the first heaven. Then above this, far above all this, is the region where the sun and the moon and the stars are. This is the second heaven. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." (Psalm 19. 1.)<sup>1</sup> And then beyond all this is the place where God and the angels live; and that is what is meant by the third heaven, or, as it is sometimes called, the heaven of heavens. (Psalm 148. 4; 1 Kings 8. 27.)

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First heaven.	Third heaven.	Guiding the stars.
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Thus the first heaven is close to us. We breathe its air. Our birds sing while in it, and our clouds drop the rain out of it. The second heaven contains the sun, moon, and stars, and worlds which we see with the glass which we call the telescope; but we cannot get to it or visit it. The third is what our eye cannot see. It is the place to which Enoch, who walked with God, was taken; where Elijah was carried in the chariot of fire (2 Kings 2. 71); where Christ is gone and where the saints who arose at his resurrection have gone (Matt. 27. 52).

How wonderful it is that the sun and moon and stars should all be moving and shining, and yet never meet or jar! And sometimes the fiery comet comes blazing up through the sky, with his long trail of light; but God guides him on his way, and he never runs against any other world. What a wonder it is to look out on a bright evening, and see all the stars shining out in their glory,

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Idea of the third heaven.

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so many worlds! No wonder David says, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" (Psalm 8. 3, 4.) But what shall I say of the third heaven, where God resides? Who can describe it? Who can tell how it looks? You know what I mean when I compare one thing with another. A tree may look very high, but if you were on the top of a high mountain and were to compare that tree to the mountain, it would look like a small bush. You might call a man handsome, but if you were to compare him with the angels who, John says, were in the tomb of Christ (John 20. 12), you would not think him handsome. So we judge of heaven by comparison. We compare it with this world. What would you say should you see God creating a mantle most beautiful and large enough to cover all the earth? He has created such a mantle. It is called *light*.

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Beautiful things.What a throne will be.

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You have seen the dewdrops hang on the grass and the flowers, like diamonds in the morning sun, have you not? You have seen the sweet flowers all painted by the hand of God, and hung in clusters on the trees. You have seen the gold and purple with which he tinges the morning and the evening sky, now turning the clouds into silver and gold. And how brightly and beautifully do the stars look down upon us as they hang over our heads! What beautiful creatures fly in the air, and swim in the sea, and what gorgeous shells lie on the bottom of the ocean! But this is only the footstool of God, as he calls it. And so we can have an idea of what heaven must be, by comparing a footstool with a throne. What a light must that be which comes not from the sun, nor from the moon, nor from the candle, but directly from the Father of lights? If in this world there are so many beautiful things, what will it be there?

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Society of heaven.

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“ If so much loveliness is sent  
To grace our earthly home,  
How beautiful ! how beautiful  
Will be the world to come ! ”

You remember, too, that Peter tells us that this world is to be burned up, to be destroyed. It is not designed to be any thing more than a kind of bridge over which men walk from time into eternity ; and when it has served its purpose, the old bridge will be taken down. But heaven is never to change. It is never to be burned up, and so God has made it beautiful and glorious. It is the home of all his great family,—the family mansion,—and will it not be beautiful? We know that the tree of life is there, and we know that the river of life, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb, is there. The place is called the Paradise of God, because that garden on earth was so beautiful. But one thing which makes heaven so delightful a place is the people who live there.

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How they look in heaven.

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The angels have their home there. Enoch is there. Moses is there, and his face shines brighter than when he came down from the mountain. (Exodus 34. 35.) Job is there, and his riches will never again be taken from him, for he has in heaven a better and an enduring substance. David is there, with a harp that makes new melody and new sweetness for ever. What a change must there be in Lazarus, who once lay among the dogs at the gate of the rich man! What a change has passed over Paul since he lay in the dungeon,—an old man about to be put to death!

Heaven is the city to which all the paths in which good men have walked lead. Is it any wonder that God has made its walls of precious stones, its gates of pearl, and its streets of pure gold? All the hopes, desires, and prayers and praises of the holy family of God centre and terminate in heaven, and it is to be beautiful enough to meet the expectations of all. We cannot, to

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Why the beautiful things of earth not to be saved.

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be sure, tell what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart ever thought of ; but we can see that a world where there has been no sin, no clouds, no graves, and no death, and which is intended to be the best of all God's works, must be beautiful. The waters which come leaping down our mountain-sides we call sweet and clear ; the air which rocks our trees we call pure ; the flowers which grow in our gardens we call beautiful ; the fruits which hang on our trees we call pleasant ; and the buildings which men can rear we call splendid ; but God thinks he can spare all these, and burn them up, and yet have enough left in heaven to make all his friends contented and happy for ever ! Those who have died in the Lord are there. I know that the gray-headed old man is there, and the praying mother is there, and the brother who loved Christ in his youth is there, and the sister who gave her heart to God in her early days is there, and I know that the

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Our friends.Is heaven a place ?

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little child is there, perfecting the praise of God. There the Christian has become an angel, and there the babe has become a cherub, and yet I cannot describe heaven. I cannot begin to describe that.

Is heaven a *place*, or a kind of shadowy land ? I reply, it is a place, as much so as this world is a place. Enoch is there, who went to heaven without dying. So is Elijah, who was carried to heaven in a chariot of fire. So is Jesus Christ, and the saints who arose with him at his resurrection. They will have hands and feet and eyes, as we now have, and the world in which they live must be a real place. Over it will hang a fairer sky, purer air, more beautiful light, and all around will be spread new and beautiful sights. Who but God could create such a world ! O, it will be every way worthy of him !

And now, my dear children, will you not desire to live so as to go to this heaven when you leave



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Is heaven a place?

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this world? Do you wish that you may there meet the angels and the great and the good who have left this world? Ah! if you may but do that, you will find all the heart can desire, to be your portion for ever. In order to do that, you must remember now your Creator in the days of your youth. Seek the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near. Make God your Father by obeying him, loving and trusting in his Son, Jesus Christ, and then this Father will take you to his beautiful home, to dwell with him for ever and ever. Amen.

**THE END.**



# LECTURES TO CHILDREN;

FAMILIARLY

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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“A little child shall lead them.”

THE First Series of Lectures to Children was published in 1834. The sale from that time has been continuous, and the book to-day is as much a favorite with the children and Christian parents as it ever has been. In 1852 a new Illustrated Edition was issued, to which the Author appended the following Preface. This is reprinted here, to introduce the reader of the Second Series to the First, which is still in print, having now reached its *twenty-first thousand*.

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NORTHAMPTON, September 1, 1858.

PREFACE TO THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION  
OF  
THE FIRST SERIES.

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THIS little work, after having passed through fifteen editions in this country, and we know not how many in England, after having been translated into French, German, Greek, and many more languages, printed in raised letters for the blind, and, last of all, having been adopted as a school-book for the liberated slaves at Sierra Leone, is now sent forth in a new dress, with the addition of new Lectures. A whole generation has passed from childhood into manhood since these Lectures were first printed ; and though it claims to be only a very humble instrument of usefulness, yet the author, from testimony which he has already received from many and various quarters, would rather want renown and fame among men, than to be without his hope that the mission of this little work has been one of good to the lambs of Christ's flock.

PITTSFIELD, October 1, 1852.

## P R E F A C E .

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THERE are, perhaps, loftier walks than the paths in which the feet of childhood tread. But when we remember how earnestly Moses commanded his people to instruct their little ones; how beautifully David spake to and of them; how wisely and fully Solomon taught them in his Proverbs; how tenderly Christ embraced them, and charged his ministers (in charging Peter) to feed his lambs; how great the number now under the care of the Church of Christ for instruction; and how great a proportion of all who are, at this day, converted to God, come from these lambs,—we can hardly overestimate the importance of this department of spiritual labor.

Many years ago, I made the attempt to speak to children by the pen. The effort was far more success-

ful than I had any right to hope. Whether the harp has since become so worn by time that its notes will be no longer recognized, will be determined by the issuing of this little volume. Should it, like some unpretending bird, light upon as many bright and sunny places, and with its notes cheer as many listening children, as the First Series has, I can hardly think of a higher earthly recompense.

We read, in our blessed Bible, of a temple in which the very snuffers were of pure gold ; but more beautiful far is the heart of the child in which the Holy Ghost dwells as his temple. To this end, — I trust with something of the child's humility, — I send forth this humble volume, and commend it to the blessing of the Great Redeemer.

PITTSFIELD, August 25, 1858.



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*Ye shall find the Babe, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger. — LUKE ii. 12.*

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*And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem, and Joseph and his mother knew not of it. But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought*

*him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance. And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him. — Luke ii. 43 – 45.*

The top of the hill. Things to be seen. Old Hermon. The child's home. Travellers. Things worth seeing. Conversation. Singing songs. Close of the day. The mother's sorrow. Words of caution. A mother's love. How it lasts. The child sought for. Morning again. Strangeness. The city opened. The wandering mother. First lesson. The little ants. The desolate home. Troubles. Second lesson. Pondering of the heart. Who take care of children. Dying mother. Dying child. The dead child. Mary in tears.

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*And it came to pass, that, after three days, they found him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing! — LUKE ii. 46 – 48.*

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## THE GREAT CHANGE.

*We shall all be changed.*—1 COR. xv. 51.

The boy's wish. Spring. Little girl's wish. Men desire changes. Changes to all. The old man. His sad experience. No sunshine. The bird's egg. The journey. Departure. The return. Two great changes. What death is. Little Emma Clapp. Conversation with her. Emma's experience. The baptism. Her sick-room. Her anxieties. Fearless. Perfected praises. Farewells. Her messages. Shutting of the lily. Great change in Emma. What became of her? Contrasts. The coffin-dress. The last change. Christ's coming. The trumpet's voice. Graves opened. How the wicked forgotten in death. The most precious thing on earth. The blind eyes opened. No sickness. Surgeon's knife. The pond-lily. The diamond. Stephen's burial. The eggs of the silk-worm and the staves. The rag-picker. Eternal change.



# LECTURES TO CHILDREN.

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## LECTURE I.

### THE LOWLY CRADLE.

*Ye shall find the Babe, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger. — LUKE ii. 12.*

CONTENTS. — Building a mill. Wicked island. The drowning man. Teaching the islanders. Scholars. A great change. The new way. Christ foretold. The pomp of an ambassador. How he was expected. Curious notions. Night-watchers. The song of the angels. *The lowly cradle.* The first worship. The Babe talked about. Carried to the Temple. The persecuted Babe. How he might have come. First reason why he came thus. Lessons to his disciples. No golden cloth. Borrowed not from earth. Second reason,—the poor. Poor clothing,—homes. Third reason,—to show what disgraces men.

CHILDREN, you know that if you were to try to make a mill, or a carriage, you would go to work very differently from what a man would; and you know, too, that while the *man* might finish his mill or carriage, you could not finish

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The wicked island.

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yours. The man would go to work very differently from the child, because he is older and wiser. So when God does anything, he does not do it as men do. He is wiser.

Suppose there was a large island far off in the ocean, full of people; and suppose these people had all become thieves, so as to rob ships, and kill all in the ships, and so wicked that they were liars, and drunkards, and were just as wicked as they could well be! Now how would men deal with them? Why, they would send great war-ships with cannon and powder and great balls, and guns and swords to fight them. The great ships might shoot down their houses and cities and kill a great many people; and they might scare them and make them promise to *do* better,—but this would not make the wicked people *feel* any better; they would still *want* to be thieves and to rob ships, and would do it, if they only dared to.

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The drowning man.Teaching the islanders.

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Suppose, now, that some day, just at night, these people on the island should find a man floated on their shores, almost drowned, — for in trying to get to them, his little boat had struck upon a rock and broke in pieces. They pick up the poor man, and find that he has no watch, no jewels, and no money which they can steal. He tells them that he hears that they are wicked, and he has come to teach them and to tell them about God, and heaven and hell, and their duty.

They laugh at him, scorn him, refuse to give him food or a bed, — sometimes they stone him, — sometimes tell lies about him; but the stranger never gets out of temper. He bears it all meekly, and watches with the sick, makes crutches for the lame, leads the blind, and takes the very poorest children and teaches them in his school. When not in school, he is going about doing good, carrying medicines to the

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Scholars.A great change.

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sick, comforting the sorrowful, and speaking words of kindness to all. By and by some of his scholars catch his spirit and do just so; and *they* go and open new schools, and teach the same good teaching.

After a while, some of the islanders get very much out of patience to see these good things done, and so they get together and kill the stranger who had tried to do them so much good. But after he is dead and gone, it is found that those whom he instructed have his same spirit, and thus his spirit lives, and more schools are opened, till the poor islanders are all taught, and all see how wrong it was to be thieves and murderers, and how wrong it was to be cruel, and so they all become better people. They learn to work and earn their living, and they are sorry and ashamed when they think how they used to live and act.

Now this poor stranger had no cannon and no

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The new way.Christ foretold.

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guns nor swords, and he killed none of the wicked men, and yet he did what the war-ship never could do: *he made them feel sorry for their sins*. He made them leave off being thieves, because they feared God, and not because they were afraid of being shot. Which of these two ways do these children think was the best?

The people in old times knew, — for the Bible had told them so, — a long time before Christ came to this world, that he would come. Sometimes the Bible called him a “Star,” sometimes a “Fountain,” a “Sun,” a “King,” a “Prince,” and sometimes “a child,” or “a son.” They knew that, as all the prophets spoke of him, he must be greater than any other prophet. They knew he was to do some *great* work, — for his kingdom was to be an everlasting kingdom, and all kings and people were to bow down to him and serve him. And they thought that one who was thus foretold, and who was to do so great a work, must be a great character.

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The pomp of an ambassador.

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And how did they think he would come? Why, they supposed that he might have his choice how he would come, and that he would want to do as other men love to do. Men love pomp and notice. An ambassador who goes to another country has a great war-ship go on purpose to carry him. He has flags on the ship, and guns are fired, and it seems to be a great affair. We know that, if we build a bridge, we must have a great deal of timber and a great many men to hew and bore and put it together; if we make a house, we must have men to dig the cellar, masons and carpenters, painters and window-makers, and a multitude of trades, to do it. If we know that a man has got a great weight to lift or a great work to do, we expect to see a very strong man. If we know that a man has done some great work, or is selected to do some great work, as Washington was, we expect to see a very uncommon

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How Christ was expected.Curious notions.

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man. So the people thought that Christ would come in a very new way. Some, perhaps, thought he would come on the clouds of heaven, attended by angels, as he will come at the Judgment Day. Some, perhaps, thought that he would come with chariots and horses of fire, as Elijah went up to heaven. Some thought that he would come as a great king, with an army, and live in a palace, and have officers and gold and riches and fine clothes. Some thought he would come as a general, and make war, and conquer armies, and thus make all people serve him. They knew of no way by which to raise up his kingdom, except to fight and make people afraid of his sword. So they used to think and talk about him before he came to this world. How little were their plans like God's plans!

On the wild hills of Judæa there were some poor men watching over their flocks of sheep by night. They built little watch-fires, it may

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Night-watchers.

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The song of the angels.

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be, to warm themselves and to scare off the wolves. They were good men, and knew, most likely, that a Saviour was coming to this world. It may be they were talking about it and praying about it together that very night, when suddenly they saw the heavens seem to open, and out of them flew a multitude of holy angels, singing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will to men." The shepherds were afraid, and lay flat on the ground; but the angels told them to fear not, for a Saviour was born, — Christ the Lord, — good tidings of great joy which should be to all people! Ha! the Saviour is born! — a thing of great joy to all people! Well, he must be in some palace, — where they have officers and guards, and silver and gold in great plenty! But no! they must go, — not to Jerusalem, the great city, — but to little Bethlehem; not to the palace of royalty, but to the stable! And there







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The lowly cradle.The first worship.

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is *the lowly cradle!* a manger, for the greatest King and the most wonderful character that ever was born. There were no silk curtains, no marble floors, no beautiful pillars, no great officers of state, no long train of servants, no treasures of gold, — there was only a manger with a little babe in it, and his mother bending over him! The shepherds tell their story of having seen the angels; they believe this is the Saviour of the world, and that in *that lowly cradle* is the “Son that should be given,” “the Child that should be born,” and they fall down and worship him. How they gaze at the manger! at the child wrapt in swaddling-clothes! — how they weep for joy, and then go back to their hill-side and rekindle their fires, and give thanks to God!

Did you ever think, children, how many things took place even while Christ was a babe, which would draw men to think about him?

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Christ talked about.Christ carried to the Temple.

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There was the story of the shepherds, which they would spread far and wide among the people in the country; then the wise men came from the east, guided by a new star, and the star would be seen and talked about far and near. They came to Jerusalem, and went to the palace of King Herod to find the babe, and thus they made it known to all the rulers and to all the city. This made it known still wider. Then, when his parents brought the babe into the Temple, the wonderful speech made by old Simeon would be told all over the country. The good old man had waited and lived to see this babe, and he was now ready to die! Next we have a king trying to kill the babe of the lowly cradle, and he sent soldiers to Bethlehem where the child was, and slew all the little ones under two years old, so as to be sure and kill the child Jesus; and *this* would be known all over the land. Then Christ — the little child —

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The babe persecuted.How he *might* have come.

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was carried by night down into Egypt, and finally brought back again, and carried to Nazareth, a little place so small and so poor, they thought the king would not look for him there!

Thus the babe, the child that was born, though cradled in a manger, moved heaven and earth; — the angels to sing and shout for joy; the shepherds to hasten and worship him; the wise men to follow the new star till it came and stood over where the young child was; the king and all Jerusalem to be moved and troubled; the children to be slain on his account; and even old age to feel gladdened and joyful! Was there ever such a child? was there ever such a cradle? He might have come the child of a king, and have been rocked in a golden cradle, had he seen fit. He might have had the nobles of an empire to welcome him; but no! he came and occupied *the lowly cradle!* And why did he do so? I will tell you.

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Why he came thus.Lessons to his disciples.

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1. *That we might all look at his real character.*

Had Christ come as a king, or a general, or a rich man, men would have looked at him as they do at a beautifully bound book. It is not the *reading*, the real value of the book, which they notice, but the gilding and the ornaments. So when men have great titles, and great offices, and great wealth, we are apt to feel that *these* things are very desirable. Had Christ come as such a one, we should all have tried to be like him, and so his followers would all have tried to be kings, or generals, or great or rich men; but now, he who is most like Christ, is a poor man, a humble man, and has no worldly glory. We do not have to look at Christ through a gold cloak, nor see the dazzle of epaulettes or swords; we do not have to wait till he has put off the robes of state, before we see him. There is nothing between us and his beautiful character. We do not have to ask whether it is the pure water,

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No golden cloth.

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Borrowed not from earth.

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or the cup out of which we are drinking it, that makes it taste so good! How little did he borrow of earth in order to make men love and admire him! We do not know whether he was tall or short, — the color of his hair, the dress that he wore, the expression of his face; we do not know anything about him, except that he came here and was found in a manger, with no heart but that of Mary to thrill at his birth. He would be loved, — not for what he had of earth, not for the glory of a throne, the honors which he bestowed on others, — but loved for his own sake; for what he *was*, and *is*, and ever *will be*. He did not invite men to his service by any rewards which earth can bestow, but for the sake of something better. Christ wants to be loved for his own sake.

2. *He came by the way of the lowly cradle, to show the poor what they can be and do.*

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Lessons to the poor.Feelings of the poor.

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The parents of Christ were very poor. The pictures all make Joseph to be walking beside Mary on an ass with the babe in her arms, as they fled to go down into Egypt; but I am not sure that it was so. I do not know but that they walked, and carried the infant in their arms. They were poor, — and when they brought their little son into the Temple, they brought the poor man's offering, — a pair of doves; thus showing us that the poor man may bring his little child to God and dedicate it to him, — and that he will be just as acceptable as the man who has uncounted gold. Sometimes poor people say they cannot go and worship God on the Sabbath, because they have no clothes; and poor children sometimes say that they cannot go to the Sunday School, because they have not clothes good enough! This is not the right feeling. This is not as Christ did. The clothes in which he was wrapped in the manger were,



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Poor clothing.

A poor home.

The third reason.

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perhaps, such old pieces of cloth as were left there; and when they brought him to the temple to dedicate him to God, he was not dressed in gay clothing. Nothing of this was needed to recommend him to God. And let me assure my little hearer, that, if he has fine clothes and a beautiful home, and nobody trying to kill him, he is better off than Christ was, but he has no reason to feel proud. If he is poor, and has poor clothing and lives in a poor home, let him remember that Christ did just so, — and yet his parents gave him to God, and from his very birth they held him as something consecrated to God.

3. *Christ came to us by the way of the lowly cradle, to show us that we need be ashamed of nothing but sin.*

Christ was a poor man's child; and he was not ashamed of that. His father, Joseph, was a mechanic, and that was no disgrace. He was

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Lowliness is not disgraceful.What is disgraceful.

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born in a stable and cradled in a manger, and that was no disgrace. He was persecuted even in infancy, — driven away from home, had to flee out of his country, was hunted by the king and his soldiers, and that was no disgrace to him. There is no disgrace in poverty, or trouble, or in anything but sin. “He knew no sin.” How differently do we sometimes feel! That it is a disgrace to be poor! — to have no home, — no friends! It *may* be, if it was *sin* that made us poor, if it was sin that made us lose our friends; we ought to feel ashamed of sin and crime; but not of anything else. Those who will be clothed with shame and everlasting contempt are the wicked. Those of whom Christ will be ashamed are the wicked. Those who will be shut out from his presence and glory for ever are those who are wicked. Now, my little children, you may know whether you ought to feel ashamed; if you use bad, low,

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What disgraces children.

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wicked words; if you are rude, unkind, cruel, and headstrong; if you are proud, vain, overbearing; if you are selfish, covetous, envious or jealous of others; if you are profane or vulgar in manners or behavior; if you are unkind to your brothers or sisters, or disobedient to your parents, — then you have something to be ashamed of! Sin, in every shape and degree, is shameful; and this is the only thing that is. Children, will you not learn a lesson from *the lowly cradle*?



## LECTURE II.

### THE LOST CHILD.

*And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem, and Joseph and his mother knew not of it. But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance. And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him. — Luke ii. 43 – 45.*

CONTENTS. — The top of the hill. Things to be seen. Old Hermon. The child's home. Travellers. Things worth seeing. Conversation. Singing songs. Close of the day. The mother's sorrow. Words of caution. A mother's love. How it lasts. The child sought for. Morning again. Strangeness. The city opened. The wandering mother. First lesson. The little ants. The desolate home. Troubles. Second lesson. Pondering of the heart. Who take care of children. Dying mother. Dying child. The dead child. Mary in tears.

SOME sixty or seventy miles north of Jerusalem is a long, beautiful hill. Before the hill is a small, but quiet and most charming valley. Let us go up on the top of that hill.

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The top of the hill.Things to be seen.

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Now, children, let us look around us. On the side of the hill is a village, and a little one side of that, a fountain of water gushes out, and drops into a marble basin. To this fountain all the women of the village come to get water. Let us look off beyond the village. There, yonder, between the mountains, and beyond the little valley which lies just at the foot of the hill, on the left hand, is a great, beautiful plain, — the most beautiful in all the land. It used to be called the Plain of Esdraelon. That round-topped mountain at the left is Mount Tabor; and there, over the hills, you can just see the heads of Little Hermon and Gilboa! And that beautiful mountain, stretching along till it dips its feet in yonder distant waters, is Mount Carmel. Look now directly west, and those waters so brightly gleaming in the sun are the Mediterranean Sea. You can see them on both the right and

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Hermon.The child's home.

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left of Mount Carmel. On the north is another beautiful plain; and away on, on beyond, seems to be a sea of mountains, with one mountain rising up higher than all, with his head covered with ice. That is old Hermon! What a beautiful prospect from this hill! Where are we?

This hill is the hill of Nazareth, and that village on its west side is Nazareth! Here once lived a little boy. I suppose he often drank at that running fountain. I suppose his feet often trod this hill. I suppose his eyes often gazed upon these hills and mountains and valleys. His name was Jesus!

His parents lived in that village, and they were poor, but humble and pious people. Every year they all went up to the great city Jerusalem, where the Temple was, that they might worship God according as he had commanded. On the return of the feast of the Passover,—

## Travellers.

## Things worth seeing.

so called, because, when the angel of God killed so many of the Egyptians, (Exodus xii. 27,) he *passed over* the Israelites and did not kill one of them,—this family all went up to Jerusalem. When the feast was over, they, and all the villagers who had gone with them, set out to return home to Nazareth. They probably went on foot,—unless it was some who were too old or too feeble, and they would ride on asses. They had no horses and no carriages in those days. As the large company wound along in the foot-path, among the hills where the vineyards were hanging their ripe fruits, where the flowers were breathing out their sweetness, where the fields were waving with grain, where the beautiful oleander gleamed with its load of richest blossoms, and the rose of Sharon tempted the children to stop and pluck them,—where the dove sat on the boughs of the trees that hung over the path

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Conversation.

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Singing songs.

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and poured out her low song, — O, how glad were the hearts of these people! How they talked of the city of David where they had been, of the glorious Temple in which they had worshipped, of the High-Priest in his rich garments, of the priests in their robes of white, of the music which made the courts ring with joy, trumpet and cymbal and harp, of the good people whom they had seen, of the old friends whom they had met, of the loved ones who went up with them the last year, but are dead now! How they spoke of the children whose silvery voices united in the songs of Zion, of the inquiries they had made about a Saviour who was expected in these years! And then, some of them sang over again the songs they had heard in the Temple, old men and old women and maidens and children all uniting to sing as they went towards their home! It is now almost night, and the red sun begins to



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Close of day.A fearful cry.

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go behind the hills, and to touch the mountaintops with his light, and the western clouds look bright, as if covered with dust shaken from angels' wings. The company have all stopped under a cluster of tall palm-trees, where there is a spring of water, and are getting ready for their evening meal. Hark! what cry is that! "*A child lost!*" "*A child lost!*" And there comes the mother, passing from neighbor to neighbor, and from group to group, inquiring most earnestly for her lost child! She supposed he must be among some of her relatives; but no! they have not seen him! How pale she looks! They try to comfort her! They want her to eat! Eat! she has no desire for food! Her child is lost! Has he been carried off by wandering robbers? Has he fallen by the way, and been left sick and alone by the wayside? Has he gone in an unknown path through mistake? Poor mother! None

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The mother's sorrow.Words of caution.

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can tell thy sorrows! None can know the thoughts of thy heart! She must turn back! She is already weary with the long day's walk, but as the moon rises over the hills, her shadow is seen as she hurries back, and every now and then stops and calls for her child. The hills echo back the sweet name of "Jesus!" "Jesus!" — but that is all! Sometimes she thinks she sees his form resting under a tree, — but it is only a dark shadow. Sometimes she listens and thinks she hears his voice, — but it is the distant call of the shepherd. All night long the mother keeps on her way, — distressed for her lost child!

Children, you sometimes, it may be, feel unkind towards your mother. It may be that you speak of her infirmities or faults to others, that you laugh at her weaknesses, or that you are unkind and disrespectful in your language to her! O, let me say to you, that you have no friend,

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A mother's love.How it lasts.

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and you never *can* have in this world, a friend like her! Should you die while a child, you will never be forgotten by your mother. She will remember how you looked, the tones of your voice, and long after others have done mentioning your name, *she* will think of it, and in the silence and darkness of night she will think of her child, and weep that he is dead. And should you live to grow up, there never will be a day, if there is an hour, when she does not remember you, and wish she could do something for you. If you are in sickness or in trouble, she will ever be ready to come to you and try to do for you. Others may forget you, other hearts may grow cold towards you, others may blame you; but she — your mother — will always take your part and try to defend you. Even should she live to be old and blind or feeble, she will have her heart warm towards her child. She will forget all

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The child sought for.

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that you have said that wounded her feelings, all that you have done that was wrong, and till the grave closes over her, she will have a mother's heart towards you !

The time that healeth all  
May take the sting from pain ;  
But a joy fades out when childhood dies  
She will never know again !

God comfort thee, beloved !  
No darker hour is given,  
Than that which yields your children up,  
E'en though it be to Heaven !

The child was lost ! And Mary, his mother, weary and ready to sink to the ground, kept on towards Jerusalem. What was it to her that the soft moonlight lay on the hills, and shadows and light mingled in the valleys ? What was it to her that the vine gave out its fragrant smell, and the blossoms of the fig-tree and the orange-tree filled all the air with their sweetness ?

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Morning again.

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Strangeness.

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The song of the nightingale would have sounded like the wail of her lost child! When the morning light was again spread over the hills, she had retraced her weary steps so far that she could again see the towers and pinnacles of the great Temple in Jerusalem. The morning sun seemed to bless them, as if he threw a silver veil over them all. But how different things look when we are sad from what they do when we are happy! How different does silver look in the coffin-plate from what it does in the shape of a cup! When she saw those towers a few days since, her heart leaped for joy; for she was then going up to worship with her child. Now he was lost! How could it be? She had never known him to get into bad company; she had never known him to do wrong, to play truant, or to do anything to pain his mother's heart. That made it the more strange! If he had been undutiful, or

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City opened.

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The wandering mother.

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wicked, she might have thought he had run away. But he had always loved his poor home at Nazareth, and had never been undutiful! How strange that he should be lost!

When the gates of the city were opened, the mother rushes into the streets. She goes to the house where they had stopped during the Passover. They have not seen him! She goes to the few acquaintances that she had in the city, but they have not seen him. She goes to the market, and then to the pools, and inquires for her lost son; but nobody can tell her anything about him! The watchmen meet her in the streets at night, and are moved at her sorrows; the sick man in his chamber hears her sad calls, and lifts up his head and inquires who it is! Through every street in the city for three days does the poor mother wander, seeking her lost child! Has he been stolen and carried off to some distant

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What the first lesson.The little ants.

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land and sold, like Joseph of old? Has he been murdered in the streets, and secretly buried out of sight? Is he in some dark corner, lying upon the bed of pain, vainly asking for his mother? Ah, Mary! thou hast lost thy child, and thou art teaching these children several things; such as, —

1. *That our troubles come upon us in ways not expected.*

When in the bright morning Joseph and Mary set out to return to their home, they expected that the day would be hot, and the way would be long, and the fatigue would be great, but they did not expect that at night their child would be lost, and all wrapped in mystery and sorrow! We are like the little ants that set out to run in their little paths, but if an acorn drops in that path, or a stick drops across it, they are amazed, and stop, and turn back, or work their way around it. I have

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The desolate home.Troubles.

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known many a child setting the heart upon a ride or a walk into the fields, when suddenly a storm, a shower, or the coming of friends spoiled all. I have sometimes seen a family of children so happy in their sweet home, with their swing, their wagons, their doves and chickens, their dolls and play-houses, that it seemed as if they must always be so happy, with their parents and with one another! But in a few weeks I have passed that beautiful house, and it was all shut up,—the doors and the windows all closed! The parents were in the grave, and the poor children scattered from one another, never to live together again! Ah! the briars that tear our skin, and the nails that we tread on and wound our feet, are not in the places that we looked for! It *seems* as if we only knew when and how our troubles would come, that we could get ready to meet them. So we could. But our Heavenly



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Second lesson.

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Father does not intend to let us know this. It is a part of our trouble to have it come when and how we did not expect it. He does this to make us feel that we cannot guard ourselves, — cannot take care of ourselves. The little child takes hold of his father's hand to pass through a long piece of woods, — he does not know when and where he will meet with logs and stones to be climbed over, ditches and holes into which he may fall, and serpents which may bite him; but his father's hand holds him and guides him, and will not let the child receive hurt. Mary is sorrowing and seeking her lost child! — and she is thus teaching these dear children before me, —

2. *That children need some one greater than parents to take care of them.*

Perhaps no mother ever loved her child more than Mary loved the child Jesus. She had great expectations concerning him. The angel

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Ponderings of the heart.Who can take care of children.

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Gabriel gave him his name before he was born. So did Isaiah call him "Immanuel," — God with us. From the visit of the shepherds and the wise men, and the prophecy of old Simeon, and the thanksgiving of the aged Anna, she hoped great things. But now her child of so many hopes was lost! He might be sick, he might be starving, he might be dying, he might never be found again! Who can take care of him!

And who can take care of little children? Their parents cannot keep them in health, — cannot restore them when sick, cannot keep them when death calls for them! Who can? They need some one who can keep them and guide them at home and abroad, on the land and on the water. And God is that greater Friend, — greater than father or mother, and greater than the greatest man that ever lived. The child may be lost, but God knows where he is. The child may be sick, but he can heal

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Mothers dying.The dying child.

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him. The child may die and be taken away from the arms of his mother, and go into that world where she cannot follow him, — but he will take care of him! How I love to feel that every child now in these seats is under the care of One, who can do all things, and who will never forget what is committed to his hands! Sometimes I have been called to see the mother lie on the death-bed, and leave her dear little children behind her, without any mother to take care of her babes; and I notice that she always commits them to our Heavenly Father, who is faithful to his promises. She must die, but she feels sure that God will live, and that he will take care of her little ones. And sometimes I have seen the mother hang over the little bed on which her dear child lay dying, or bending over the coffin in which its beautiful little body lay, — and I have seen that, amid all her tears, she could

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The dead child.Mary in tears.

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feel that her babe was safe. O, there is One who is so great that nothing can be lost from his sight, nothing so far off that he cannot reach it, nothing so lowly that he cannot raise it up. The little coffins in which we place the precious dust of little children will soon decay and be no more; but the eye of God will keep it all safe. They may be out of our sight, but he will always see them.

O Mary! blessed above women! thy feet are weary in walking the streets of Jerusalem seeking for the lost child, and thy tears fall fast and thick, and thy head throbs with pain, and thy heart aches with sorrow! But cheer up, weeping one! thy child is safe! God will take care of him!





## LECTURE III.

### THE CHILD FOUND.

*And it came to pass, that, after three days, they found him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing! — LUKE ii. 46 – 48.*

CONTENTS. — Teaching by the bud. Training of the horse. A great fact. The little girl and the Bible Society. Little Alice. Children walking. The physician. Surgeon. Moses. Luther. Washington. Our story. The search. The council-chamber. The voice! The child found. Gentle reproof. God's great plan. Acorn. Bright day. Making a man. How Christ came. Picture of Christ. Bad imitations. About his Father's business. Learning subjection. Like Jesus. Sleeping boy and his mother. The sick child. How we came to have the story. Whom does God honor? Lost children found. Heaven. The joy of angels.

! WE have very few blessings which do not come to us through suffering. If the little bud that swells, and seems so unable to burst open

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Teaching by the bud.Great fact.

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its covering, could speak and feel, I doubt not it would tell us that we never look upon the bright face of a beautiful flower that is not the result of suffering. In proportion as the horse is well trained and gentle, he had to suffer in being broken in, and learning to be so gentle, and to have no will of his own. The white, beautiful teeth of a little child, that look so much like ivory, caused much pain before they grew up in that regular row.

There was once a poor little girl who had no Bible, and so she had to walk miles every week to read a Bible and get her Sabbath-school lesson. Her little bare feet ached, and her body was weary, and she was one day found shedding tears over her lot,—in not having a Bible nearer! Many a long, weary walk she took, through much suffering. At last a good minister of Jesus found her, and not only got her the book, but the story moved many good



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Little girl and the Bible Society.	Little Alice.	Children walking.
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men till they came together and formed the British and Foreign Bible Society, — the greatest Bible Society in the world! And so that great Society came into being by the tears and sufferings of a little girl!

Some years ago a gentleman in Hartford had a beautiful little daughter. But O how the parents grieved when they found that she was deaf and dumb, and could never speak or hear! She was bright and lovely, and no child among them all nestled so near the father's heart as little Alice! And so anxious was he for her, that he had no rest till the Deaf and Dumb Asylum was established, at which hundreds and hundreds of such unfortunate children have since been educated. So all this great good seemed to grow out of the sufferings of little Alice!

The child cannot learn to walk without many a fall. He cannot have his teeth without much

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The physician.	Surgeon.	Moses.	Luther.
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pain in the gums, and hard suffering! Our blessings come to us through suffering. The physician who is so wise and so skilful when we are sick, — knowing just what to do, — had to see many a sick one before he learned all this. The surgeon who is so skilful that he can cut off a broken limb, or cut out a terrible tumor, must go into the hospital many, many times before he can become so skilful. He must see many a limb cut off, and many an operation with the knife and the saw, before he can know how to do such things. He must grow to be a surgeon through much suffering. Somebody must suffer, or he would not have the skill. There could have been no such great and good man as Moses, had there not been great sufferings among the children of Israel in Egypt.

There could have been no such man as Martin Luther, had there not been a dreadful state of things among the people.

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Washington.

Our story.

The search.

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There could have been no such great and good man as Washington, had not the troubles of his country raised him up. He grew up in the midst of suffering.

Just so the beautiful story of Christ's being lost and found when a little boy, which so many thousands and millions will read over with admiration, had to be connected with the sufferings of his mother. How many tears she shed! how many sleepless hours she spent! how little food she took! how she wandered all over the city inquiring for her child! What *had* become of him? Had he gone up on the walls of the city, and, leaning over, fallen off? Had he gone up to the pinnacle of the Temple and fallen off? Had any of the wild men of the desert caught him and carried him off, to sell him into slavery in Egypt, — as Joseph was sold? Should she find him dead? Or would she never see his face again?

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The council-chamber.

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Ah, Mary! it was told thee that a sword should be thrust through thee, and this is the point of the sword and its first prickings! At night she dreams of him, and starts up from her sleep, thinking she hears his voice calling her name! She listens to the watchman's cry,—and they shout, as they have done for three days back, “A child lost!” “A child lost!”

Towards the close of the third day, when the multitude were hastening up to the Temple, at the hour of sacrifice, the anxious, pale, and care-worn mother is seen mingling with the crowd. Her eye pierces among them, and rests upon every child. But *he* is not among them! At last, weary and sad, the mother leans against a pillar that separates between the court where the people stop, and the great council-chamber where the great teachers and learned men meet. The door stands ajar, and she hears their voices. Now she starts!—for she hears a voice that

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The voice!

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The child found.

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she knows! Is it possible! She rushes in! The council are so much taken up, that they do not notice that a woman — a thing never permitted — is among them! Now she stops suddenly and stands still! Is it because she is awed at the sight of that great room, with its huge pillars all round it, the great dome rising up so high over it, the splendid ceilings, the carved chairs and seats, the rich tapestry and curtains, the marble floor all laid out in different colors like a rich carpet? Is it because she is afraid at the sound of her own footsteps upon the marble? How still she stands! She hardly breathes! and now she turns paler still! Now the tears come rolling down her cheeks! How she trembles! What ails the woman! Ah! she sees her child, — her lost one, — alive, — well! He is in the very middle of the room, surrounded by the great doctors and teachers! His eye is calm,

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Gentle reproof.God's great plan.

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his voice is natural, — he is not thinking of himself. He is asking those learned teachers deep questions. They are all looking at him, astonished at his knowledge of divine things, — his knowledge of the Scriptures, and the plans and the ways of God. They feel that he can teach them. They wonder over the boy. Just then he catches the eye of his mother, and, partly in reproof and partly in amazement, she cries: “My son, why hast thou dealt thus with us? We have been in great distress, fearing thou wert lost. We have searched and mourned with deep sorrow!” She says but little, and that in gentle tones, for she is awed by what she hears and sees. She receives no reproof from the great men into whose presence she has come, for they see that she is the anxious mother of that wonderful child!

It is God's way to bring out his plans by degrees. When he intends to make an oak,

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Acorn.

Bright day.

Making a man.

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he does not touch the ground and cause the great tree to tower up and spread out its wide branches in a moment. The little acorn must be first made. Perhaps a child's foot treads it into the ground. It lies there in the cold, dark ground a long time. Then it swells, and bursts open, then sends up the little shoot; and so it grows from year to year, till it slowly, and after a long time, becomes the oak.

When God intends to create a bright, beautiful day, he does not cause the sun to rush up instantly, leaping out of dark midnight into full day; but he opens the eye of day very slowly. First the faint glimmer, then the soft gray, then the yellow tints, then the light, like a thin mantle, falling over everything.

So, when God is to make a great and good man, he does not let him leap up from the cradle into the strong man in a moment, but

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How Christ came.

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slowly he must pass along, — the infant, the child, the youth, the young man, and the mature man of strength. This is God's way in everything.

Just so, in sending his own Son to redeem this world. He did not send him wrapped in a cloud, as when he gave the ten commandments on Sinai; he did not send him in the bright form of an angel coming on the clouds as his chariot; no, nor even as a full-grown man. He sent him here as a child, — so that he might know how children feel, — because he was to be the Saviour of children. “He learned obedience,” to teach us how to honor and obey our parents. He was revealed by degrees. The great council of the nation had the opportunity of knowing him in his very childhood twice; once when he was born, and the wise men came from the east and asked about him, and now, by meeting him in the



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Picture of Christ.

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Temple, and seeing and hearing him. He himself teaches us that his kingdom — though it is to be an everlasting kingdom — is to grow up, like the mustard-plant, from a little seed.

Suppose, now, a man could dig up from under the ruins of the old Temple at Jerusalem a true and exact picture of the boy Jesus as he sat in the midst of these doctors, hearing and asking them questions, and it could be *proved* to everybody that this was a true picture of the scene, and an exact portrait of him. How much money would men give for that picture! It would sell for a kingdom! And yet it would not be very valuable. It would be only a curiosity. It would not show us how Christ looked, on the morning of his death, nor how he looks now. The picture would not give us so good an idea of him as this beautiful story does. This shows him — his soul, his spirit — to us, just as we want to see it. We cannot

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Bad imitations.About his Father's business.

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think of a more beautiful situation in which he could have been placed. If we had a picture of Christ, — if God had so ordered it that we had an exact picture of Christ, — we might have worshipped it; or his disciples might think that they were imitating him, and being like him, if they wore their hair as he did, or dressed as he did, or wore their beard as he did. But now we know we are not like him unless we feel like him, do like him, and think like him.

He was about his Father's business! And yet what was he doing? He was going to the Temple and learning about God and his kingdom. He went to learn. He went to fit himself for doing good hereafter. And he has left us, not a picture of himself as he then looked, not the coat or the sandals (shoes) that he wore, not a lock of hair, but something more precious. He has left us his example, —

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Learning subjection.Like Jesus.

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his beautiful example when but twelve years old !

Gently the mother took him by the hand and led him towards their humble home. She was filled with awe and wonder, and silently pondered these things in her heart. Meekly and quietly he walked by her side, — perhaps now and then dropping a word about the lofty things he had been talking about in the presence of the doctors.

Will a child love to go up to the house of God and listen to the teachings of his word, and hear about the great kingdom and glory of God ? Yes ; if he is like Jesus !

Will a child who knows more about some things than even his mother, be ready to obey her and honor and love her ? Yes ; if he is like Jesus !

Will a child who can converse with great and learned men, and even astonish them, be willing.

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Sleeping boy and his mother.The sick child.

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to be subject to his mother, and be to her a kind and dutiful child? Yes; if he is like Jesus Christ, — our pattern, — he will!

When the day closed, and the gladdened but weary mother came to seek the pillow on which she had found no rest for the last three nights, do you doubt that she knelt down and gave God thanks for the recovery of her lost child? And as she went into his room once more, to look again upon the face that was never flushed by anger, that was never clouded by impatience, that never frowned or scowled in moroseness, and saw him wrapped in the soft slumbers of innocence, did she not have her eyes fill with tears, and thank God again and again? The lost child was found and before her!

And will not the mother who has been hanging over the couch of her sick child, and seen it droop like a flower, and fade like a rose, and





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How we came to have the story.

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come down near the grave, — so near that she felt that it was gone, and she must lose it, — O, if God gives her to find the lost child again, and to have it restored to her, will she not thank God again and again, and ponder these things in her heart?

This story of the young prophet of Nazareth had never been written, if he had gone up to the Temple merely to see it, as boys often go to some show; or if he had gone up to the Temple to show how much he knew and how learned he was; or if he had gone that he might ask puzzling questions. But no! he went up that he might be about his Father's business! God looketh on the heart, and them that honor him he will honor. Those learned men thought that they were great men, and should be greatly missed when they died, and have rich and costly funerals and splendid tombs, and have their names go down to pos-

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Whom does God honor?Lost children found.

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terity! But who knows where they were buried, or even what their names were? while the child that stood before them, and who was about his Father's business, shall be known, honored, loved, and obeyed,—not only while the sun and the moon endure, but even for ever and ever!

O, how many a mother has thought her child, so cherished and so dear, was *lost*, lost for ever, as it dropped from her arms, and an unseen messenger carried it away out of her sight! How she has mourned as she turned back from the graveyard to her desolate home, to meet his form, to hear his voice, no more! How she has felt that she had *lost* him, as she looked over his drawer and saw all his playthings just as he left them,—the books that he read, the knife that he used, the slate on which he drew figures! How his form came back and lived in the chambers of her



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Heaven.The joy of angels.

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memory! and how she dreamed about him in the night, and felt his warm breath upon her cheek, and then awoke and felt that he was lost! *Lost!* O no! when she meets that child again, he may be — not in the Temple sitting among the doctors and asking them questions — but he may be in the midst of the shining angels in heaven, and thus her sorrow be turned into “joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

“The child is found!” Thus the tidings ran through all the circle of kindred and friends at Nazareth, — and thus they all rejoiced with Joseph and Mary when they heard the story.

Thus, too, when a sinful child returns to his Heavenly Father, and repents of sin, and becomes a Christian, the tidings are known in heaven, and “I say unto you there is joy in heaven in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth!” Then the lost one is found! Then the dead one returns to life!

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The joy of angels.

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Then the sick one recovers! Then, anxiety about him is all over. The lost child is found! is the joy of heaven when one soul comes to Christ for salvation. Do you think there has ever been any such joy over you, my dear children? Do you think you shall ever be found, all safe and good in heaven, as the child Jesus was in the Temple at Jerusalem? May God grant it!

## LECTURE IV.

### GATHERED LILIES.

*My beloved is gone down into his garden, . . . . to gather lilies.*—SONG OF SOLOMON vi. 2.

CONTENTS.—The modest flower,—how used. Ancient gods. Christ's garden. The child's coffin. Its new home. The flower gathered. A beautiful picture. What are Christ's lilies. First method of gathering them. The polar bear. The mother's love. Home a school. The orphan. The family of the dead minister. Christ's school-house. Second method of gathering flowers. The missionary's memory. Sabbath-school results. Pastor. Lawyer. Teachers. Lake on the mountain. Third method of gathering lilies. The child and the wise man. The blind beggar. Child's faith. Child in the woods. Child's religion and faith. Voices of nature. The dumb oak. Fourth way of gathering lilies. The mourning lily. The transplanted lily. Christ's lilies. Garden of heaven. Lesson learned. Christ the glorious! Christ's visits. Second lesson learned. Parents. Teachers. Children.

IN our American gardens, in some shady, retired corner, you will find a modest, lowly flower, with large, deep-green leaves, and a profusion of blossoms of the purest white and of the sweetest perfume. It is the "Lily of the

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The modest flower.	How used.	Ancient gods.
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valley." Our daughters place the flower in the hair of the young bride; and many a little hand of the infant in his coffin have I seen clasped around this beautiful flower. The fair brow of the bride, and fairer brow of the little one sleeping in death, — like alabaster, brighter the nearer you bring it to the light, — is adorned by the presence of this lily.

In ancient times, they felt that the care of the world and all the different things in it was too much for one God, and so they foolishly contrived to have many gods, and pretended that every mountain, and every river and fountain, every tree and flower, and even every stalk of grain, had a god or goddess to take care of it. And still, they knew that this god, though he had but *one* thing to do, could not take care of the mountain, so that the earthquake might not shake it down; or the river, so that it would not dry up, or over-

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Christ's garden.The child's coffin.

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flow its banks ; or the fountain, so that it would not cease to flow ; or the tree, so that the wind would not hurl it over ; or the flower, so that it would not wither ; or the stalk of wheat, so that it would not blast.

Christ sometimes calls his Church a vineyard, in which he raises the choicest fruit of the vine. Sometimes a garden, in which are planted trees and shrubs, spices, trees of frankincense, myrrh, aloes, cinnamon, pomegranates, lilies, and flowers. And among all these there is none more beautiful than the lilies. It is these that he gathers the most frequently. And when I stand over the little coffin containing the babe so fair, so like marble, so unlike anything earthly, with a beauty which death could not efface, — the lily with the dew still fresh on it, — no more to bloom here, but with the dust shaken from it and gently transplanted to the garden above in which to bloom for ever, —

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Its new home.The flower gathered.

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I always recall the words of our text, and feel that Christ has come down into his garden to gather lilies !

We do not know what the little one would have been here. We do not know through what dangers or sorrows or pains it would have passed here, but we know it has gone to God to be educated, and will never remember any other home but heaven. It will not remember the few days of its wailings here, nor the sobs of its mother as she saw it dressed for the grave. The lily was gathered before the cold storms beat on it, or the burning sun had taken away its beauty. Death lifted it up so gently, that he left no marks of his hands upon it, except his seal which closed the ear, the eye, and stilled the beatings of the little heart.

But it is not about transplanted flowers that I am wishing at this time to speak ; though if I were to try to describe something beautiful as

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What would be a beautiful picture.What are Christ's lilies?

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a diamond, and sublime enough for a picture which an angel might paint, I should select some little child who very early began to seek after Jesus, who lisped his praises here, and in the sublimity of simple faith went over the river of death, without a fear or a terror! We have seen such lilies gathered. I am thinking this moment of a sweet child of this very church, who stood at the grave of her mother and young sister, and with her little hand pointed out the spot between them, where, she begged her father, she might be buried! What a sickness that child went through! And what confidence in her Saviour, as she struggled on towards him, through suffering, and was finally gathered to him with a faith that a Moses might admire! Such pictures never fade from the memory!

There is no part of his garden which Christ loves more to visit than the flowers, — the lilies.

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First method of gathering.The polar bear.

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He has taken great pains for their being taken care of. Let us see now what the great Redeemer has done to gather in the lilies of his garden, — the children of his Church.

1. *He gathers them under the care and love of their parents.*

God plants the seeds of love in the heart of all creatures, so that, as soon as they have their young committed to them, they love them with a very strong love. The most savage beast will fight for her young, die for her young, and, if need be, will starve herself to give it food. Bleeding, wounded, dying, they will think only of their young. What child has not shed tears over that affecting story of the white, polar bear, which the sailors shot on the ice, after having shot her cubs, when she fell between them and died, licking their wounds? The beautiful story is old, but so to the point that I feel that I must tell it.



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The polar bear.

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A ship of war, the *Carcase*, was sent to make discoveries towards the north pole. While frozen and locked in the ice, the man at the masthead gave notice, early one morning, that three white bears were directing their course towards the ship. They had no doubt been invited by the scent of the blubber of a sea-horse, killed by the crew a few days before, and which had been set on fire and was burning on the ice at the time of their approach.

They proved to be an old bear with her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and snatched from the flames portions of the fish that remained unconsumed, and ate it as if they were very hungry. The crew threw upon the ice great lumps of flesh also, which they had still on hand. These the old bear fetched away singly, laid them before her cubs, and, dividing

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The polar bear.

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them, gave to each a share, reserving but a small portion for herself.

As she was fetching away the last piece, the sailors levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them dead, and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but the most unfeeling, to have seen the affectionate concern expressed by this beast in the last moments of her dying young.

Though she was herself dreadfully wounded, she still retained in her mouth the piece of flesh, and, though weak with the loss of blood, carried it back to her cubs, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them; and when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavored to raise them up, all the while moaning most piteously. When she found that she could not stir them, she went off, and, when she had got some

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The polar bear.The mother's love.

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distance, looked back and moaned; that not availing to entice them away, she returned, and, smelling around them, began to lick their wounds.

She went off a second time, as before, and, having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness went round pawing them, still moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and uttered a growl of despair, which the crew returned with a volley of musket-balls. She fell between her cubs and died licking their wounds.

Who does not know that, after the drunken husband has stripped his home of everything that he can sell with which to buy drink, the poor mother will gather her babes around

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Home a school.

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her, and, while the cold storm is raging out of doors, will give them the last mouthful of food she has, going without herself, and then, taking off the poor remnants of her shawl, will wrap them in it, and bend over them as they murmur for food in their slumbers, praying that she may not die because nobody else will take care of these helpless ones?

No child can ever know how many times his parents have risen in the night for him, watched over his cradle, trembled for his safety, or how many times the praying parent has commended him to the Infinite Redeemer. Who teaches the child to speak, to walk, to know its letters, to take care of himself? Who teaches him the name of God and the first words of prayer? Home is the garden! There the earnest prayer goes up every day for the child. There he is trained. There he hears Christ spoken of, and spoken to, with reverence

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The orphan.

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The minister's family.

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and tenderness. There he hears God's word read every day. He cannot remember when these things were new to him. There he sees the world laid aside, and the Sabbath welcomed. There he hears of the mercy of Christ shown in the conversion of men, in the death of the righteous, and in the hopes of the living. The most sacred thing in the dwelling, is the family altar.

Sometimes the little child has no home and no parents to train him thus. But God has made special promises to such, and he takes peculiar care of him. I once knew a good minister and his wife both carried to the grave nearly at the same time, leaving a family of children. I was amazed to see how quickly loving hearts were raised up, and kind homes opened for them. Among them was a sweet little boy about a year old. On my mentioning the case at an evening meeting, a gentleman and

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Christ's school-house.Second method of gathering flowers.

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his wife at once said they would adopt him and make him their own. But before they could get him, he was sent for to go up where his father and mother were, and the frail lily was gathered there! It was affecting to see how the new parents, who wanted to adopt him, were disappointed, and how they grieved. And many an orphan on whose head the hand of a dying father or mother has been laid, has found other hearts to love him, other hands to feed him, and others to train him up in the way of the Lord. The family is the school-house of the Church of Jesus Christ.

2. *He gathers the lilies in the Sabbath school.*

There are but few men now who cannot look back to the time when they went to the Sabbath school. Perhaps the man is now sitting down alone in China, the opposite side of our great world, and is sending his thoughts all the way back to his country. He seems to see the home

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The missionary's memory.Sabbath-school results.

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where he used to live when a child, the old gate on which he swung, the deep well from which he used to drink, the kind friends who took care of him. And now he seems to hear the old church-bell ring, and to see the people gather for worship, and he seems to see the little boys and girls gather with him in the Sabbath school. He sees the very pew in which he sat, and now the face and the form of that good, faithful Teacher rises up before him! He remembers how kind and gentle he was, how patient and meek he was, and how he used to speak of Christ with tears. He remembers how his own heart was affected, and how there, in that school, he first felt that he was a sinner, and needed a Saviour, and there he first felt the love of Christ in his heart. He was gathered into the school, and then gathered into the school of Christ. There he learned to be a missionary of the cross. And he is such

Missionary.	Pastor.	Lawyer.
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a missionary to China to-day. And were men to come together from the east and the west, the north and the south, and tell when, and where, and how, they were brought to Christ, one would say, "I am a missionary of Christ, and was gathered to him in the Sabbath school." Another would say, "I am a pastor of a church of Jesus, and in the Sabbath school I was first led to him." Another would say, "I am a Christian lawyer, and I bless God for the Sabbath school." "So do I," says the Christian physician. "I was never taught to go to the Great Physician, till I went to the Sabbath school." "And there," says the Christian merchant, "I learned to buy the pearl of great price, and to be a commission merchant for Jesus Christ."

There are thousands of children who have no parents, and God is their father. There are thousands more whose parents do not instruct



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Lake on the mountains.Third method of gathering lilies.

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them in the family, and so he touches the hearts of the good, and puts into their heart a desire to do good, and thus they become teachers. The minister is told to feed the lambs of his flock, and there is no way that he can do it so well as to train up good teachers for the Sabbath school. It is like a great lake on the top of the mountain. The Bible is the lake. Ministers are the great pipes which draw out the water, and these teachers are the many pipes which carry it to every house. Or, to use the figure in our text, the church is the garden, and the children are the flowers — the lilies which grow in the garden, and the teachers are the gardeners, who go among them to keep out the weeds, to give each one water and air and sunlight, and thus make them beautiful for the owner of the garden, Jesus Christ.

3. *He gathers the lilies by converting their souls.*

Some think the little child cannot be convert-

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The child and the wise man.The blind beggar.

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ed, because he is too young to understand religion. They might just as well say he cannot live on food, because he cannot tell *how* the grass that feeds the ox is turned into flesh, and then nourishes him. They might as well say he cannot be warmed with his clothes, because he cannot tell how the grass which the sheep eats is turned into wool, and how the wool is made into cloth. The greatest man that ever lived cannot tell how the grass is turned into flesh or into wool, and thus made to nourish or warm us. The little child can eat the food and live. The philosopher can do no more. He can put on his garments and be warm. The great and learned man can do no more.

A poor blind beggar once cried out in the street, and asked Christ to have mercy on him. What did he want? Lord, that my eyes might be opened. How could he tell *how* Christ could open his eyes? And when he had them cured,

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The child's faith.Child in the woods.

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what could he say, when they asked him, "*How* opened he thine eyes?" "By what means he opened mine eyes, I know not; but one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, I now see!" Could the greatest man that ever lived say more?

Every child knows what it is to love his mother, but can he tell you anything more about it than he *feels* it? Could any man say more?

Every child can take hold of his father's hand and go with him in the dark, and this is having *faith* in his father; but he cannot tell you what faith is!

A little child once got lost in the woods, and night came on, and it grew dark, and they could not find him for a long time. At last he lay down under a log, cold and afraid, and cried as loud as he dared. At length he heard some one calling. He was afraid at first that it was a wild beast. Then he plainly heard his own

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Child's religion and faith.The voices of nature.

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name. Still he did not stir. But when the voice came nearer and he heard his own name called, he stopped crying and jumped up and went towards the voice. He could not see anything, but he heard his father's voice and ran to him ! Thus he could have *faith*, though he could not tell what faith was. The child Samuel could say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," though he could not know the voice of the Lord from the voice of Eli.

So the little child can believe in Christ and love Christ, though he cannot know all the deep things in religion. He can live upon the sincere milk of the word, and grow thereby, and that is all that is necessary for his being gathered to Christ.

The beautiful rose does not know how the dews of the night refresh it and revive it, but they do. The modest lily, that peeps up and catches a few of the bright sunbeams, does not

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The dumb oak.Fourth way of gathering lilies.

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know how they make it white and pure, but they do. The valley that lies at the foot of the mountain, does not know how the gentle rills that run down the sides of the mountain, bursting out from hundreds of little springs, make it bright and fertile, but they do. So the little one does not know *how* he believes on Christ, and *how* he lives by faith, but he does. And the tall tree of the forest, and the giant oak on the hill, can no more tell how they are nourished by the rain and the sunshine, than can the little violet that grows in the crack of a rock; and the lofty tree in the garden and the frail lily are alike fed, they know not how. When the child has said that he feels love to Christ in his heart, could a Newton, with all his great mind, say any more?

4. *He gathers the lilies into the garden of heaven.*

Suppose you should go into a beautiful gar-

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The mourning lily.

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The transplanted lily.

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den, and, as you stooped down to admire a sweet lily, it should droop its leaves, and shut up its flowers, and say to you, "Sir, I am a mourner! I had a beautiful child by my side which grew from my root. It opened its flowers and mingled its leaves with mine, and waved its head, and seemed daily to smile upon me. It seemed to me there was never a lily so white and pure and beautiful! But one day there came a man with a spade, and he rudely dug up my child, and tore its roots from mine, and then crowded it into a small pot and carried it off. He said not a word to me. He gave not a word of explanation; but he silently carried away my child." What would you say to that mourning lily?

Why, you would say, "Do not grieve. That man who seemed so rude, was the owner of the garden, and he put the young lily in the flower-pot, and has carried it into his own

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Christ's lilies.Garden of heaven.

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parlor, where, under his own eye, it will be sheltered from the storms and cold winds and snows of winter, and where it will bloom in its beauty continually. He came himself and gathered his lily, and gently removed it to the warm place where he himself lives ! ”

Do you not understand me, children ? Does not Christ thus come to his garden and gather lilies, and remove them to his own beautiful home in the heavens ? No storms come there. No crying is heard there. No tears are shed there. It is called the Paradise, or garden of the Lord. Here, the garden is a beautiful place, but it was in a garden that Adam sinned, and it was in a garden that Jesus was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, and it was in a garden that he found a tomb ! But in the paradise above, there shall be nothing of sin, of sorrow, or of death. The serpent shall not draw his trail over the flowers ; tears shall not

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Lesson learned.Christ the glorious!

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fall among them, and death shall leave no foot-prints there. By this subject, as I hope, you are prepared to see, —

1. *One beautiful trait in our blessed Saviour's character.*

He can teach senators wisdom. Kings reign by his aid, and princes decree justice by his teaching. The wisest man that ever lived grows wiser, if Christ teaches him. The greatest man that ever lived is greater by sitting at Christ's feet. The poet sings more sweetly if the spirit of Jesus touches his harp. The eloquent man rises to a loftier place, if he borrows his fire from the altar of God. The palace of the king is more beautiful for having Christ in it, and the hall of legislation is more honored if he presides in it. He walks among the stately buildings of the great city, and makes the air purer, and the rich people better; but he goes to the cottage, and sows by



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Christ's visits.Second lesson learned.

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the side of the door a plant called Contentment, and it grows and covers the poor man's cottage, and makes all within happy. He comes to the bed of the sick, and leaves an angel there, whose name is Submission, and the feeble one weeps no more! He comes to the little child, and becomes his companion, and that "little child may die an hundred years old." He comes into his garden, and there gathers the lilies which he places in his garden above for ever! Just as well fitted to be the child's friend, as if he thought only of him and planned only for him!

2. *We all see duties that fall upon us.*

Ministers must not neglect the lambs of the flock. They must think much of the children, and pray for them, and see that they are faithfully instructed, because these are the lilies which Christ comes to gather.

Parents must not grieve too much, or think

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Parents.	Teachers.	Children.
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the little ones are lost which Christ takes from their arms, for they are gathered lilies ! They must not fail to train up their families faithfully and prayerfully, because from these he will yet gather his lilies.

Sabbath-school teachers ! consider the lilies ! They are for you to water and nurture and cultivate. No fairer flowers grow in all the garden of God, — none that Christ thinks more of, — none whom he loves more ! I hear him say to you, “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.”

Children ! There is not one among you all of whom Christ does not think. The lily ! How easily soiled ! How worthless when ruined ! So does sin look horridly on a child ! You must not use profane words, nor do bad deeds, nor have wicked thoughts, for ye are Christ's lilies.





## LECTURE V.

### THE LITTLE SHIP.

*And he spake to his disciples, that a small ship should wait on him. — MARK iii. 9.*

CONTENTS. — A curious family. Curious birds. The owner. A strange supposition. What is power? Life of Christ. The birds a text. How the birds live. The lilies. Christ's servants. Peter and the fish. The fish is Christ's. The little ship. How the boat was made. How long in building it. Christ riding. The wild ass. A quiet servant. The young choir. A chair provided. A mountain a servant. Servants always ready. The sick wait for him. The river Jordan. Angels are servants. Two times of need. The garden of agony. The angel's aid. Specimens of heaven. Conversation of heaven. Spirits wait on Christ. A tomb waiting on him. A wonder! Many servants. A great Saviour. Heaven waits on Christ. Harvesters. All things are servants. Servants for ever. The little child called.

My dear children, I once went into a gentleman's grounds on which he had all kinds of forest-trees that would grow in this climate, all kinds of shrubs and flowers, and all kinds of fruit-trees. And then he had a great yard in which were deer, and curious animals, pea-

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A curious family.	Curious birds.	The owner.
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cocks and fowls, and all kinds of doves. Some of these he kept because they had such strange voices and made such awful noises; some because they were so beautiful in form or color; some because they were so strange in shape. Some of the doves had curious tails, some curious feathers, and some seemed to have great, huge breasts, as if they had a small pillow under their feathers. Then he had many kinds of geese and ducks diving and tumbling in a little pond. Then he had horses, great ones and little ones, and many other animals and birds.

Now you say, this must be a very rich man. And so I have no doubt he is. God has given him a great deal of money. Whether he ought to spend it in this way, when there are so many poor children who need homes and schools and books, is a question you may think of. But would you not love to have all these things for your own? So many playthings?

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A strange supposition.What is power?

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But suppose, now, that this rich man had the power to make these creatures all do just as he pleased; so that, when he wanted, the horses would come up to the door of themselves; and when he wanted, the hens would run and lay their eggs, and geese would scream, and the doves coo, and the birds sing, and the fish leap about, and the trees rustle their leaves, and the flowers open and smile on him, and the fruit-tree drop its ripe fruit just at the moment he wanted it; and the duck would lead off just as many little ducklings as he wanted; and the birds would fly at his command, and the deer leap before him, and the peacock spread his tail just when he wanted him to do it! And all as if these creatures were his servants to wait on him, and to do just what and just when he wanted! Would he not be a very great and a very rich man? Would he not have what we call a great deal of *power*?

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Life of Christ.The birds a text.

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In the four Gospels which have been written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, we have an account of the life of Jesus Christ. It was said of him, that all things should be put under his feet; that all things should be his servants. Now let us see how this was.

At a certain time Christ wanted to teach his disciples not to be over-anxious about what they should eat, or what they should drink, or how they should be clothed. (Matthew vi. 25 – 34.) Just then he wanted some birds from which he could instruct them, and, behold! the birds are there! He points to a flock of birds feeding near by; — contented, happy, and free from care. “Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them! Are ye not much better than they?” The storms would come, and the cold winds would blow, and the snow and ice would fall. They have



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How the birds live.The lilies.

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no wheat laid up in the storehouse. They have no warm home provided. What will they do? Ah! the same great Power that brought them to the road-side just at the moment he wanted them to preach from, will take care of them! They do not know how to plough or sow or reap. They have not mind enough nor strength enough to sow or reap; but God will take care of them. He has already made the tree to grow in which they shall be sheltered. He knows just where every worm and every seed will be found when they are hungry. So when he wanted flowers to preach about, behold, the lilies stand in the field just by, and he points to them! What a multitude! How they hang, all painted and dotted and striped and beautiful! Are his friends afraid they will want for clothing? "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his

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Christ's servants.Peter and the fish.

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glory was not arrayed like one of these!" What a lesson does he teach? But think how the lilies were there, standing silent and still, like servants, before their Master, just at the time and place that Christ wanted them. They were all *his* servants.

At another time men came to Christ to collect taxes. He had no money. He had not been anxious about it. But now when wanted, where shall he get it? He tells Peter, one of his friends, to go down to the lake and throw in his fish-hook, and the first fish that he catches shall have in his mouth just the piece of money which he wanted. How beautiful! Who dropped that money into the lake? How long had it been lying on the bottom of the lake? What made the fish pick it up? And when the fish found that it was not food, why did he not spit it out? How came he to bite at Peter's hook, when he had that money in his mouth?

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The fish is Christ's.The little ship.

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Who can answer these questions? But we know the fish was a servant of Christ, to wait on him, just as really as a man would be, whom he should tell to go and get the money out of a drawer. All the fish of the great sea belong to Christ, and there is not one of them which he does not feed, and not one that is not his servant to wait on him.

At another time, when the great multitude of people were crowding around Christ, there was no place for him to stand and preach, and no place to which he could go to pray. So he spake to his disciples that a little ship should wait on him. Now this little boat waited on Christ to be his servant. But see how many things had to be done to get the servant ready! The tree out of which it was made had to be planted and watched over many, many years, so that no worm should kill it at the roots, so that no wind should break it at the top, so that

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How the boat made.	How long in building it.	Christ riding.
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no lightning should crush it into splinters. It had to grow into a great tree, and then it had to be made into boards, and a boat-builder had to be ready, and the iron for the nails had to be dug out of the earth and all made ready; and the knees which made the boat hold together had to grow, and everything got ready to build her. And when all made, she must be there ready, and the disciples must be fishermen so as to know how to manage a boat; and when Christ spoke to them to have the little ship wait on him, they had to be ready and willing to obey him! Thus you see it took a long time to get this servant ready to wait on Christ; but when he was ready to use it, the little ship was all ready for him!

You remember the beautiful account of our Saviour's riding into Jerusalem, do you not? One of the Prophets had foretold, a long, long time before Christ was born, that he should be

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The wild ass.

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A quiet servant.

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so meek that he would ride upon an ass's colt. When the time came, he had no ass. He was too poor to own one. So he sent his disciples to borrow one. They found him tied where two roads came together. They took him, and the owner made no difficulty. He had no saddle, and never had anybody ever sat on his back before. He was a young, wild, unbroken creature. But Christ wanted him, and he was ready. He wanted a saddle, and his disciples take off their garments and put them on the colt's back. And now a great multitude go before and behind, and they sing and shout very loud; but the ass does not run or feel afraid! They cut down bushes and throw them all around the ass, but he does not feel afraid. He waits on Christ and is not "ashamed," nor is he "confounded," nor does he "make haste." Thus he can make the wild ass obey him and wait on him to carry him, or he can make him speak

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The young choir.A chair provided.

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and rebuke the madness of a prophet. You will remember, too, that, at this very time when the ass waited on him, there were others also to do it. The multitude shouted, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" and when he got to the Temple, there was a great company of little children. They were all there, and they were all able to sing, "Hosannah in the highest!" Thus you see that the most stupid creature in the world — the ass — and the most beautiful thing in the world — the little child — can alike wait on Christ and be his servant. He has only to say the word, and these shall all wait on him!

Do these children remember how his disciples once came around Christ, and asked him about the Temple, and Jerusalem, and the end of the world? He wanted a place to sit down in plain sight of the Temple and of the city, where he and they could see it all. Where should he go?

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A mountain a servant.Servants always ready.

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There was no gentleman's country-seat, where he would be invited to go up into the piazza and view the scene! There was no beautiful carriage to take them round and show them all the city; and yet there was a place prepared. A little east of the city rose up the Mount of Olivet; and there, under the spreading branches of the olive-tree, the Saviour sat down and looked down directly on the Temple and on the city. A thousand men could not have built so good a platform for him to sit on. No lofty building could have been raised so convenient. This mountain was the servant of Jesus Christ. It waited for him as really as the little ship; and when of old he laid (see first chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians) the foundations of this mountain, he knew when and how he would sit down upon it and describe the ruin of Jerusalem and the end of the world. He always found just such servants to wait on him

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The sick wait for him.

The river Jordan.

Angels are servants.

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as he needed. Did he want to show that he was Lord of the Sabbath and could heal diseases, — even such as nobody else could cure? Why, there was the Pool of Bethesda, and there was the great multitude of sick folks, and there was the man who had been sick thirty-eight years. And these seemed all to be waiting for him to come and show his great power and mercy.

He wanted to be baptized and “fulfil all righteousness,” and all things wait for him. There is the river Jordan, and its waters are waiting for him. There is John the Baptist, wondering why Jesus should come to *him*; and these all wait on him, like the little ship. There, too, was the Holy Spirit himself, coming down in the form of a dove and resting on him, and a voice from heaven saying, “This is my beloved Son!” These all wait on Christ! There were two places and two times when Christ needed help from the angels. One was



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Two times of need.The garden of agony.

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when he had been out in the desert among the wild beasts, fasting and getting his soul ready to begin his work. It was before he preached hardly a single sermon. After being worn out with fasting forty days and forty nights, and tempted till he was very feeble, — probably too feeble to walk, — and when he had nothing to eat, — then the angels came to him and brought him food. They “ministered unto him.” The other time and place was the night before his death. He knew that to-morrow he must die. So he went out into a garden, where were trees and shadows, and there knelt down in prayer. He wanted a retired place, and this garden was ready for him. He was in great agony of soul, and wrestled with God in prayer till bloody sweat rolled from his face and fell in great drops upon the ground. Then his strength was gone. Then he was fainting. His disciples were asleep, and there was none to hold up the

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The angel's aid.Specimens of heaven.

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head of the Saviour, and so an angel came and "strengthened him." Perhaps he whispered some sweet texts out of the Bible in his ear. Perhaps he brought some message of comfort from the Eternal Father. Perhaps he told him that his prayer, so earnest and so tearful, had been answered. We know not whether he helped him by holding up his weary head, by giving him a cup of cold water, or by whispering comfort to his soul. We only know that he needed the help of angels, and that they waited on him like the little ship, to do what he might wish or say.

Once, when on earth, Christ wanted to show men a specimen of the people who live in heaven. So he took James and John and Peter and went with them up a very high mountain. And there, away from men, and with these witnesses, he himself put on the garments of heaven. How his face shone! How his

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Conversation of heaven.Spirits wait on Christ.

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garments hung like melted silver upon him! How light seemed to pour out and flash out from his whole person! Then soft footsteps are heard, and two men, Moses and Elijah the Prophet, come to meet him. They also come in the robes of heaven! How glad they are to meet him! How honored above all in heaven, in having this opportunity to meet him! They do not talk about banks or ships or factories or stores or business or gains or money; they do not talk about places of honor; — but they talk about his “death” which he was to die at Jerusalem! He wanted to talk with somebody about it; for he could not talk with his disciples. They could not understand it. They could not *believe* he would — so good and so holy a man — be put to death by wicked men! But Moses and Elijah understood it; and when he wanted to talk about it, they were there, all ready. He knew just where to find

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A tomb waiting on him.A wonder!

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them, and just when they would come. They were like the little ship that waited upon him.

And when he came to die, he needed a tomb. He wanted to borrow one,—not as we want ours, till the resurrection day,—but for only three days. Where will they find one? They have taken down his body, and are in haste to put it somewhere. Just then a rich man recollects that he has just been hewing a new tomb out of a solid rock, and that it is in his garden near by. A new tomb, and in a solid rock! No man had ever been buried in it. He had never needed it before; but now, at the very moment when needed, the tomb is all ready! It is done and waiting for him! The rock was created and kept and got ready for this very purpose! Like the little ship, it waited upon him!

How strange it is! Christ was so poor that he had not where to lay his head, and yet you

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Many servants.

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A great Saviour.

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see how his servants were around him just when he needed them! It was as if he spake that they should wait on him, and they did! He had his servants in the air, in the sea, in the fields, by the wayside, in the river, in the mountains, in the solitary garden, in the great city, in the grave, and everywhere. They came around him, the lilies, the birds, the wild ass, the fish, the boat, the men, the angels, and even the Spirit of God, just when he wanted them. The waters would bear him up, so that he could walk on them, to go to his friends, and out of raging storm he could call the sweet calm, and it came!

It is a great thing to have a Saviour so great that he can feed us every day of our life, clothe us all our days,—who can teach us in our ignorance, be with us when we are sick, and get our coffin ready for us when we die! But this is but a small part of what Christ can do

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Heaven waits on Christ.

Harvesters.

All things are servants.

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for every little boy and every little girl in this house. He has angels that he can send, when you die, to carry your soul to him far up in the heaven of heavens. He has a place there, — a beautiful home there, for every one who loves him. The gates of heaven are his servants, and wait upon him, and open to let his friends come in when they come to die. He has the grave of every one prepared, where he puts the body to wait till he comes back to earth ; and he has an angel whose trumpet, at the resurrection, will wake up every sleeper in the grave, and many angels besides, who will go out as the farmer gathers in his harvest, and bring his own people all to heaven. These all wait on him like the little ship !

The great trees wait on him, and shelter his birds, and give shade to his flocks, and fruit to men, and timber for their houses, or timber for their ships, and fuel for their fires. The

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Servants for ever.

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mighty rivers are his, and they run in the channels he has made for them, and they water all the lands where they flow. The rocks are all his, and he uses one to make him a tomb, or others to make him a church, or to stand as a wall to keep the fields where his harvests grow, or to stand over the grave and say a few words about the dead beneath. The silver and the gold are his, and he gives it and takes it away just as he pleases, uses it to print his word, to send out his ministers, or to teach the little child in the Sabbath school. The Sabbath is his servant, sent to speak in a soft, solemn voice, and call men to him. The Bible is his servant, — sent out to instruct all the world, and lead all men to Christ. All the angels in heaven and all the robes of white there, and all the crowns of life there, and all the harps of gold there, are his servants. They all wait on him. And so will the ages of eternity all pass

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The little child called.

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before him, for he “ holds the key of death and hell, and he openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth.”

O children ! he speaks, that every little child should wait on him, and be his friend and servant. And if that little ship that waited on him was honored, how much more will that little boy or that little girl be honored, who obeys him and loves him ! Who of you will be thus honored, — to have him bless you now, and bless you for ever in heaven ?



## LECTURE VI.

### THE GREAT KING.

*For I am a great King, saith the Lord of hosts.* — MAL. i. 14.

CONTENTS. — A rock. Tree. What makes a great king? First thing. Territory. Magnificence. God a great King. How large his kingdom? What God governs. The song of all creation. Second mark of greatness. Frederick the Great. Earthly king weak. The breakfast table. How many to be fed! Different creatures hungry. A tree and its leaves. One world! Third mark of greatness. The bee and the squirrel. The echo of the lake. Echoes of conscience. The commandments echoed. Xerxes the king. No mistakes. The tree on the island. Fourth mark of greatness. God's kingdom old. The old rocks. God's kingdom always new. First inference. Gold lost. The dying saint. Second inference. Fault-finding. David's troubles and song. Who can contend with Him? A scene in the Alps. The mountain-slide. The ruin. Child and feather.

CHILDREN, when we say we have stood on a rock, that is not saying whether the rock was large or small, round or square, marble or something else. When we say that we have admired a tree, it is not telling whether the tree was great or small, high or low, straight

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A Tree.What makes a great king?

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or crooked, ash or maple. Human language is so poor, that one word cannot describe a thing, and so we use adjectives, and use two or more words. When we speak of a king, it is not saying whether he is old or young, wise or foolish, strong or weak, honored or despised. But when we speak of a *great* king, we mean a great deal. He need not be great in stature, or great in size. But to be a *great* king, —

1. He must have a great kingdom.
2. He must have great power.
3. He must have great wisdom to manage his kingdom.
4. It must be an old kingdom.

Let us see now if God has all these, so that he may well say, “I am a great King?”

1. *Has God a great kingdom to reign over?*

Sometimes we read of a poor, ignorant African, who in his own country is called a king, though he has not a suit of clothes to wear,

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First thing.Territory.

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a decent hovel to live in, or a meal of food fit to be eaten.

Sometimes men have the title of king when their dominion is small and poor, — a mere handful of half-starved people. But to be a great king, the man must have a large territory. It must stretch over rivers and mountains, and contain forests of wood, mines of iron, rocks and marble, clay and sand ; it must have cities and villages, land for wheat and grain, and cattle and wool ; it must have harbors and lakes, canals and roads. A great kingdom, too, must have a great multitude of people, to cut down the forests, to dig out the ore and make it into iron, to cut the rocks and marble into stones shaped for building, to turn the clay into brick and the sand into glass, to till the land and make it yield food and clothing, to build the cities and factories and ships, and manage them all, to dig the canals, and carry

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Magnificence.God a great King.

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things on them through the country. It must have men to sail the ships, to manage the navy, to make armies to watch and protect all these lives and all this property. A great king, too, has colonies where a part of his subjects may live and trade. He will also have a treasury which is never exhausted, and then, as the representative of all this multitude of people and of all this property, he will have a splendid palace, and a magnificent court, and will be the centre of all honors and offices, and power and glory.

A great king reigns over one nation only. God reigns over all nations and languages and tongues. No matter whether they are white or black, on islands or continents, savage or civilized,—no matter what language they speak, whether they live in cities or in caves of the earth, whether on the land or on the water, he is King over all. Other kings have but a

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How large his kingdom?What God governs.

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small part of the earth for their kingdom, but God is over all,—all that live on the earth are his. So are the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and all the bright worlds that sparkle in the sky. If you could fly as fast as the light, and go from star to star, and from world to world, till you had travelled thousands of years, and if you should find all these worlds filled with people, multitudes and multitudes which no man could number, they would all belong to the great King! Perhaps all the stars that the greatest telescope has ever yet revealed, are no more to what lie beyond them, than one leaf plucked from the unmeasured forest would be to all the rest,—no more than one grain of sand picked up on the sea-shore would be to all the rest. Angels there are; principalities and powers and dominions there are; men and devils there are; and God is over all, and governs all. But that is not all. The

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The song of all creation.

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suns and the stars that move in the heavens, the oceans that swell and roar, the mountains that rise up high towards heaven, the rivers that flow, the brooks that murmur, the cattle that feed on the ground, the birds that move on the wing, the fish that move with the fin, and every wind that shakes the leaf, every atom that is anywhere found, — all are governed by him. He reigns over all, and therefore are all his works called on to praise him. What a shout would fill the universe if all the works and creatures should thus rise up and worship their king! “Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights. Praise ye him, all his angels; praise ye him, all his hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon; praise him, all ye stars of light. Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that are above the heavens. Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all deeps; fire and hail; snow

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The song of all creation.Second mark of greatness.

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and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word; mountains and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars; beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl; kings of the earth and all people; princes and all judges of the earth; both young men and maidens, old men and children. Let them praise the name of the Lord; for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven!" God not only has all these creatures and things under him, but he governs them; so that the stars move and shine, the ocean rolls, the winds blow, the seasons change, diseases and deaths come and go, and the storm that rages, and the worm that blights the tree or eats the root, and the insect that opens its wing, and the mote that gets into your eye,—everything is his servant. Is he not a *great* King?

2. *A great king must have great power.*

It is often so — (it was so when the great

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Frederick the Great.Earthly king weak.

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Persian king boasted of his one hundred and twenty-seven provinces,—it was so when old Rome boasted that she had one military road over four thousand miles long)—I say it is often so that, the larger a kingdom becomes, the weaker it is. The arms of the king are not long enough to reach it all. His eye cannot see it all. His power cannot control it all; and so it falls in pieces by its own expansion. The span of the bridge must not be too long, or it falls by its own weight. A tree must not grow too tall, or it is crushed by its own weight. It is said that Frederick of Prussia used to read all his letters — about three bushels — daily, himself. But it wearied and worried him, and his one mind could not do what was best for all under his power. A king sometimes loses a battle for the want of money, or because he has too few soldiers, or because his officers are not suitable. Sometimes a fam-



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The breakfast table.

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ine comes and destroys his plans; sometimes the plague cuts off his army. Sometimes his agents are unfaithful or indolent. He has to depend upon others. He cannot create men, nor food, nor can he make the thunder and the lightning fall on his enemies. Not so with God. He well knows, that if food should be cut off for one fortnight, all that live would be dead, and every creature that moves would be dead, and the earth would be turned into one mighty graveyard. You awoke this morning, and came to your breakfast table, spread with good, wholesome food. The wheat in your bread was created on the prairie of the West. The fish on your plate was created in a river in Greenland. The tea that you drank was reared at the foot of the hill in the interior of China. The salt came from the ocean's bed, evaporated at the West India Island by the sun. The butter was the grass of our hills turned

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How many to be fed!Different creatures hungry.

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into that delicious substance, and the sugar in your cup came from the cane that grew beyond the Mississippi. All this was provided and created by God for one meal,—for one person. But remember that one thousand millions of hungry people awoke this morning, and had to be fed. If all these people could be made to sit down together, they would fill five tables, both sides, running round the earth at her widest place! And these tables are to be spread with food two or three times every day, and from week to week, from year to year, and from age to age! Then all the animals, and the fowls of heaven, and the fish of the sea, are thus to be daily fed; and God must take the clods of the earth and the clouds of heaven, and create it all, and have it within the reach of all. The old, worn-out man must have somebody provided to take care of him. So must the helpless babe. So must the young

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A tree and its leaves.

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bird, and so must the worm in the dark ground. The food must be created, and all must be guided to it. God does not give his creatures checks upon banks that may fail, or drafts upon men which may not be paid, nor call upon men, who may not want to hear; but he creates for all. He asks no aid, because he does not need any. Other kings may have pride and take on them airs; but they cannot create one drop of water, hang one flower on its stem, make one kernel of wheat, nor one leaf that grows in the forest, seven millions of which have been counted hanging on a single tree! But God is everywhere, creating his empire, upholding it, feeding it, clothing it, and providing for it. And this kingdom all cries to him. He hears the young raven and understands his language. And so does he the scream of the eagle, the call of the sea-bird, the chirp of the squirrel, the mute language of the fish, and the hum of the insect.

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One world!Third mark of greatness.

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Then think that this world is but *one* of the smallest that hangs in the outskirts of his dominion, like a single little leaf that hangs over your garden fence, and that what he is doing here, he is doing in all worlds, in all places, so that all other kingdoms seem like the toys of the nursery, through all his vast dominions, and say, Is he not a great King? “*Surely,*” says the Psalmist, “*God is a great God, and a great King, high above all the earth! What power is like unto his power? and who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?*”

3. *A king, to be great, must have great wisdom to manage his kingdom.*

When our cold winter sets in, we notice the wild geese coming from the north, and in a straight line, which they follow day and night, going to the far south for the winter. In the spring they wing their way back again.

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The bee and the squirrel.

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They have no map of their travels, they find no guide-board on the way, they make no inquiries. Without compass or chart, they move on. It is God who guides them, by an *instinct*, as we call it, which is true, and never errs. So he governs all his creatures which have not reason. They are all guided by it to find their food, and to rear their young, and to protect their lives. He governs men, not by instinct, but by two higher gifts, — *reason* and *conscience*. The bee provides for the winter, she knows not why. The squirrel feels avaricious, and lays up for the winter, though he knows not why. But men know that the winter will come, and so they lay up fuel and hay, and things which will be needed. They know they will be old and feeble hereafter, and so they lay up for that time. They are guided in all this by their reason. But there is another power with which God governs men, — far more wonderful. I mean the conscience.

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The echo of the lake.

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Far up among our forests there are little lakes, each a few miles long, with here and there a wooded island in it, and a long line of sandy shore, while all around the lake, the high, wood-covered mountains rise up, as if set to guard the beautiful sheet of water. All around, the forests shoot up, and stand in silence. Just as the sun goes down, he brushes the tops of the trees and the heads of these mountains with his warm tints, and pours down from the reflecting sky a light so soft and mellow that the lake looks like molten gold. You shoot out in your little boat, and the silence is so deep, and the waters so still, that you are almost afraid to dip your paddle in the lake. It seems as if every mountain and tree was watching you, and the very fish leap up to see what you are doing. Then it is that you raise your voice, loud or low, and there comes back an echo, if possible more distinct than your words. Every tone and

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Echoes of conscience.The commandments echoed.

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inflection is returned, and the very woods and mountains imitate your voice. You startle at the clear, loud echoes. So it is, — I have often thought while listening thus, — so it is with the human conscience ! God speaks and says, “Thou shalt not !” and the conscience echoes it back. Everything that he commands or forbids finds an echo in the conscience. The voice from him is answered by the voice within us. The echo is clear and full, so that when he speaks, it is going against our conscience to disobey. The mountains can no more return me different words, as I sit in the little boat and speak, than the conscience can differ from what God commands. And is not this a mark of great wisdom ? Saul, a young man of Tarsus, persecuted the disciples of Christ, but it was like an ox kicking against a sharp goad, that hurt him the more ; and thus God governs by conscience. The great king Xerxes once gathered

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Xerxes the king.No mistakes.

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an army of a million of men, with which to conquer; but he had not wisdom enough to carry the plan through, and so his army was shivered and destroyed. Bonaparte once gathered an army of four hundred thousand young men, and thought that, with all his skill and wisdom and experience, he could conquer Russia; but alas! it was all a mistake, and of all that multitude who followed him, but a few ever returned. He had not wisdom enough to carry out the plan! But God, the great king, never makes a mistake. He never turns back disappointed. He never has to alter or mend his plans. The wisdom which the wisest man has, which all men have, and which all angels have, comes from him. If, to bring about his plans, he sometimes takes a path that seems strange to us, it is because his eye sees further than ours, and he walks in a path which we cannot trace. He who buries the seed in the



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The tree on the island.Fourth mark of greatness.

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ground in order to create the harvest, who wraps the worm up in the leaf in order to keep it through the long, cold winter, who leads his own Son to the high throne of heaven through suffering and shame, who leads his disciples up to his Master through the dark grave, that the light of heaven may be more beautiful, — He is wise of heart! On the leaf that hangs on the topmost bough of the tree that stands alone on the little island, with the wide ocean rolling around it, there creeps a little insect. It has no voice that you could hear. Its feet are too small for you to see. And God has that little creature as much under his safe care, as if it was the only living thing that He has to plan for in all his vast dominions!

4. *A king, to be great, must rule an old kingdom.*

A great tree must be a great while in growing. A great building must be a great while

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God's kingdom old.

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in going up. So must a great ship. No king, however wise or skilful, could make a nation or create a kingdom. It takes many generations of men, and ages of time, to do it. When a king comes to his throne, if he be called great, he must find all things prepared, — the palace, the treasury, the officers, the army, the roads and bridges made, the cities built, the factories in operation, the farms cultivated, and the multitude of people all there. The older the kingdom is, usually, it is the richer, and the stronger. Wars have not been able to ruin it, revolutions have not destroyed it, time hath not brought it to decay.

Now the kingdom of God is older than all others. Before there were any foundations of the earth laid, before a single star was hung in the heavens, before a single sun was lighted up, the kingdom of God began. The morning stars sang before his throne, before a single

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The old rocks.God's kingdom always new.

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thing lived or moved in this lower world. There are old walls and towers and temples, crumbling and in ruins, built by men ages ago, we know not by whom ; but the kingdom of God is older than these. There are rocks so old that they look as if they were made in eternity ; but they are not old compared with God. Taking out a thousand years from his reign, is like taking a single drop from the great ocean. And when the hills and the mountains shall crumble down, grain by grain, till they are level with the plain, and when the sea is worn out by its motion and dashing against the shore, and when the heavens have grown old like a curtain, and the sun and the moon and the stars have no more light to give, when every grave shall be dug, and every coffin made, and the universe all come to an end, then, the kingdom of God will be in its full strength, his armies of angels and saints all

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First inference.Gold lost.

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before him, and the bright crown of his dominion on his head for ever, — “ *the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in light which no man can approach unto, which no man hath seen or can see, to whom be honor and power everlasting.*”

We see by the light of this subject, that, if God be a great king, then, —

1. *He will always take care of good people.*

It is for the sake of his own people that he made all things, and keeps all things alive ; for them he governs all things ; and they can never be cast down, so that he cannot lift them up ; never be so feeble, that he cannot make them strong ; never so far off, that he cannot find them ; never so distressed, that he cannot relieve them. A piece of gold may be carried to the ends of the earth ; it may be lost in dirt of the street ; it may be brought up from the bottom of the

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The dying saint.

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sea; but it is gold wherever it may be. It has the stamp of the die on it. So the people of God have his image and superscription on them, and the great King will take care of them. It may be the babe laid in the ark of bulrushes on the banks of the river; it may be the prophet seated in the chariot of fire; it may be Daniel among hungry lions in the den; it may be his children in the fiery furnace; — but he will take care of them. And when the saint comes to die, when the face becomes distorted, and the cheeks sunken, and the chin dropped, and the eye glazed, and the shudder of death passing over the countenance, O then, he says, he will not forsake them! “Precious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of his saints.” What a song they sing! — “Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Thy rod and thy staff they shall comfort me.”

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Second inference.Fault-finding.

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If God be a great king, then we ought to expect, —

2. *That there will be much in his government that we cannot understand.*

Suppose the councillors of a nation were assembled, and trying to devise the wisest plans for the good of the kingdom; should a boy stand without and throw stones at the house, because he could not understand their plans? Should a new soldier refuse to do his duty, because he could not understand why his general did this or that? Should the small insect, that hangs in the air on his wings, find fault with the man who is building a great ship, because he could not understand all about it? No. Nor do we want to say that, because the wheels of God's government are sometimes high and dreadful, and because he drives his chariot where we could not, therefore we may complain, because we cannot understand it all!

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David's troubles and song.Who can contend with Him?

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His deep wisdom is moving where we cannot follow. His great power is going where we may not tread. The great plans of the great King are high above our thoughts, as the heavens are higher than the earth. It seems as if I could see David, as he went up the Mount of Olivet weeping! His councillor turned against him, his own son a traitor, his people turned away from him, the city in danger of being burned, his own life every moment in danger, Shimei cursing him, and everything looking dark and fearful! Hear him put confidence in the great King! "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice! the floods lift up their waves! but the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea; the Lord sitteth upon the flood, yea, the Lord sitteth king for ever!" And how will all come to nothing, who try to contend with this great King!

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A scene in the Alps.The mountain-slide.

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As the traveller passes over one of the beautiful lakes of Switzerland, his eye falls upon a streak of ruin which hangs like a scarf upon the shoulders of one of the mighty Alps. It looks small to the eye, though close by, but it is really larger than the ground occupied by all the city of Paris. It is about three miles wide and five long. Years ago the rains were heavy and soaked into the mountain, and a loud, crackling noise was first heard. Then the tall forests that covered the mountain began to nod and reel, and the birds to fly screaming away. Then the rocks began to roll, and the whole side of the mountain began to tremble, and then to slide, — thousands of acres with all their forests began to slide, and then to rush and thunder, mingled with the crash of trees and the echo among the mountains, as all came rushing down, filling the air with dust, so that nothing could be seen, and causing the earth to tremble as if



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The ruin.

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her very foundations were giving way! In five minutes it was all done! Nearly a million of property, one hundred and eleven houses, more than two hundred barns, and more than four hundred and fifty human beings, and whole herds of cattle, were swept away, and buried several hundred feet beneath the mass! Three whole villages were blotted out for ever! No trace remained save a single bell that was carried from the church a long distance. The little lake at the foot of the mountain received a part of the descending mass, which caused the waters to rise and sweep over an island seventy feet above the level of the lake, carrying all to ruin! To this hour you can see where

“Mountains have fallen,  
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock  
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up  
The ripe, green valleys with destruction’s splinters  
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,  
Which crushed the waters into mist, and made  
Their fountains find another channel.”

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Child and feather.

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O, had a little child with a feather in his hand stood there and seen this ruin coming, could he, by stretching out his little arm, have stopped it? Could *he* have turned it back? Yes, a thousand times easier than all created men could turn back or hinder God from doing what he thinks best to do or have done! “I am a great King, saith the Lord of Hosts.”





## LECTURE VII.

### THE BROKEN STAFF MENDED.

*And it came to pass, &c. — LUKE vii. 11 – 16.*

CONTENTS. — Poisonous valley. Looking into the valley. Young men's party. The dying man rescued. Remembrances. We dying. The morning light. Walled towns. Christ travelling. The funeral. The mother's thoughts. The stranger's voice. The dead with no coffin. The staff mended! Rivers of ice. The Alpenstock. The awful fall in the chasm. Glaciers in the night. A night scene. The twinkling light. The lost friend. Further unfoldings. Ingratitude. The child restored. Master of the grave. The dead brought back. A hard question. Reason first, for this miracle. For after ages. Reason second, for this miracle. The buried babe. Who are comforted? The funeral at sea. The sad crew of the ship. The burial. The ocean-grave. The dead to awake. The resurrection. Reason third, for this miracle. Spiritual teachings. Why Christ left the earth. The great design of Christ. The people's shout. The shout of all his family!

THEY tell us that there is a poisonous valley which has been visited by many travellers. It is small, and is surrounded by hills. As you look off from these hills, you see a level, circular basin, that looks smooth and fair, —

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Poisonous valley.

Looking into the valley.

Young men's party.

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except there is not a living tree or bush, not a wayside flower, nor even a single green spire of grass to be seen. There is no wind in it, nor a living thing that moves. All over it lie the bleaching bones of the dead. The bones of the huge elephant and of the strong lion, of the timid hare and of the fleet deer, lie scattered around, while here and there lie the bones of some traveller who went into it in his ignorance, and there found his grave. Nothing that ever goes down there comes up again!

Now suppose that on the brow of one of these surrounding hills were gathered a company of young men. They gaze, silent and awe-struck, into the valley. While they look, a cry of terror bursts from them, for just at the foot of the rock on which they stand, they see a poor traveller writhing in distress and just gasping for breath! He is too far gone to shout or utter another cry for help. In an instant, one

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The dying man rescued.Remembrances.

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of the young men slips the end of a cord which he has in his hand over the point of a rock and slides down on the rope to the perishing stranger. He has just time enough to tie the rope round the dying man, and to beckon his comrades to pull him up, before he himself falls by the poisonous air. They draw up the half-dead stranger and save him, but their companion and friend is down there dying! No one can go to *him*! No one can save him! He must die and be left there to bleach with the dead! And they now find, too, that the man whom they have saved was the bitter enemy of their friend. And their friend knew it, too, and knew it when he put the rope round him, instead of his own body, after he got to him! How they now speak of the nobleness, the generosity, and the goodness of their friend! How that man who was his enemy feels, to think that he ever should have hated such a character!

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We dying.The morning light.

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Ah, children! you and I were in that poisonous valley, and we were dying and unable to help ourselves, and He came and looked, and there was none to save, and He wondered that there was none to help! He died that we might live. He “tasted death for every man.” “While we were enemies, Christ died for us.” O, if it were not that we have seen it so long and so often, how beautiful would be the light of the clear summer morning! If we had not seen it so often, how charming would be the bush hanging loaded with roses! If we had not heard the account so often, we should weep and exult at the story of Jesus Christ and his dying for men! He had to descend even into the grave, in order to bring us up out of the poisoned valley, and before he could ascend above all heaven.

The story from which we take our text this afternoon is a wonderful one. In the days



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Walled towns.Christ travelling.

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when Christ was on earth they had no cannon or powder, or such terrible weapons of war as we now have ; but they fought with swords and spears for the most part. Hence almost any kind of wall built up round a town would be a defence. These walled towns were full of people, and out of them they crept in the morning, and went off to till the ground or to watch their cattle. No leper was permitted to live in such a town, and no dead were allowed to be buried within the walls. Our Saviour had one day been preaching to a great multitude, and working miracles, when he set out to enter one of these walled towns. A great multitude of people followed him. Some went, because they wanted to hear him preach again ; some, because they wanted to see him do some great miracle ; some, because they wanted to know why he went into that walled town ; and some followed him because others did. Just before

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The funeral.The mother's thoughts.

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they reach the gates of the town, they meet a funeral. It is a large funeral, though there is only one mourner. It is the mother of the dead, — a poor widow, — who has lost her only son, the staff of her age. It is towards evening, the hour of the day when they usually bury their dead. Christ looks weary, for it is supposed that he has walked about twelve miles to-day. When the two processions meet, they both stop. The weeping mother follows the bier. She is just thinking over how her son looked, how his voice used to sound, how he was dutiful and kind to her! She is recalling his childhood, and the many hopes she had had concerning him. She is thinking how lonely her home will now be, how little she has to live for, how gladly she would die with him. She is closely veiled, and sees nothing but the dust on which she treads. She wonders why they have stopped. But the stopping will keep the dust

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The stranger's voice.The dead with no coffin.

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of her child with her just so much longer! How she weeps! What makes her start so at the voice of a stranger, who kindly says, "Weep not"? What makes her thrill at the sound? She never heard that voice before! She never heard such notes before! She draws aside her veil, and there stands before her One, fairer than the sons of men! She trembles, and is ready to fall down at his feet, though she hardly knows why. By a mysterious power, all are hushed and silent. In those countries they do not have coffins as we do. They place the corpse on a kind of bier, with a covering over it made of cloth, with a light frame, so that the dead man seems lying under a sort of canopy, with the narrow curtain at the head lifted up to show his pale face. He is wrapped in white linen, completely covered, except the face. That mysterious stranger looks in upon the face of the dead, with one hand resting on

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The staff mended!Rivers of ice.

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the bier. How hushed are all the multitude! The silence is such that the rustling of the high palm-leaf might be heard. Now he speaks: "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" How quick the warm blood rushes through his veins! How quick his cheek flushes! How quick his pulse beats, — his bosom heaves! And now he sits up and speaks to his mother! How gracefully the Saviour takes him by the hand, and delivers him to his mother! *Her staff that was broken is restored to her!* Her child is brought back from the dead! O, it is so like a dream that the mother cannot speak! Her amazement is so great, that she cannot fall down at his feet. She sees nothing but her boy, who was lost and is found, who was dead and is alive again! It was like being brought back from death to life herself.

Among the great Alps — awful beyond what any one can imagine — there are *huge rivers of*

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The Alpenstock.

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*ice* ! solid ice, that come creeping down between the high peaks, sometimes two miles wide, and very deep ! They are all ice, but they crowd and grind so hard against the mountains that they break up into cakes, which lie side by side, like pieces of slate standing on their edges. Between these great cakes of ice, are openings, called crevices, down which you can look far, and down which, as you throw a stone, you hear it roll and bound and thunder a long, long while, before it reaches the bottom. Sometimes it would take a rope more than an eighth of a mile long to reach the bottom ! In crossing over these *glaciers*, as they are called, you have to get a guide, and also to have a long, smooth staff, with a sharp iron in one end of it, to stick into the ice. This is called an Alpenstock, i. e. mountain-staff. In a certain place, one of these frozen rivers comes down between two awful peaks, one called the Peak of the Tempests,

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The awful fall in the chasm.

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and the other the Peak of Terror. Some years ago a clergyman was on this glacier with his guide. As he came to a round opening, — the crevice, — he leaned on his Alpenstock, and bent over to look down the awful chasm. Sudden as thought, his staff broke, and down, down he went, out of sight in an instant! His name was Mouron. After twelve days' labor, they let down a guide with a lantern tied round his neck, at the peril of his life. Twice they drew him up to breathe, nearly exhausted. The third time he found the mangled and bruised body, seven hundred feet from the top of the glacier where he fell in, and he was drawn up with the dead man in his arms. Sometimes the people of the Alps have to cross these glaciers in the night, or else freeze to death. A single slip of the foot, or a single false step, is certain death. When they cross in the night, they have the Alpenstock and the lantern.

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Glaciers in the night.A night scene.

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Now imagine that you were on the brink of one of these glaciers in the night. You are alone, and you must cross it and find a shelter or you perish. The winds howl, and the great avalanches of ice thunder and echo among these awful solitudes, and the storm-notes come booming up from far below. You cautiously creep along on the edge of the ice-cake, and see an awful chasm running along, one on each side of your narrow path. As you thrust down the sharp point of your staff into the ice, you move very slowly. And now you have got out a mile into the middle of the glacier, and just as you have got between two fearful openings, your staff breaks and is useless, and that moment a gust of wind, fierce as a tiger, puts out your light!

Ah, now what will you do? To move backward or forward is certain destruction! To stop there is to be frozen as solid as the ice beneath

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The twinkling light.The lost friend.

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your feet! What will you do? You shout, and the swelling winds carry your voice away, and it is lost in the storm. Just then you see, on the far-off land, a little twinkling light. In a few minutes more you would have given up and sunk down into the opening ice, where you would never be heard of again, till the resurrection morning. But now the light seems to creep nearer and nearer to you. It comes up, and a man stands close to you, — only that deep chasm is between you and him. He hangs the little lantern on the end of his Alpenstock, and reaches it to you. You take it off very carefully. He then reaches again to give you the needed staff. You seize it eagerly, and give it a jerk, and by that jerk he loses his balance, falls in, and down, down he falls, and lies bleeding and mangled far down under the deep ice! You had no time to ask his name or learn who he was. You only know that he perilled



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Further unfoldings.

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Ingratitude.

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and lost his life for you! With that staff and that lantern you reach the land, find a dwelling, and are saved. Ah, yes! and you learn that the man who thus lost his life for you was one who knew you would be lost unless he went to you, and who expected it would cost him his life, and the one whom, of all men in the world, you had treated the most unkindly, and who had reason to despise you and hate you, and to be willing to have you perish in the dark, cold night, under the deep, awful glacier! And now suppose that after this you are never heard to speak of the kindness of that man, never to mention how you were delivered, never to think over your unkindness to him, and his nobleness and kindness in forgetting it all and coming to save you! — *is this being grateful?*

So was it with us when God gave us a lamp to our feet, — his holy word; and a staff to lean upon, — the beautiful promises of the Bible!

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The child restored.Master of the grave.

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The poor widow who was told to dry her tears, and who had her son restored to her, was only *one* among our race to whom Christ hath done good. She was only *one* to whom he brought a staff in the place of the one that was broken, and a lantern in the place of the one that sin had put out!

This was not the first child that had been raised from the dead to life. Elijah raised one, — the child of a poor widow who fed him in the famine; and Elisha raised one, — the son of the woman who was so kind to him; but how differently they did it! They knelt long in prayer; they lay down upon the child in both cases; they prayed God to do it. They had no power to do it themselves. They could not speak, and cause the dead to hear and awake. They were not masters of the grave, and had not the keys of death and of hell; they were mere servants. But when Christ the Son came,

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The dead brought back.

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he did whatsoever the Father did. "He spake, and it was done"; "he commanded, and it stood fast"; he opened, and no man shut; and so he had not to stop to pray; but in his own name, and by his own power, he awaked the dead!

Do we suppose that the young man, thus brought back from the dead, could remember what he saw in the world of spirits? If he had gone to the world of the blessed, and could remember what he saw, how would he dread to come back! If he had gone to the world of the lost, what horror would have been painted on his face! No, we suppose that in mercy a veil was drawn over the spirit-world, and he only felt that he had been in a deep sleep, from which he awaked at the voice of Jesus!

You may wonder why Christ does not meet every funeral and raise the dead, and especially why he does not always remember the poor

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A hard question.Reason first, for this miracle.

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widow who mourns the loss of an only son. Why should this widow of Nain be selected to receive this mercy, while thousands of such weeping mothers have followed an only son to the grave, and heard no voice saying, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" And this leads me to speak of the reasons that led Christ to perform this wonderful act. It was not altogether for the sake of that mother, though he had, we are told, compassion on her. But it was done, —

1. *To show all men that ever read the story, that Christ is good.*

He wants men to trust their lives and their children and their friends and their souls to him; but they cannot and will not do this, unless they believe that he is good. We cannot love or trust one who is not good. We do not want a bad man to come into our families; we do not want to commit our children, and all

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For after ages.Reason second, for this miracle.

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that we have, to a bad man. But Christ knew that many a dying mother would want to commit her helpless babes to him, and the dying father would want to leave his family with him, and the poor sinner would want to look to him for mercy, and we all should want to make him our Saviour, and so he took that occasion to show that he remembers the mourner in her tears, and pities the sorrows of his creatures. It is not because he does not know or regard the tears of the mourner, at every funeral, that he does not turn back the tide of their grief by bringing back and restoring the dead.

*2. Christ raised this young man to life, to show that he can raise all the dead.*

Does it seem, when we bury the old, worn-out man, who for a long time could hardly see or hear or walk, and who has now become as cold and as insensible as the grave in which we lay him, — does it seem as if there was any

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The buried babe.Who are comforted?

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power that can bring him up from that grave alive, and restore him again to youth and vigor, activity and health? Does it seem as if there was any arm that could lift up that poor dead woman from the dust of death, and restore to her the grace and the beauty of youth? And that little babe that we bury! His dust will soon be mingled with that of the earth, and not a particle even of his coffin will remain, — can he be found, and that little body be restored to life again? Hear what age says, when it is looking for death: “I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God; whom I shall see for myself, and not another, though my reins be consumed within me.” Hear the weeping sister say, at the grave of a beloved brother, “I know that he shall rise again at the last day.”

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The funeral at sea.

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Yes, by touching that bier, and calling back that young man, Christ showed that he has the keys of death and of hell in his hand. And now Faith leans upon him. We are not afraid to bury our beloved ones down in the dark, cold grave.

Can anything be more solemn than a funeral at sea? The morning sun rises, and not a cloud appears to shut off his rays. A slight breeze plays on the surface of the slumbering ocean. The stillness of the morning is only disturbed by the ripple of the water, or the diving of a flying-fish. It seems as if the calm and noiseless spirit of the deep is brooding over the waters. The national flag, displayed half way down the royal-mast, plays in the breeze, unconscious of its solemn import. The vessel glides in queenly serenity, and seems tranquil as the element on whose surface she moves. She knows not of the sorrows that are in her bosom,

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The sad crew of the ship.

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and seems to look down on the briny expanse beneath her in all the confidence and security of strength.

To the minds of her brave crew it is a morning of gloom. They have been boarded by the angel of death, and the forecastle now contains all that was mortal of his victim. His soul has gone to its final account. Grouped around the windlass, and left to their own reflections, the hardy sons of the ocean mingle their sympathies with each other. They think of their own mortality. Conscience is at her post. They feel that eternity has realities. They speak of the virtues of their messmate, — his honesty, sensibility, and generosity. One had seen him share the last dollar of his hard-earned wages with a distressed shipmate. All attest his liberality. They speak, too, of his accomplishments as a sailor, — of the nerve of his arm and the fearlessness of his soul. They



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The burial.

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had seen him in the hour of peril, when the winds of heaven were let loose in all their fury, and destruction was on the wing, seize the helm and hold the ship securely within his grasp, till the danger had passed by.

And now they are summoned to prepare for the rites of burial, and to pay their last honors to their dead companion. The work commences with a heavy heart and many a sigh. A rude coffin is soon nailed together, and the dead placed within it. All are ready for the final scene. The main hatches are the bier. A spare sail is the pall. The poor sailors, in their tar-stained garments, stand around the coffin. All are silent. The freshening breeze moans through the cordage. The main-topsail is hove to the mast. The ship, as if amazed, pauses on her course and stands still. The bell tolls, and at the knell, and the words, "We commit this body to the deep," you hear the plunge of the

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The ocean-grave.The dead to awake.

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coffin, and see the tears start from the eyes of the generous tars. You think of his home, — his widowed mother, his sisters, who will listen and watch in vain for his returning footsteps. You follow the coffin as it slowly travels down, down miles, and it may be and is hours in reaching its resting-place. O, we are not afraid thus to bury men in the ocean, and see them sink down in the dark, deep waters, and find a resting-place among the corals and the shells, for we know there is an Eye that never looks off from that buried one, and a Power that will raise him up and restore him to life again!

He says to the weeper, “Weep not! thy brother shall rise again.” At any moment, — even now, while I am speaking, — he could cause the archangel’s trumpet to sound, and in the twinkling of an eye, every grave would open, and every one that has ever died would start up and stand on his feet. Without preparation or time, he

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The resurrection.Reason third, for this miracle.

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can speak, and the dead on the way to the grave is turned back alive and well. And thus by his own power will he raise all the dead. No matter if the sleeper has been forgotten, or buried for ages; no matter that no one knows that he ever lived, or where his dust may be, — there is One who is the Resurrection and the Life, and no one shall be forgotten before him. In his hand are the deep places of the earth. Death and hell are naked before him, and destruction hath no covering. “The Redeemer of the whole earth shall he be called.”

3. *Christ raised this young man to life to show that his kingdom is a spiritual kingdom.*

When he created bread and fish, and fed five thousand hungry people, the great object was, not to relieve the wants of the body, but to lead them to labor, not for the meat that perisheth, but for that bread which came down from heaven. When he opened the eyes of the blind,

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Spiritual teachings.Why Christ left the earth.

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it was to lead men to see that he could open their spiritual eyes and cause them to see the glory of God. When he made the sick of the palsy to be well, it was to show that he had power also to forgive sin. And when he raised the dead, it was to teach us that he can raise those who are dead in trespasses and sins to life; that he can command the spirits, the souls of men, and whether they are on earth or in eternity, he can command them and they will obey him. So men are told to arise from the dead, i. e. spiritual death, and go to Christ, who will give them life. O, how many parents have seen their children converted to God, and have wept for joy, — “this my son was lost and is found again; was dead, and is made alive!” Christ could have stayed upon earth to this hour, and spent these hundreds of years in going about healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, opening the ears of the deaf, and raising the

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The great design of Christ.The people's shout.

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dead; but there is a greater work than all this. He is preparing to raise all the dead, to give healing to the soul, and to cause ten thousand times ten thousand hearts to rejoice, — to rejoice for ever and ever!

We have no account of anything great or good, which the man who was raised from the dead did, in after life. We have no account of the long life of the mother. No, it was done to manifest forth the character of the great Redeemer. It was to cause us, and all who shall ever read the story, to believe and trust in his mercy and in his almighty power. The design of Christ is chiefly to give spiritual blessings to men, and therefore he does not continue such miracles. When the great multitude of people saw the young man rise up from the dead at the word of Christ, and heard him speak, and saw him given back to his mother, great fear fell on them, and they broke

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The shout of all his family!

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out in shouts and glorified God! O, this was only *one* act of Jesus our Lord!

But when at the last great day, when every eye shall see him, as he comes on the clouds of heaven, when he has raised up all the dead, when he has gathered all his people, when all his mighty acts have been seen, when all his great works of mercy have been made known, — there will go up from all the universe of God a shout such as was never heard before! Fear and trembling, hope and joy, will fill the hearts of all his people, and all will draw near to him, every holy being in heaven and on earth and under the earth, saying, “Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.”

## LECTURE VIII.

### THE FLOWERS.

*Consider the lilies of the field.* — MATT. vi. 28.

CONTENTS. — Christ in the streets. Street sermons. Out-of-door texts. God's creations. Paintings of nature. Spring's doings. A dark picture. A garden hung up in the air. *First thing to think of.* "Here we are!" The flower's speech. The rose and the tulip. *The second thing to think of.* *The third thing to be thought of.* Broken teapot. The prisoner and the wall-flower. The city cellar. Flowers in the coffin. How to improve flowers. Rose-bud on the tomb. How we use flowers. Night-blooming Cereus. Teachings of flowers. A sad thought. A child's doings. The dying boy. Language of the rose. Stupidity of men. Beauty for all. Voices all around us. Creation's testimony. Memories of the old man. Old Homer. The three gardens. Bright thoughts. Grave of the young girl. Nothing good to be lost. Preaching of the flowers.

MY dear children, when the blessed Saviour was on earth, "he went about doing good." He went on foot from place to place, healing the sick, and preaching the Gospel wherever he was. And as the people followed him in throngs, bringing their sick to be healed, he

used to preach to them in the streets, and so his sermons were mostly preached out of doors, and by the wayside. He did not take *texts* to preach from, as ministers now do, but made his sermons out of anything around him. At one time, when the morning sun was coming up over the hills, he points to it and tells his disciples that they are the light of the world! At another time, he pointed to the salt which had been washed and drenched, till good for nothing, and then showed that his people are like it, when they lose his spirit. There is a white city on the top of yonder high hill, and it is seen from every place around, and he tells his disciples that they are like such a city set on a hill! That man who is ploughing keeps his eye on the furrow; he does not turn and look back a moment; and he tells us that, if we look back, we are not fit for the kingdom of heaven. From the man sowing in the field,



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Out-of-door texts.God's creations.

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Christ teaches how the word of God is preached, and how different men receive it. So he teaches by the vine by the wayside ; by the fig-tree in sight ; by the vineyard on the hillside ; by the casting a net into the sea ; by the lighting of the sparrow on the ground ; and by the falling of a hair. Then he sees some lilies, and tells us to consider them, — how they are more richly clothed than Solomon in all his glory ever was !

Do you wonder that Christ preached from these things ? The same hand that wrote the texts in the Bible painted the lily. God hath painted the skies, and made the stars to flash and sparkle, and turned the clouds of the morning and evening into palaces of gold, or rolled them up like great, floating mountains of silver. He does not glue the clouds to the sky, nor hang them up there like great sheets of lead, or spread them out like lakes of

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Paintings of nature.Spring's doings.

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ink, but he rolls them from one beautiful form into another. He folds the heavens in festoons, and hangs the rainbow over the earth like a great wreath of flowers. He paints the grass on which you tread, the deepest green. And on the summer's morning, when the world sits silent, as if waiting for a choir of angels to lift up the voice and praise him, or when the great red sun goes down at night like a joyous child going to his pillow, how beautiful! What a look the sun throws back, when he turns the lake into a great basin of gold!

And the spring! when the winter goes away, what a resurrection! The river bursts from the chains of ice that held it so fast; the little seed that lay freezing in the ground, begins to sprout; the little bird whose notes seem to tremble for joy, the small insect that leaps up and utters his hum of gladness, the mountains with their thin veil of blue over their

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A dark picture.

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A garden hung up in the air.

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faces, the buds that swell and burst, and the very trees that seem to clap their hands for joy, — all preach about God!

“Consider the lilies!” We must, my dear children, study the works of God. O, he *might* have made the grass to be colored like the dirt in the street; the trees to shoot up their branches like iron wire, without a green leaf to cover them; the morning sky to be black, like the pall on a coffin; and he might have made every beast to howl in pain, and every bird to shriek in notes of agony, and every bush to bristle with thorns, and every flower to hang its head in a sickly yellow, with a fragrance like that of an old grave; and the sparkling brooks might have been made to lie still and dead; and yet, he has made the flowers to smile on us, and has hung, as it were, a whole flower-garden lifted up on a single apple-tree, and has clothed the pear, the peach, and the cherry trees in beautiful flow-

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First thing to think of.“ Here we are ! ”

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ers, like a queen's robe thrown over each tree. The fields of grain send abroad their perfume. The very potato has a charming flower. All these hath God made, not to be eaten, or drunk, or burned up, but to make our hearts glad and our eyes delighted. Consider the flowers.

1. *How many flowers God has made.*

I have sometimes been deep in the wild American forests, sometimes have followed a great river up in the forest till it became so small that I could step over it, sometimes have climbed mountains very lofty, and then have gone down into deep valleys ; but I have hardly ever been to the spot, where the light of the sun comes, where I have not found flowers. They look into the water as they lean over it on the bank of every stream ; they peep out of the cracks in the rocks ; they stand smiling at the mouth of the dark cavern, — and everywhere seem to say, “ Here we are ! God has been here

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The flower's speech.The rose and the tulip.

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to plant us!" Under the burning sun of the South, and far up among the icebergs of the North, we find the bright, sun-kissed flower, or the pale, meek dweller among the snows. The flower! Hear its voice! "I am willing to hang over the deep, awful precipice, or to bloom in the window of the poorest cottage, or to live in the spray and the thunderings of the cataract, or to cheer the room of the sick man, or to smile in the din and noise of the factory, or to live in the smoky lane of the city, or to add new beauty to the costliest palace ever reared!"

You set out *one* little stem of a rose, and place it in your window, (and there are as many as two thousand kinds of roses,) and its bud will swell, and it will open its petals and shed out its fragrance, and long cheer you, as it hangs on its little stalk, trembling in its beauty. You plant the bulb of the tulip in the ground, and it

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The second thing to think of.

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sleeps there all the winter; but in the spring it comes out and blossoms, and makes every passer-by to pause and consider its beauty. From the tall cedar on the top of Lebanon to the hyssop in the wall, the moss or lichen on the rock, the world is full of the most beautiful flowers.

*2. Consider how many kinds of flowers God has made.*

When we go out and walk over a field, we tread on a multitude of flowers, white, red, blue, and yellow, whose names we do not even know. Every kind of flower now found in gardens or in greenhouses, once grew wild in the fields. In one single garden, or in one greenhouse, what a great variety do you see! How bright the red is on some! How pure the white on others! How soft the velvet, or how faint and lovely the blush is spread over others! Up the same little stem the juices run, and are then colored, and spread over the

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The third thing to be thought of.Broken teapot.

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leaves and flowers so softly, that you can hardly tell where one color begins, or another ends.

3. *Consider how beautiful God has made the flowers.*

Perhaps there are some people who see no more beauty in a flower, than if it were a cabbage; and the finest rose is nothing to them; and perhaps there are those who take no pleasure in music, and who would not thrill at the song of angels. But such people are not often found. We admire what is beautiful, and we cannot help it. What makes the poor washer-woman save her broken teapot and plant her flower in it, and watch it every day, and feel such a joy when it blossoms? A poor prisoner tells us, that from his little grated window he could just see a wall-flower that was creeping up in the prison-yard, and trying to get into the sun. Every day and hour he watched it; and when it got up high, it seemed to rejoice and

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The prisoner and the wall-flower.The city cellar.

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look over the wall, green and thrifty, as much as to say, "I am willing that my foot should be in the prison-yard, pinched up among the bricks, if I may only get sunlight and pure air, and look up into the bright heavens!" The tenant of the dungeon seemed to feel that the wall-flower knew him, and answered back his love, and smiled upon him. It was the only thing in all the world that seemed to care for him. But one day a rude or a wicked hand destroyed it! O, then he felt that the last and only friend he had in the world was gone, and he sat down and wept like a child! What comfort in the sight of one common flower! What makes the poor dweller in the city cellar, where the sunlight *never* comes, try so hard to make her little pale flower live? She gives it almost all of her dingy window. What makes the sick one smile, when a bunch of flowers is brought to his bedside, and feel as



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Flowers in the coffin.How to improve flowers.

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if they were the smiles of angels? What makes the mother pluck the fairest flowers, and put them into the coffin of her child, so that the memory of the last look upon her child shall be connected with the beauty of flowers which clustered on its bosom, or were held in the waxen hand? There is not a prison or a dungeon in the world where the heart would not be softened by one single flower. And what is curious, there is not a flower on the wide prairie, or on the high mountain, or in the deep valley, so beautiful that it may not be made more beautiful by culture. The rose becomes more “double,” and the tulip and the carnation wear a more gorgeous dress, and every variety is greatly improved by culture. Perhaps this was a part of the care of Adam in the garden of Eden. I never see a flower droop without a feeling of sadness, or crushed without feeling pain, or a leaf fall

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Rose-bud on the tomb.How we use flowers.

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without feeling regret. Some flowers seem to speak to the eye, by their great beauty; and some to the smell, by their fragrance and sweetness. And if the flowers could break out in singing, in proportion to their number and beauty, how would the fields, the hills, the valleys, the forests, and the mountains send out melody, sweet almost as that of heaven! The mother calls her infant a flower. If it dies, a rose-bud, unopened, carved on the tombstone, tells the story. Were we to weave a garland for the greatest and the best man that ever lived, we should weave it of flowers; and thus the human heart is always saying that flowers are the most beautiful things in the world. We want them to adorn the palace of kings; we want them at the great festival; we place them on the brow of the fair bride; we want them in the saloon of wealth; we want them in our sick-room, and their presence and per-

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Night-blooming Cereus.

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fume must cheer our coffins. It is the *flower* — not one made of wax, or paper, or cloth, but a real flower — that we want, such as was pencilled by the Divine hand. Some of these creations of God are so delicate, that they must open in the night, and look out by star-light for a moment, and then shut up again for ever! One can almost weep to watch and see the night-blooming Cereus, — bursting out with almost the beauty of an angel, and, too delicate for earth, perishing before morning! On a calm Sabbath morning, when the whole of creation seems waiting for a visit from the great King and Maker, how the flowers, even the humblest in your garden, the shrubbery at your door, the great trees in the orchard, the flowers that grow wild and alone on the hill and in the fields, all wake up, bathed and washed in dew, and all seeming to long for a voice with which to praise God! Consider the flowers, and tell

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Teachings of flowers.A sad thought.

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us what is their language? Do they not speak of the greatness, the skill, and the wisdom of that Being who hath sowed them all over the earth, in numbers almost infinite, and painted them with a skill more than human? What a beautiful song was that of Solomon when he said, "Lo! the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." In some countries, they carry fresh garlands of flowers and hang them over the grave of the dead, as if the cold sleeper beneath the sods *must* still enjoy the beauty and fragrance of flowers.

*How stupid too many are!*

There are gardens that never had a flower in them, and parlors that never were gladdened by a blossom, and so there are hearts that never loved them! But ask that father why he is so choice of that little tree which was planted in

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A child's doings.

The dying boy.

Language of the rose.

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the garden by his little son, before he went down into the grave? Ask that mother why she stops and stands still before that little flower, planted by her loving child before she left her to go far away from the home of her childhood? Ah, it was because a loved hand planted them, and they seem to speak of them! They are memorials. And ought we not to admire the flower which our Heavenly Father planted and painted and beautified? Does not each one speak of Him? Why, if one of these little children were on his death-bed, and should say to his mother, "I shall die, my mother, but the flower that I planted will live; and when I am in the grave, will you not bend over it and think of your little boy?" Would not his mother cherish and love that flower, and water it with her tears? And the rose that folds her leaves on her beautiful bosom, and that hangs her head and fills the air with fragrance, seems to say,

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Stupidity of men.Beauty for all.

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“God made me to smile on you, and make you think of him!” And yet men will trample on flowers, pass by them without one look, or, if they see them, give not one thought to God! O, how many will enter your parlor and admire *your* skill and *your* care in rearing the beautiful flowers in your windows, without giving one thought to the skill and wisdom of Him who created them! If they consider the lilies, they do not consider Him who made them. Why can they not lift the heart to Him whose sunbeams spread the different colors so clear and bright, so distinct and yet blended together, so as no human pencil could paint them!

The world is full of beauty, created by our kind Heavenly Father, not for the rich and the great merely, but for *all*, so that the poorest man may have his cottage made as cheerful as if he were a king. We get tired of a flower in a lady's bonnet made by human skill, but we

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Voices all around us.Creation's testimony.

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never tire over those that God made. His sun is gold, his stars are silver; his birds and insects on the wing in the air, and the swift swimmers down in the deep waters, are painted most exquisitely. The little flower that hangs on its tiny stem; and the stars that flash in the great arch of heaven; and the morning, after the veil of night is lifted up, coming up from the east, fresh as if bathed in the dews of the first creation; and the spring, breathing life into every pore of the earth; and the sun wrapped in the drapery of kings, riding on a canopy of gold; and men standing erect, with their bones and joints and skin and limbs all in health, with a voice that can make the heart thrill, whether lifted up in song or in eloquence, with an eye that flashes intelligence or affection, and with a mind that makes him the lord of the world, — these all are made by God, to show us what beautiful things he can make!

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Memories of the old man.Old Homer.

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Is it not wonderful that all religions, whether the true or a fable, — a'l have, as a part of their history, the story of the garden where man was first placed? Not one that does not mingle the garden, and running waters, and immortal trees and fruits, as the best heaven the imagination can form! When an old man goes back in memory to the days of his childhood, he always goes back to the garden whose alleys he trod, and whose flowers he gathered, and whose shade he sat under, when the grass was green and bees were humming, and everything was so bright.

Old Homer, the great poet, who lived a great while ago, tells us that Laertes, one of his heroes, returned home from the wars to his enclosed grass-plat, surrounded by his thirteen pear-trees! — probably the description of the very garden that Homer himself played in when a little boy!



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The three gardens.Bright thoughts.

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When God talked with Adam at his creation, he took him to a *garden*, and gave it to him as his home. When the Saviour went out to pray, the very night before he was put to death, he went to a *garden*; and when he was buried, it was in a *garden*. And the heaven to which he will take his people is called Paradise, or a garden.

*What will heaven be?*

Here, our climate chills and blights, the insects cut off our beautiful things, and the fairest that earth knows must die! Here, it is said, the nightingale must have her eyes put out to make her song the sweetest; the flower must have water withheld to make its blossoms the richest, and its leaves must be crushed to make them give out their sweetest perfume. But in heaven, the flowers that died in Eden when sin entered will live, never to die. There will be no confined child with flowers in its fingers to make death

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Grave of the young girl.Nothing good to be lost.

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seem less gloomy. I once attended the funeral of a lovely girl about fifteen years old, and after the coffin was put down in its deep grave, her weeping schoolmates came up and looked into the cold grave, and then cast their flowers and bouquets on the coffin, and almost covered it. It seemed like Hope going down and cheering the darkness of the tomb. But I thought, too, that He who made those flowers so beautiful would raise up that Christian child and cause her to bloom, — a flower in the garden of God for ever. Ah, indeed! the roses that grow there will never fade nor decay. All that is beautiful here, in form or color or deed or character, will be there. The beautiful things here, are only what were left after sin had blighted Eden, and the immortal flowers had all been removed.

Children, when the earth shall be burned up, all that we admire and love so much will not

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Preaching of the flowers.

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be destroyed! No, God will save it all! He will have it in heaven. Consider the flowers! Each one, though its foot is in the ground, lifts its head as high towards heaven as it can, and each one seems to preach to us of the wisdom and power and goodness of God, and each one seems to ask, "Will these children fear and love and obey Christ, so that they may all be transplanted to the garden of heaven, or will they be wicked, and for ever be separated from all that is beautiful and lovely and good, in all the kingdom of God?" A world where not a flower will ever grow! What a world!

## LECTURE IX.

### THE ANGEL'S ERRAND.

*Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? Ye are of more value than many sparrows. — LUKE xii. 6, 7.*

CONTENTS. — How to make a great river. Wide country and long river. American birds. English birds. Sparrow of the Bible. The dead sparrow. The dead babe. God cares for all. Value of a soul. Powers of the sparrow. Cannot think or plan. Storm among mountains. Description. Shadows. Bright visions. Child in the cradle. What the child may become. Fifty years of life. Child and sparrow compared. Sir John Franklin. What a man may become. What is it to do great things? Many miracles daily. Two strangers meeting. Society of heaven. The children present. What they will be. Christ's care. All are remembered. Little fruit-tree. What to live hereafter. Angels on the star. Their dialogue. The angel's errand. What he did on earth. Watching the child. What the sower has done. End of earth. The future of the good man.

A SMALL island cannot have large rivers. In order to have a great river, the rains must fall, and the snows must melt a long way off from





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How to make a great river.Wide country and long river.

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the ocean ; and as the river begins to run, there must be hundreds, and even thousands, of little ponds and great lakes, which first receive the waters, and then give them out to feed the river. Thus the stream, which sets out small, receives water from every pond and lake till it reaches the ocean. When it first starts, you might almost empty the spring with a little cup. From the very nature of things, a wide country and great rivers go together. Probably there are at least ten thousand of these reservoirs to make the one river, St. Lawrence.

And where there are great rivers, there are great plains, and great mountains, and tall trees, and everything seems to correspond, and to be made on a great scale. When the first settlers of America came here, they left their homes in the beautiful island of Great Britain. There they had wild birds, which they had known from infancy. When they reached these shores,

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American birds.

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English birds.

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the birds were different, and usually larger. The robin of England was not here, nor was the lark, nor the sparrow; and so they gave the name of robin to a larger bird than their old acquaintance at home. So of the lark and the sparrow. Our sparrow is larger than the English, and so is our lark larger than theirs. Their sparrow lives in the cities; ours in the country. Theirs builds its nest on the house-tops or in the eaves; ours in the grass, or in the low bush. Theirs fly in flocks, and frequent the cities, and flutter on the pavements; ours for the most part is a solitary bird, and never goes near the city. Our robin perches on the top of trees, and pours out a loud song; theirs sings more on the wing, and in far less loud and solemn notes. Our lark gets on the very top of the tree before he really sings; theirs begins at the ground, and sings as he rises up towards the sky, in notes more and



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Sparrow of the Bible.The dead sparrow.

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more joyous, till he is lost in the vault of heaven.

The sparrow of the Scriptures is probably the same as the English, — dwelling in multitudes in cities, and so plenty that they really have no value in the estimation of men. Five of them are worth only two farthings, — one cent of our money! Five birds for a cent! And yet, Christ assures us, “not one of them is forgotten before God!” Why should a sparrow be thought of so little consequence, while a human being is so much more esteemed? A sparrow may be found killed in the street, but no one would pick it up, or even stop to look at it. But let a little child be found killed and thrown into the street, and the whole community would be moved, and the officers of justice would at once search and scour the region to find who did it. The little sparrow might lose its parents and cry for food, and

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The dead babe.God cares for all.

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no one would heed it. But let the motherless and fatherless child cry for food, and how quick the hand is stretched out to feed it! Let a cold storm beat upon a thousand sparrows and kill them all, and it would be hardly noticed; but let two little children be found frozen to death, locked in each other's arms, and the story will electrify the whole people of the land! And yet, God remembers every such little bird, sees it the fledgling in the nest, watches it when it first tries its wing, and creates every seed that it eats and every crumb that it picks up! The little creature may have no value in the estimation of men, but he is God's workmanship. He is one of God's creatures, and "his tender mercies are over all his works." And yet, though God never lets one of these go out of his memory or his care, he holds one human soul of more value than many sparrows. Yes, you might gather together all the fowls of

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Value of a soul.Powers of the sparrow.

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heaven that ever sang a note, or uttered a twitter of joy, — you might bring into one field all the animals that ever lived, and into one sea all the fish that ever swam, — and one human soul would be of more worth than all these!

Man is created on a higher scale, a nobler being. He was made in the image and likeness of God, so that he can think as God thinks, reason as God reasons, love as God loves, and feel as God feels.

The little sparrow can utter a few notes of a song, a kind of joyous twitter, like a half-suppressed laugh, without meaning, or tune. She can fly to the house-top and poise herself on the pinnacle, and, it may be, rise up, like a little ship and sail high in the air. She can come down and hit and rest on the smallest twig, or touch the ground at the very spot she wishes. She can build her nest and rear her young as her parent did before her. But she cannot

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Cannot think or plan.Storm among mountains.

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contrive or plan or reason. If the worm is not created and made ready, if the seed of the plant is not laid up in its pod, she must go hungry. She makes no improvement in building her nest or in defending it. She lays no plans for the future, and is not aware to-day, that night or storm or winter will ever return. If she has what we call thought, how narrow the range ! The clear morning may come ; the landscape, soft as down, and bright as if painted by angels, may be spread out before her ; the mountains and hills may rejoice, and the trees clap their hands for joy, — and yet the little sparrow has no interest in all this, that calls out admiration.

Sometimes the traveller among the lofty mountains, that shoot up in the wintry sky like pinnacles of silver, finds himself and the mountains covered with a veil of mist which curls and winds and spreads over all that the eye can see. But this veil does not extend

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Description.Shadows.

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all the way up the mountains, for there is soon a rent, through which the eye pierces as through a window, and then, far, *far* up the blue sky, he sees the turrets of silver throwing down the bright beams of the sun, that is cloudless there. It is so dark and shadowy where the traveller stands, and the light is so intense away up through the opening, that it seems as if the mountain-tops reached into heaven. He stands among dark shadows of wreathing clouds, but there is an unearthly brightness up there. The mists shift and twist themselves into new shapes, but do not shut up the opening. It seems as if he could almost see into the

“ House of our Father above,  
The place of angels and of God ! ”

The mountain turrets become pillars of light, and look like cylinders of light made solid. It carries the mind but a little way further, to that city whose gates are pearl, whose walls are

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Bright visions.Child in the cradle.

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jasper, whose streets are gold, and whose lofty turrets reflect afar off the glory of God and of the Lamb ! That city, — the New Jerusalem, —

“Immovably founded in grace,  
She stands as she ever hath stood,  
And brightly her Builder displays,  
And flames with the glory of God !”

Ah, all the sparrows that God hath ever created cannot have such visions, or lift up such thoughts to the great God !

To-day there may sleep in the cradle, the little child, who has not yet so much as a name. Nobody but his family speaks of him or thinks of him. And yet, in fifty years from this time, that child may be turning his telescope towards the stars, and measuring the size and distances of the sun and the stars that glitter in the sky. He may be able to tell even the weight of worlds so distant that it would take ages to fly to them.

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What the child may become.Fifty years of life.

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Or he may be able to cross the currents of the ocean, and through storms and winds, in a path never trodden before, may visit every land that is washed by the oceans.

Or he may plan and rear a building that shall stand thousands of years, admired and wondered over by every eye that gazes upon it. Such a building is St. Paul's Cathedral in London, St. Peter's at Rome, and many an old heathen temple that has outlived the name of its builder.

Or he may found a school and endow it, and it shall live like a never-failing fountain, and send out educated minds down to the end of time, and be a blessing to every generation.

Or he may write a book which shall move and mould his own generation, and which shall live and be read by men in all countries and languages as long as the world shall last. This is true of many a poem, and is especially true of every book in the Bible. In fifty years, that

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Child and sparrow compared.Sir John Franklin.

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babe may invent something that shall be like the railroad or the telegraph, which shall become the property of the world, carry his name over the wide earth, and, what is more and better, become a blessing as wide as the world, and as long as time shall last. Truly, we may well feel that, in the sight of God, such a child in the cradle is of more value than many sparrows!

Who can tell how much a single human life is worth, even though it be only the short life of earth! How the world has been moved to find Sir John Franklin, frozen and perishing far up among the eternal ices of the North! Four millions of money have been expended and many lives lost in the vain search. Sir John was an old man; but I suppose if it were known that he still lives, and his life could be saved and he brought back again by a ship loaded with gold, it would be raised and sent!

But who can begin to tell what a man may



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What a man may become.What is it to do great things?

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become and do in all the ages of eternity? When the nations of the earth have all passed away, when time shall come to an end, and there shall be no more day or night, no more earth or water, no more sun or moon, when every grave shall be opened, — then the soul has just begun to live.

Suppose a man could now step out into the regions of space, and, by a word, could create a new world by his own skill and power; or, suppose he could go to the sun, and stand at the gates of light and let out the morning, and shut the gates and make the evening; or suppose he could speak to the fields, and they would yield their increase, and feed all the cattle and creatures that live on the face of the earth; — why! you would say, that man can do great things, he has wonderful power! You would like to see the man who had planned and reared a new world; you would like to talk

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Many miracles daily.Two strangers meeting.

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with the man who had travelled to the sun and seen the wonders of his burning face; you would like to know the man who could make the wheat and the corn and the trees and the flowers to grow as he said and chose; but no wise man would exchange what he may *be* and *do* and *enjoy*, during the ages of eternity, for any such power. The soul has powers yet to be brought out. She was made to be like God, and to be with him for ever.

When two men came back to earth and met Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration, they appeared as they appear in heaven. They wore robes of light. But they had been in heaven but a few hundred years; what would they not be, when they have been there ages and thousands of ages? A man here who has spent years in the palaces of kings is supposed to be refined and appropriate in behavior. If he has spent years with statesmen and great

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Society of heaven.The children present.

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men, he is supposed to have great thoughts and wide views. But what would that be, compared with living and talking with a man who had lived in heaven, — who had talked with Abraham there, seen Moses and David and Isaiah and Paul and the Son of God himself, — who had been instructed by the angels of light, and seen all the great family of God in heaven? I sometimes am called to speak to a great assembly of children. I do not know them by name. I never saw them before, and may never see them again. But I know that among them there will be those who will hereafter be skilful mechanics, successful merchants, physicians, lawyers, and very likely ministers of the Gospel. I cannot tell what great and good men may come out of that company. I cannot tell what good and noble women will arise from among those little girls; but I know that some of the brightest ornaments of earth may be there.

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What they will be.Christ's care.

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I know that there may be those there who will be alive after I am dead, and that they may all this time be growing good; and I know, too, that each one may become an angel of light, and wear a crown of glory brighter than any crown that king or queen ever wore on earth, — for it is the crown of life!

“Ye are of more value than many sparrows.” Christ only tells us of how little value a sparrow is in the estimation of men, in order to tell us how God thinks of them, never forgetting one of them a single moment. And he tells us this in order to tell us something more, and that is, that a human soul is of more value than many such creatures. If, then, he never forgets one of them, how sure he is not to forget creatures made in his own likeness! That poor cripple that cannot walk or move, is not so, because God hath overlooked him, but because he saw it was for the best. That man

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All are remembered.Little fruit-tree.

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lying on the bed of pain, tossing and racked, is not forgotten ; that little child, too feeble to walk, so full of disease that he will never see another day of health, is not forgotten by his Heavenly Father ; that old man, worn out, with blinded eyes, and deaf ears, and memory and taste gone, trembling and shaking as he tries to move, shut away from the world and cut off from all enjoyments, is not forgotten by his God ! We love children, not because we hope they will always be children, but we love them for what we hope they will become. We set out the little fruit-tree, and watch it and value it, not for what it now is, but for what we hope it will become. So God values us here, not for what we now are, nor for what we can now do for him, but for what we may hereafter become. He has heard his creation as it groans under the curse of sin, but he has sent his Son to redeem no part of it but the soul and the

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What to live hereafter.Angels on the star.

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body of man. He has sent his spirit to instruct and call and sanctify men, but nothing else. The sparrow sings to-day, and dies; but there is no hereafter for her. Christ has gone to prepare a place, — not for the great elephant, the useful horse, the knowing dog, or the sweet singing-bird, but only for his people. They, of all the earth, alone will live with him for ever.

Suppose that on one of those far distant stars that just twinkle, in the arch of heaven, — a thousand times farther off than our sun, — two angels should meet in their long flight. They meet with faces lighted up with joy and love.

“Where hast thou been?” says one.

“Do you see that little star,” says he, “that hangs low, as if about to set?”

“Yes, I see it; it must be a great way off!”

“True; but I have been there on an errand

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Their dialogue.The angel's errand.

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of goodness from the great Parent of all, and my errand has caused that world to thrill with joy. Where hast thou been, with thy wings soiled, and with a look of almost weariness on thy face? ”

“Hast thou ever heard of a world called Earth? ”

“Yes, often. It is the world where the cross was raised, and where the God-Man died to redeem. I have seen many who have come from that world, and I have heard them sing and mingle with the white-robed sons of light! None seem to be so full of joy as they. How long hast thou been on the earth? ”

“About fifty of their years; but that is nothing, as we reckon in heaven! ”

“What was thy errand? ”

“A little child, frail as a flower, was committed to me on its creation, fifty years ago. I was to guard it, to bear it up in my arms, to keep it,

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What he did on earthWatching the child.

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to shield it, and to do all I could to fit it for heaven. When it was held in the arms at the baptismal font, I was there. When it went into the Sabbath School, I went with it. When it first lisped the name of God in prayer, I knelt down with it by the side of its little bed. When it became a youth, I kept with it, and often whispered to the conscience, and calmed the passions, and drew him back from harm. When he became a young man, and had launched his boat upon the ocean of life, I still went with him. When he sinned, I grieved and covered my face. When the time came that he was visited by the Holy Spirit, and the question was to be decided whether he should live to eternity in heaven or in hell, I hung round him with an anxiety which I cannot describe. And when I saw the first tear of penitence, and saw hope entering his heart, I hastened back to heaven and carried the tidings that another soul had received the offers



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What the sower has done.End of earth.

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of life, and I could not but shout with them, as I united in the joy of the angels in the presence of God over this sinner who had repented! I went back again to my charge on the wing of gladness, to minister to one who, as I knew, would be an heir of salvation. He has been struggling with temptations, overcoming sins, fighting against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places; he has been sowing seed which will bear fruit on earth as long as that world lives; he has been kindling up little fires, which will burn and give out warmth and light for ages to come; he has engraven the name of Christ on many a heart that is left there, and his influence will be such, that, though dead, he shall yet speak! He has finished his course, and I am now, as you see, leading him up to his eternal home!"

"Methinks he looks feeble, and like a stranger!"

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The future of the good man.

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“Yes, but remember that he has been created but fifty of the little years of earth, that he has toiled in a body, and in a world of sin and of temptation, and is but just emerged from the house of clay, and the dark prison of earth. But in a little while, I shall place him at the feet of the Lamb; I shall see him fall down in unutterable joy, and cry, “Thou art worthy.” I shall see him clothed in white, with a crown of life on his head, and a harp of gold in his hand, — I shall see him passing on in the ages of eternity with no look of earth about him, except his gratitude and love and glorified body, and I shall see him become an angel, and I shall fully understand the words uttered on earth by the great Redeemer, when he said to his friends, “Ye are of more value than many sparrows!”

## LECTURE X.

### GOD REJOICING.

*The Lord shall rejoice in his works.* — Ps. civ. 31.

CONTENTS. — Much in little. Child's arithmetic. New watch. The flower. Sea-shells. Why so beautiful? Flower of the mountain. Mottled fish. Mountain eagle. The horse of the prairie. God's great works. The river of Egypt. Bruce, the traveller. The head of the Nile. Perfected works, — rainbow, — early morning, — ocean, — forest-trees. The cradle, — child, — the man, — old man, — glorified man. The mechanic and his works. Christ's work. The "Morning Star." Her mission. Morning stars in heaven. Works over which Christ will rejoice. The mother's joy, — the pastor's, — the missionary's. God's joy for ever.

THE Bible puts a great deal of meaning in a few words. A long sermon may be made on a short text, and yet much meaning in the text may be left out. Sometimes we meet with a new picture hanging up in the shop windows, and we have to stop and study it a long time, to see if we understand it. Sometimes it takes long and hard study to understand a very small

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Child's arithmetic.

New watch.

The flower.

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book. The child may take up a little arithmetic, and it seems a small affair; but it takes him long days of hard study before he can understand it. He might take a bright new watch in his hand, and perhaps be able to tell the time of day by looking at the little moving hands; but it would take him a long time so to understand the watch that he could take out all the little wheels, and then put them back again, and have them all right. Some watches not only tell the hour and minute of time, but the year, the month, the day of the month, the day of the week, and the like. What a study would it be to be able to take such a watch to pieces and put it together again! Still more, to be able to *make* such a curious thing!

We might pluck a flower, and at a glance tell its name, the month of its blooming, the color of its leaves, and the shape of its stalk;

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Sea-shells.

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but how long would it take us to be able to tell how the juices are drawn up from the ground, what makes it grow, what gives its color, what determines its shape, and how it has life ! So we read over a short text and think we understand it ; but the more we think it over, the more we find in it. I have been trying to understand the words of our text. I think I do in a degree ; but not fully, I fear.

Those who live by the sea-side, often find that, after a great storm, there are a multitude of little shells washed up from the bottom of the sea, which was their home. Some of these are like gold ; some like silver ; some spotted or mottled ; some are pink ; some green ; some look as if the rays of the setting sun had fallen on them, and painted them so beautiful ; and away down in the ocean are millions of such, mingled with pearls and coral, — and all as

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Why so beautiful?Flower of the mountain.

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beautiful as possible. Why are they made so beautiful? What eye ever sees or admires them? The fish that swim over them cannot admire them; and men cannot go down and walk along on the bottom of the ocean and see these beautiful things. Who can? God can! His mind planned every one, — his hand formed every one, — his skill painted every one. Every day, we are told, after creating new things, God looked upon what he had made, and saw that it all was very good. So he walks down in the solitudes of the ocean, and sees the gems and the pearls and all the beautiful things there, and rejoices over his works! Why should he not? They are the creations of infinite wisdom.

Sometimes we climb up a steep mountain-side, and when we have got far up, beyond where the trees grow, and above where the bushes grow, we come to a steep rock up which we cannot climb, — and there, far up on a shelf

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Mottled fish.Mountain eagle.

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of that steep rock, hangs a little, beautiful flower. All the skill of earth could not make one like it. It hangs and waves there alone, bending its head to the winds, and pouring its sweetness on the air. Whose eye will see it? Did an angel ever pause and fold up his wings on that shelf of the rock, to admire that little flower, and praise its Maker? We do not know! But we do know that God has been there and seen it and taken care of it, — washing its face in the dews of the night, and warming it with the sunbeams of the day! We know that he sees the beautiful mottled fish that leaps up in the dark river of the forest, and thus mutely praises his name. No human eye can see the wild eagle of the mountain, as he first leaps from the tree, and with new wings mounts up towards heaven; but He who gave that eagle his keen eye and his strong wing, and who painted every feather on his breast, is there,

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The horse of the prairie.God's great works.

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to rejoice over his works. When the lithe horse of the prairie bounds forward in his joy and gladness, snuffing the morning air without fear or restraint, there is no one there to see and admire his beautiful form and free movements; but God, his Maker is there, and he rejoices over his works. Anything that is worthy of his hand in its creation, is worthy of his regard when made. And it is not over his great works, — such as the ocean that rolls and foams and dashes and grinds the rocks and beats against the cliffs, — it is not over the great volcano that comes surging and rolling up from the inside of the earth till it has made a mountain of cinders and a great river of liquid fire, — it is not over the high mountain, whose top reaches far up where nothing but eternal snow and ice are, — it is not over the great sun that hangs in the heavens, and shines on in his strength from age to age, — that God rejoices



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The river of Egypt.

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merely ; but he looks at every little flower that opens, at every little leaf that shakes in the wind, at every feather that covers the little bird of the air, and over them all he rejoices, for they are his work, and worthy of the Divine hand.

Children, you have all heard and read of Egypt. It is a wonderful country. There is no rain there, and yet the land is watered and very fertile. It is all done so fully, that of old it has been a land of plenty, and the great grain-house from which the old Roman empire used to draw its bread. And the whole land is watered and made fruitful by one single river ! Take *that* away, and it would at once be only a dreary sand-heap. Every spring, that river rises up and overflows its banks, and then the people have their little canals dug and ready, and their little dams built to catch and save the water, and then they go out and sow their rice on the

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Bruce, the traveller.Head of the Nile.

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waters. The rice sinks down, and the waters after a while dry up, and the rice grows, and they have a great harvest. Thus they “cast their bread upon the waters, and find it again after many days.” For a great while it was a matter of wonder what made the river rise so and overflow its banks. At last a man by the name of Bruce followed the river up till he got far up among the high mountains, nearly a thousand miles from the mouth of the river, where he found that these great mountains were covered with snow. It is the melting of this snow in the spring, that makes the river rise so high. Up, far up among the hills and the lofty places he went, till he came to a little pond or spring. It was the very fountain and head-water of the Nile! How he sat down and rejoiced over his toil, and how he looked at that little fountain! It was the beginning of great things. Now are we not to believe that, for thousands of years

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Perfected works.

Rainbow.

Early morning.

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before the foot of man ever trod those regions, and before Bruce ever saw it, the eye of God was watching that little fountain, as it poured out its waters and sent them down to make the Nile and to fertilize the whole of Egypt? Are we not to believe that the Lord rejoiced over this wonderful work of his, when for the first time the gushing stream found its new channel, and marked out the line of its march from the heights of the mountain to the great sea?

Some of the works of the Lord are perfect, and will never be improved in the future. The rainbow that hangs on the skirts of the storm, and seems the child of the thunder and the rain, will never be more beautiful than it now is. The dawn of the morning, when the stars first begin to turn pale and twinkle farther off, and the rays of red and yellow shoot up from the east, as heralds, to tell us that the monarch of the day has mounted his car and will soon be here,

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Ocean.

Forest-trees.

The cradle.

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— calling the hill-tops to catch their first smiles, and waking up the birds of the air to song and joy, — that dawn will never be more perfect than it now is! The roar of the old ocean will never, in beauty or terror, be otherwise than it now is. The deep forest, that stands, like a tall army, still and silent and solemn, as if listening to receive some command that will make all the trees bend like reeds, will never be changed. The Lord rejoices over all these works, as being perfect and complete.

But when he comes and stands at the head of the little cradle, he is looking at something that will grow for ever. The babe is perfect now! Its little limbs, its bright eye, its dimpled smile, its silky hair, its smooth brow, — they are all beautiful now! But when those feet can walk, and when those hands can reach out and do good, when that eye can melt in pity for distress, and when that tongue can sing the praises

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Child.	The man.	Old man.	The glorified man.
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of God, and call upon him in prayer, the child has gone up to a higher state. A few years later, when that child has become a man, and is now seen supporting the feeble steps of his worn-out mother, bearing the burdens of his feeble father, the pillar of confidence to his sisters, and a blessing to all, he has gone up to a higher character still. And when, after years of faithful duty and labor and toil, that child has become the hoary-headed old man, worn out in the service of God, ready to leave the world and go up to meet his Saviour, he is nobler still! But when he shall reach heaven, his work done here, — when he shall leave all sin and sorrow behind, and go up in the white robe of Christ's righteousness, — when he shall come to the Redeemer full of awe and wonder, and love and admiration, with his crown of life and his song of praise, will it not *then* be, that the Lord will rejoice over his work? Other

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The mechanic and his works.Christ's work.

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things may show that God has given them graceful forms, or brilliant colors, or keen instincts, or great proportions ; but the beauty of the good man is the “beauty of the Lord,” — the beauty of holiness !

Suppose you know a man who can pick up a piece of charcoal, and from it make the most beautiful diamond that ever flashed ; or that can take the common shell of an oyster, and from it make the most perfect pearl that ever graced the neck of queens ; — would he not be a wonderful mechanic ? And suppose he could dig down into the dark mines of ore and take out a lump, dark and cold and ill-shaped, and from it create a spirit that will live for ever ! Would not that man rejoice over his work ?

But the Son of God hath done more than to do all that. He has come here and taken vile men, such as heathen, such as thieves and murderers, and made them become like the

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The Morning Star.Her mission.

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angels of heaven! And he is doing it every day, and will do it more and more, till the world shall come to an end.

When a missionary ship was wanted, all the children of our country sent in their contributions, and the trees were cut down and hewed, and the planks were sawed, and the masts were rigged, and the sails were added, till the beautiful ship — the “Morning Star” — was finished. She had no great cannon on board with which to destroy, she had no swords nor guns; but she was made for one single, noble purpose, — to aid in making Christ known among the heathen! And when she was done, what a multitude of children came together to see her launched into the water! — and beautiful pictures of her are made and sent everywhere. She went to the Sandwich Islands, and there a multitude of children gathered together to see her! How the children all rejoiced over

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Her mission.Morning stars in heaven.

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their work ! — because she will last a long time, and go to many a dark island, and cheer many a weary missionary ; and many lonely workers will shed tears of joy while they see the little ship coming in with the white flag at mast-head, with the name *Morning Star* upon it ! They talk about her here in this country, they talk about her in Europe, and they talk about her in the far-off islands. She is the work of children, and they rejoice over their work. And I doubt not she will be talked about in heaven, and long after she is worn out, and perhaps sunk in the ocean, her name will live and be remembered ! But oh ! the work of Christ ! How many morning stars will he make to rise into view in heaven ! “ To him that overcometh will I give the morning star ! ” that is, I will make him bright as the morning star. These stars will never set. These will never go out. They will come from the east and the west, the



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Works over which Christ will rejoice.The mother's joy.

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north and the south, and shine for ever and ever. Am I not now looking upon some whom Christ will make into morning stars? Will not this little boy, and that little girl, be there, redeemed and glorified, to shine as the stars for ever and ever?

Ah! when all this work of redemption shall be completed, — when they shall be gathered together, a multitude which no man can number, each with a crown of life on his head, each with the robe of white as his clothing, each with a golden harp in his hand, each one to live and be blessed for ever, — what a multitude will they be! And as each one comes to the feet of Christ, to cast his crown there, will *He* not rejoice over his works? Does the mother who has prayed for the conversion of her child, from the very first moment her heart thrilled at the sound of its voice, rejoice when that child is converted and brought into the fold

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The pastor's joy.

The missionary's joy.

God's joy for ever.

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of Jesus? Does the minister of Christ, who has gone forth bearing the precious seed with weeping, rejoice when the Holy Spirit comes down, and his flock are brought to Christ? Does the missionary of the cross, who leaves his country to toil and die in foreign lands, rejoice when he sees new-born souls, from among the poor, darkened pagans, coming and sitting at the foot of the cross, and singing to the name of Jesus? What, then, will be the joy which fills the heart of God himself for ever? These are his work! O, he will burn up gold and silver and jewels and precious stones, — he will burn up the earth; but he will save souls, and rejoice in his works for ever and ever!





## LECTURE XI.

### THE OLDEST RIDDLE.

*Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.* — JUDGES xiv. 14.

CONTENTS. — What a riddle is. Ancient riddles. Parables. Æsop's fables. Children's poems. Men of the Bible. Samson,—the man who was a whole army. His wedding. The young lion. The lion a beehive. A wonder. Doctrine. The babe. Parents' joy. The child's will. The lame one. The little cripple. God's lesson. The child's will again. The temper altered. Text illustrated. Deaf and dumb child. Her mission. Sorrows on the sea. Causes of distress. The mountain stage. Young officer. Maps of the ocean. The great results. Cowper. Beautiful eulogy on the pulpit. Hymns. John Milton. His lament over his blindness. Text illustrated. The greatest calamity ever known. Effects of sin. Results of it. What it teaches. The heaven of the redeemed. What Christ will do.

CHILDREN, this is the oldest riddle in the world. A riddle is some truth or thought put into language which would *seem* to mean something else, and whose *real* meaning is to be guessed. In ancient times they had very few

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Ancient riddles.

Parables.

Æsop's fables.

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books, because men did not know how to print; and, indeed, they had no books except such as were written with the pen. And so they used to teach one another in riddles, songs, parables, and proverbs. Moses wrote his farewell address, just before he died, in the form of a song, so that his people might commit it to memory, and perhaps sing it. Deborah, a prophetess, wrote a song describing a victory which her people had gained, and which song was to be committed to memory. Solomon gathered up all the wisdom of his age into proverbs, because these could be easily remembered and handed down in families. Parables are a kind of riddle, and were used to engage the attention and excite curiosity. The parables of Christ are the most beautiful in the world. Fables are another kind of riddle. There was once a Grecian slave, named Æsop, who made many choice fables; but the many fables which have come down

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Children's poems.Men of the Bible.

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to us as his, are probably a collection of all the old fables that had been gathered, down to his time. To guess the meaning of riddles has always been the delight of children, and of people who have but few books. Such people, too, delight in songs and short stories. Some of the most bewitching reading for children is little stories put into poetry ; and who does not know how eagerly they read the fables in which birds talk, apes reason, and squirrels gather together into a congress ?

In the Bible we are taught that God can do great things, not only by weak instruments, but by very imperfect men. All the great and good men have had some defects, to show us, that God can use such poor creatures to promote his own glory. The Bible is very careful not to cover up their sins. Some of them were more perfect than others. Samson, who made the riddle which I have chosen for my text, was

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Samson.

One man a whole army.

His wedding.

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a judge, or deliverer, in Israel. For twenty years he was the chief magistrate. The nation who were then troubling the people of God were the Philistines, — a strong, warlike people, who always hated Israel. They would come, sometimes in little bands, and steal the cattle, and sometimes with an army, and burn up towns. Samson was himself the army to oppose them ; and God showed that he could, if he pleased, put a whole army into one man. In one battle he killed more than two armies often do in a battle. And what was equally strange, he did it all without arms, — by picking up a stick, or such a small thing as the jaw-bone of an ass !

Samson was raised up to destroy the Philistines, and, strange as it may seem, he married one of that people in order to do it. At his wedding, according to custom, he put forth a riddle to the company. It seems that, on his way to



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The young lion.The lion a beehive!

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see the lady of his choice, with his parents, he turned aside into a vineyard, — most likely to gather some grapes. Here a young, fierce lion sprang upon him; but in a moment, unarmed as he was, he crushed the cruel beast. He was not hurt, nor were his garments torn so as to have his parents notice it, and he told nobody of it. Perhaps he felt that nobody would believe the story. There he left the lion dead.

When he went down to be married, he went to the vineyard again to see his lion, and the birds or the beasts had eaten the flesh, and the hot sun had dried the carcass, and the bees had come and made a hive of it, and filled it with honey. Of this honey Samson gathered and gave to his parents. So that “out of the eater,” which was the lion, “came forth meat,” or food, “and out of the strong” creature “came forth sweetness,” i. e. honey.

This was the riddle. The people could not

A wonder.	Doctrine.	The babe.
<p>guess it; for who would have thought the sweetest food in the world, and the highest luxury in the world, could have come out of the carcass of a dead lion? A starving man might eat a piece of a lion, but who else ever ate it? And who ever went to the carcass of such a beast for food, and, above all, for sweetness itself? Few things could be more loathsome, few places so unlikely to give out anything pleasant.</p>		

Our text teaches us this general truth, — *that God can turn into a blessing, what seems unpleasant and hurtful.*

It is this truth I am now wishing to illustrate.

In the bosom of a quiet, Christian family, God has created a little boy. He intends to make an angel of that child in the end. The parents receive him with unutterable joy. He comes as a bright sunbeam into their dwelling,

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Parents' joy.The child's will.

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and brings joy and gladness. They give him the most unwearied care, and think over, and dream over, what he will hereafter be. The door is opened and shut softly lest it awake him. The air is not allowed to fan his face, and the light is screened from his newly-opened eyes. They plan how he will live long, how they will train him, how he will become a great and a good man. They trust his guardian angel will never forget him for a moment. As he advances, it is found that the child is uncommonly bright, and his large, laughing, black eye seems to talk before he can speak with the tongue. He seems a wonder to his parents, though his mother secretly and reluctantly comes to the conclusion that he has a very stubborn *will*. Before he is two years old, she has tried hard to conquer that *will*, and has tried to convince herself that she *has*, though secretly she knows she never has; and God sees that this *will* is likely to be

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The lame one.

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The little cripple.

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his ruin for time and for eternity. When two or three years old, the mother hears the child cry out as if in pain. She hastens into the other room where he is playing, and finds him lying on the floor. She raises him up, but his legs have lost their power. He cannot walk; he cannot stand. She searches to see if he has hurt him, — if any bone is broken. But no; there is nothing to be found. It seems as if the angel who held him up, had suddenly let him fall. How the mother now clasps him in her arms with new tenderness! He was never so dear to her before! Her little lame boy! Will he never walk again? How the child wonders over the tears that run down his mother's cheeks! How the father hurries, with a world of troubled thoughts in his head, to the physician, and asks him to aid them! How tenderly they wrap up the little fellow in blanket and shawl, and carry him from one skilful physician

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God's lesson.The child's will again.

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to another! All in vain! Their little boy will never be otherwise than a cripple. And then the little chair is bought, and the little red crutches are bought, and around the little one the family all gather with a tenderness never felt before. And now this messenger of God begins to tell his errand! I mean, that, while the eye of the little boy is opened as wide as ever, and shines as brightly as ever, it is found that his helplessness has made him mild. He has a tenderness towards his mother such as he never had before. He says his evening prayer as if he felt his need of God's care. It is seen that his anger is less frequent, and when the waters of the lake are ruffled, they soon become calm and placid. That *will* becomes subdued; and while the poor cripple cannot move except by help, and while his mother often sheds tears to see him leaning on his little crutches and quietly watching the other children at their play, yet she knows he is

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The temper altered.The text illustrated.

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becoming more gentle, winning, and loving in his manners and feelings and character. His body will always be feeble, but the soul grows large and noble and beautiful. By his feebleness and helplessness he escapes many dangers. He is the centre of all the family, and every child in it learns to be kind and gentle, both because *he* is gentle and kind, and also because they want to be gentle and kind to him ; and thus, he helps to form the character of all in the house, and of all who ever know him. Thus he becomes the beautiful character that all love, and kindly is he handed along the journey of life, till God's plans are fulfilled. Then, when it is all over, and he is removed to that world where there will be no lame or feeble one, where "the weak shall be as David, and David as an angel of God," — then it is seen that this lameness was turned into a great blessing ; so that out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.

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The deaf and dumb child.Her mission.

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I have told you lately, children, of a little girl, so bright, so beautiful, and so loving, that her father daily pressed her to his heart with the greatest tenderness. And she could not speak a word or hear a word. She was deaf and dumb. The soul was not encased in marble, but it was not much easier to reach it than if it had been. She died a mere child. And it all seemed a deep mystery. How many hours the mother sat over her speechless one, wondering at the strange, mysterious providence! How often the tear dropped from the father's eye, as he gazed upon his child, who had no words to welcome his presence! It seemed a sad and most unpleasant event. But when the child had completed her mission as she has, it is now seen what that mission was. Out of the life of that little girl grew up all the Asylums for the Deaf and Dumb which bless our land. Out of the eater came forth

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Sorrows on the sea.Causes of distress.

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meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.

Some who go down into ships, and do business on the great waters, know that the Prophet speaks the truth when he says, "there is sorrow on the sea." The sea roars and the fulness thereof. When the compass was discovered, so that ships could go out of sight of land, there was a great thing gained. When men built large and strong ships, it was still a great gain. But still there are so many currents in the great ocean, so many winds blowing, that voyages were long, tedious, and dangerous. The ship full of emigrants was tossed and driven about by currents of water and of wind; and the sick, on shipboard, going to milder climates, were made sicker by the long voyage, and a great amount of time and money was spent in sailing a ship from one part of the world to another. The whole world felt the



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The mountain stage.Young officer.

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evils, in the loss of property and health and lives. What should be done ?

Some years ago the stage was going over our high Alleghany Mountains. The roads were bad and dangerous. When near the top of the mountain, the stage was suddenly overturned, and the passengers hurt, more or less. However, they all passed on except one. He was a young naval officer, about whom there was nothing very striking or remarkable. With a broken thigh he was carried into a log-cabin, and there left to such care and skill as that wild region afforded. It seemed to him the saddest day of his life ; and as he lay under the low roof of the hut, with not a friend near, his limb broken, and in agony, it seemed to him that all his prospects for life were dashed. He would be a cripple, and never able to walk the deck of his ship again ! For six months he lay there alone. But now came the meat out of

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Maps of the ocean.The great results.

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the eater, and the sweetness out of the strong one. He there discovered that he had powers which he never dreamed of before. He there began those studies, and there formed those habits of thought, that have since enabled him to make maps of the ocean, in which the great currents of water and of wind are laid down, so that dangers are shunned, stormy places avoided, and paths marked out ; so that every voyage is shortened, so that every ship that sails is safer, so that less property is lost, so that fewer ships are wrecked, so that fewer lives are lost. If this man could have given the world millions of money every year, if he could have gathered up from the bottom of the ocean the little children that sleep there, or the fathers and brothers and husbands who are buried there, and carried them to their friends, and thus sent joy through hundreds of homes every year, he could not have been a greater blessing to

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Cowper.Eulogy on the pulpit.

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the world than he now is. His name will stand among the most useful men the world has ever seen. Then I would add, that he is a Christian, and, while kings and crowned heads do him homage, he feels that his highest honor is to lay all that he has, and is, at the feet of his Redeemer. We trace all this good back to the upsetting of the stage on the mountains, and his broken limb and solitary confinement in the log-house.

William Cowper! Probably thousands of souls have been saved by his beautiful tribute to the Pulpit.

“The Pulpit therefore (and I name it filled  
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware  
With what intent I touch that holy thing), —  
The Pulpit (when the satirist has at last,  
Strutting and vapping in an empty school,  
Spent all his force, and made no proselyte), —  
I say the Pulpit (in the sober use  
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)  
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,

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Eulogy on the pulpit.Hymns.

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The most important and effectual guard,  
Support, and ornament of Virtue's cause.  
There stands the messenger of truth ; there stands  
The legate of the skies ! His theme divine,  
His office sacred, his credentials clear.  
By him the violated law speaks out  
Its thunders ; and by him, in strains as sweet  
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.  
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,  
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,  
And, armed himself in panoply complete  
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms  
Bright as his own, and trains by every rule  
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,  
The sacramental host of God's elect ! ”

This is the same broken-hearted man whom  
thousands have followed as they sang, —

“ O for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and peaceful frame,  
And light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb ! ”

And yet the sweet hymns of Cowper were  
all wrung out of him by anguish of spirit.  
They are the perfume of the crushed flower, —

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John Milton.His lament over his blindness.

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sweeter for being crushed. They are the sighs and the palpitations of a broken heart; and while the poor poet was himself tossed on the stormy waves, he was building life-boats for others.

And John Milton! With what touching words does he speak of his blindness! It almost makes you weep to hear him lament his loss.

“Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer’s rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud instead, and ever during dark  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
Presented with a universal blank  
Of nature’s works to me expunged and rased,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.”

But when God closed up his eyes in blindness, he opened wide the eyes of the soul, and from the chambers of that soul came the greatest

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Text illustrated.Greatest calamity known.

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poem in human language! How little did it seem as if to put out the eyes of a man was the way to make him see, — to cut a man off from the world, and shut up his soul in a dark dungeon, was the way to make him sing like the angels of heaven! Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness! God can turn the very trials of men into blessings.

The greatest calamity ever made known to men is the ruin of our world by sin. It is said that not a spot on earth can be found, big enough for a flower-bed, which has not already been dug up to make graves of. You remember how, when the angel smote the first-born in Egypt at midnight, the cry went up loud to heaven, because there was not a house in which was not one or more dead! What was true of Egypt, is true of every house on earth. The angel does not smite all in one night, but sooner

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Effects of sin.Results of it.

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or later every house is smitten, and every child that is born must die. How awful do our dearest friends look when they are dying ! Sin dug all these graves. Sin slew all these. And oh ! what wars, and murders, and cruelties, what prisons and dungeons, and what tears and sorrows, fill the earth ! It is all dreadful. But out of this eater comes forth meat. If sin had not been permitted to come and destroy our world, we could never have known how much God loved it, — to send his only begotten Son to die to redeem it. We could never have known how much Christ pitied us, to be willing to hang in the agonies of the cross to redeem us ! We could never have known how much the Spirit of God loves us, to intercede for us, to come and plead with us, to make us like Christ in holiness for ever ! We should never have known what the word *mercy* means. We should never have known that the holy

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What it teaches.The heaven of the redeemed.

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angels loved us so that they would be willing to be ministering spirits to men, and even carry the soul of a poor beggar to heaven. We should never have known that there could be a Gospel so precious to the lost sinner, nor what the tears of the contrite sinner meant. But now we sing, O the height and the depth, the length and the breadth, of the love of God in Christ Jesus! Now a multitude which no man can number will reach heaven. They will all have on white robes. They will all have a crown of life on the head. They will each have a golden harp. They will sing a new song, — one never heard in heaven before, — the song of Moses and of the Lamb. God is seen by the redeemed to be such a father as no other world can see. Ah! he can take the thief and carry him up, purified, to the paradise of God. He can take the very heathen, and make them his reward, his jewels, and his glory. And oh!



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What Christ will do.

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Christ can take the very babe, and out of his lips perfect the praises of God. Death and the grave are the eater, but out of them shall come forth what is more precious than gold, and what is brighter than diamonds. Sin is the strong one, but out of him shall come forth what is sweeter than honey, — the souls of the redeemed.

## LECTURE XII.

### THE GREAT CHANGE.

*We shall all be changed.* — 1 COR. xv. 51.

CONTENTS. — The boy's wish. Spring. Little girl's wish. Men desire changes. Changes to all. The old man. His sad experience. No sunshine. The bird's egg. The journey. Departure. The return. Two great changes. What death is. Little Emma Clapp. Conversation with her. Emma's experience. The baptism. Her sick-room. Her anxieties. Fearless. Perfected praises. Farewells. Her messages. Shutting of the lily. Great change in Emma. What became of her? Contrasts. The coffin-dress. The last change. Christ's coming. The trumpet's voice. Graves opened. How the wicked forgotten in death. The most precious thing on earth. The blind eyes opened. No sickness. Surgeon's knife. The pond-lily. The diamond. Stephen's burial. The eggs of the silk-worm and the staves. The rag-picker. Eternal change.

WAS there ever a little boy who did not, in the warm, beautiful summer, wish that the *fall* would come, when the fruits would all be ripe, when the squirrel would jump and chatter in the tree, as he laid up food for the coming winter? When the fall has come, does not this same boy wish for the *winter*, when the smooth ice will seem to chirp under his skates, when

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Spring.

Little girl's wish.

Men desire changes.

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the white snow will call for his sled, and when the cold winds will freshen up his cheeks, and make him feel strong, and make him shout with the shouters? And when the winter is come, how he longs for the *spring*, when the grass will grow green, and the flowers burst their buds and bloom out,—when the birds will return, and the trees will rustle with new leaves, and the whole world seem to rejoice? So the boy loves change.

Was there ever a little girl who did not long to exchange her old doll for a new one, to take the promised new dress in her hand, to make the visit away off, where she must ride, and see new things, and to get hold of the new book which she has heard so much about? So the little girl loves change. And so do all men.

The farmer hastens from one crop to another, and, as soon as he has done sowing, begins to look forward to his harvest. The sailor

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Changes to all.

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The old man.

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on the ocean longs to see the land and enter the harbor; and when he has been on shore a few days, he wants to set out on a new voyage. The boy wants to be a youth, and the youth wants to be a man. God has so planned things, that we must have changes all the way through life. We are born, and our parents rejoice over us. We have sicknesses and health. We change our homes, live in different houses, form friendships, have our friends die and leave us. At death, there comes a great change. We change worlds and go to another. We change society, leaving those whom we know here, for new society in eternity. We do not walk, or talk, or hear, or see, or feel, as we now do, for we go to the world of spirits. We become spirits. What a multitude of changes do we see going on around us! Very great changes they are, too!

The old man now bending on his staff, and

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His sad experience.No sunshine.

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shuffling in his walk as if his feet could not be lifted from the ground, was once a fresh, bright-eyed boy, who could shout and run. But he went to school, and grew up, and became a man. Then he had a young and beautiful wife, then a family of children; but he has lived to see his children die and be put into the grave, and he has buried his wife, and sold his home, and his friends and acquaintances are almost all dead, and he feels alone. He has witnessed the moanings of sickness, the wailings over the dead, heard the dull clods as they fell on the coffin, and heard his steps echo, as he returned to his home after the funeral. And he has heard the songs of his joyous child, before she was cut down by sickness and death. O, it now seems to the old man as if the sun was worn out, so that he does not shine as he once did, — as if the stars were fading away, and as if the rain-storm left its clouds behind it! The thin

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The bird's egg.

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The journey.

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hair on his head is white, and his eyes are dim, and his ears are dull, and he has seen many, many changes. Does it seem to these little boys and girls before me now, so bright and so fair, that *they* will ever pass through changes, so many and so great? O yes! The little child who has sickened and died has met with changes greater than any which the oldest man meets with in this life. And there is not a child present who will not pass through all these changes. Does it seem as if the little seed which you hold in your hand could be changed into a tree? Would you think that the little spotted bird's-egg could be changed, and become a thing that can fly and sing? Would you think that the poor worm on the ground could ever be changed into a beautiful butterfly?

“We shall all be changed.” When a man leaves his house to go a long journey, where he

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Departure.The return.

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never was before, and when he knows not when he will return, there are two occasions of great interest. The first is, when he leaves his home; and the second, when he returns to it. When he leaves, how much the family talk about it! He tells them what to do, and how to do. He makes his will. He comes to the very morning when he is to leave. The family all come to the table, but they cannot eat. They try to talk cheerfully, but under it all they are sad. How the man looks upon the face of his wife, and each of the children! How he walks through his house, wondering in his heart if he shall ever see these things again! When he goes out to begin his journey, what thoughts are stirred within him, as he turns and looks again on his home! Will he ever see it again? And how the family feel lonely and desolate after he has gone! When will they see him again?

The other great event is when the man

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Two great changes.What death is.

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returns. The family learn the name of the ship in which he is to come. They count the days she will be likely to be in coming across the ocean. They watch the winds and the storms. They prepare the house and get everything ready to give him a warm welcome. They hear that the ship has come into the harbor; and now they watch the moment when the cars or the carriage will come, bringing back the wanderer. And when he reaches home, how the children run out and shout to meet their father! They want to take his hand, to touch his coat, to hang upon his neck! His return to his home is a great event!

Now, my dear children, there are two great changes through which every one of you must and will pass. I mean when you die, and leave that body in which you live, and when you return to it at the resurrection day. Dying is like leaving your home to go on a long, long journey. It is a very sad time.



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Little Emma Clapp.Conversation with her.

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Since I began to write this Lecture, and before I could finish it, one of our lambs has been gathered into the fold of the Great Shepherd. She was thirteen years an inhabitant of this world. Some months since the Spirit of God touched her heart, and taught her that she was a lost sinner. She came to talk with me alone about the salvation of the soul. It was a time when none of my dear flock seemed to want to be led to the Great Shepherd, and I was surprised to see her. A few minutes convinced me, as I talked with her, that she had been taught by the Holy Spirit. She wanted peace of mind, deliverance from sin, and a friend to stand by her for ever.

“Emma, have you learnt that you are a sinner?”

“Yes, sir; I feel it, and more and more every day.”

“Have you asked for mercy yourself?”

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Emma's experience.

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“ Yes, sir, every day.”

“ How long have you been in the habit of daily prayer ? ”

“ I have always *said* my prayers, but I do not think I have really prayed till about two months ago.”

“ I do not ask you *what* it is, — but do you know what your easily besetting sin is, — I mean, the sin that gives you the most trouble ? ”

“ I think I do, sir ; and I try to pray against it, and to kill it ! It is *my temper*, sir ! But I think I have done something to overcome it.”

“ You tell me, Emma, that you want to make a profession of religion. Why do you ? ”

“ Because, sir, Christ has told us to ; and because I want to be among his people ; and because I may die early, and I want to do my duty, as fully as I can.”

The Saviour was set before her as our righteousness, and her faith and love took hold of him with a strong grasp.

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The baptism.Her sick-room.

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On the next occasion of celebrating the Lord's Supper, little Emma came out in the aisle of the great church, and before the great congregation, and stood up to be received into the church. Her father was dead, and her mother was away, and so alone, of all her family, she came. She was small in size, pale as a lily, and when, in her simple white dress, she came to me to have the water of baptism sprinkled upon her, I could not but say, as I baptized her, "Little one, God is able to make thee stand!" She was the youngest in the church, and probably the youngest that ever joined this church,—a little one! She was then in good health. But in a few months, on my return home, I heard that Emma was very sick. I hastened to her bedside, and found her very dangerously sick. The frail body seemed to thrill with pain, and the waves rolled deep over her. But her spirit, like some white marble

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Her anxieties.Fearless.

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on which the finger of God had been writing, came out clear and distinct, and showed the writing between the rolling waves. Her mind was clear and bright as a summer's morning, and her voice like a silver bell, as she called her friends around her dying bed, and calmly bade each one farewell, sending a particular message to every little schoolmate and friend who was absent, exhorting her loved ones to come to her Saviour, assuring them that it was easy. When asked by her pastor what he should pray for, she replied, that Christ would take her to himself! She spoke of going home, and being almost home; and upon her beautiful brow and meek face peace and hope poured their oil of gladness. You could almost hear the wings of the angel who came for his charge. Death had no sting, the grave no victory. Not a cloud hung over her, nor the shadow of a doubt disturbed her. I have seen strong men

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Perfected praises.Farewells.

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die, and aged Christians go home, but never before saw a child die an hundred years old! I have heard the great ocean lift up his voice and speak of God, and I have heard his power proclaimed in the thunders as they rolled among the mighty Alps, but I never before heard his praises so perfected out of the mouth of the babe.

The physician was very anxious, and the family were in great distress, and the watchers walked softly around her bed; but she was calm, and clear in mind, and unalarmed. She was willing to leave everything concerning herself with her Saviour. But the next night she was much worse. They told her they feared she was dying! Then she asked to see each one of her friends separately, that she might bid farewell to each. She threw her arms around the neck of her mother and sisters, and begged them to come to Christ and to love her Saviour. To

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Her messages.Shutting of the lily.

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each one she had a special charge to give, and to each little girl in her Sabbath-school class she sent a special message. Calm and gentle, with the mind bright, she talked of her hopes, her faith, her love, and of her approaching death, as if it were a pleasant journey she was about to take. The physician, who had seen many die, old and young and middle-aged, and who had *read* of the happy deaths of children, said he had never seen or read of anything like this! She told her sister and intimate friends how *easy* it seemed to her to love the Saviour, and, stretching out her little hand, bade them a most affectionate farewell. She died gently as a rose-bud would fall from its stem, or as the lily would fold up its leaves at sunset, and go to sleep for the night! In less time than I can describe it to you, she was changed. The bright eye was closed; the sweet voice was silent; the ear heard not; the

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Great change in Emma.What became of her?

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hands, white as the sheet, lay still on her breast; the sighing was over, and the heart did not beat. She was dead! What a change! Now the body had no soul in it! It lay like a body of alabaster. The widowed mother and friends stood weeping around it. But where was she? Where had Emma herself gone? That cold body was not Emma, — any more than the picture shut up in a case is the person, or any more than the case is the jewel which is in it. We trust she had gone to heaven, — where she would see her Saviour, — where she would see the bright angels, and the glorious spirits of just men made perfect, — and where she would meet with an uncounted number of children, who were suffered to come unto Christ, for of such is the kingdom of heaven! What a change! Here, she was in a poor, frail body, full of disease and pain; there, she is free from all pain and sickness. Here, she was

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Contrasts.The coffin-dress.

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listening to the sobs and the groans of her weeping friends; there, she is surrounded by happy ones who are singing the songs of heaven. Here, she saw her minister at her bedside pointing her to Christ; there, she sees Christ himself, in his smiles and in his glory. Here, she heard prayer and supplications; there, she hears praise and thanksgiving and songs of joy. Here, she saw tears and weeping; there, God wipes away all tears from all eyes. Here, she felt sick even unto death; there, she shall no more say, "I am sick." Here the frail lily felt the cold storms and the chilling winds; there, it is placed in the garden where no storms or winds come. What a change!

But there will be a greater change still, when her spirit will one day come back to that grave, and live in that body again! When she lay in the coffin, so fair and so beautiful, dressed in the same clothes in which she was baptized,



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The last change.Christ's coming.

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she looked like some fair creature asleep. Those looks will change, that dress will decay and be gone, and the very coffin in which she sleeps, and the great stone tomb in which she was laid, will wear away and be gone, and forgotten — by men ! But she will not be forgotten by Christ. He knows where each one of his friends is buried, and he hath appointed a day in the which he will send an angel before him, as a king sometimes sends a herald before him, to call the people together to whom he will speak. Christ is now in heaven, making dwellings and homes for his friends ; but at the end of all things he will come back to earth. He will come in the clouds of heaven, with all the holy angels with him. The redeemed spirits of heaven will come with him. What a light will fill the heavens, as he sits down on “the great white throne” ! One of the angels will descend to earth with a shout !

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The trumpet's voice.Graves opened.

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He is the archangel! He is going to do the greatest work ever done on earth by any created being. He is now to sound the trumpet, and awake the dead! With one blast of the trumpet, he makes the voice reach every grave! In an instant, even in the twinkling of an eye, every dead man and woman and child hears his voice! The ground heaves, the graves that had been forgotten for thousands of years are opened! Out of the deep, deep sea they come, — from every hill-side, from every valley, from every cavern and lonely place, from buried cities and forgotten places, they start out to life! “We shall all be changed.” The good and the bad, the old and the young, the great and the small, will all be changed. The man who was murdered, and concealed so that his grave was never found, will then come back to life. The grave in which God buried Moses will then be found, though no man knows where it is to this day!

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How the wicked forgotten in death.

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And now, dear children, how many are there present to-day who have lived more than thirteen years? And you see that every one of you might have been, even at that early age, a Christian! Who of you would be thus prepared to die, should you be thus cut down before another Sabbath? When one dies who gives no evidence of being a Christian, we bury him, and say nothing about him. We don't mention his name. We don't want to think of him! But when even a little child dies, leaving such evidence that she belonged to Christ, how we love to speak of her, to think of her, to recall her words and looks! Her very tomb is beautiful. A silver light seems to rise up from it. Long, long will the name of this child linger among us, and her life and her death will teach every child that he can and ought to be a Christian; and it will teach every one in this whole congregation, that he

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The most precious thing on earth.

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has no excuse and no apology for not being a Christian! If the little child can embrace Christ, so can all these children, so can all these hearts! O, tell me, is there anything on earth which you would not give to be able to die such a death? Is there anything, even the whole earth, for which we would bring her back from her Saviour, and make her lose her crown? O no! "The child shall die an hundred years old, but the sinner being an hundred years old shall die accursed."

To the friends of Jesus Christ this will be a blessed change, — greater than the man feels who has been a long time away from his home and returns, — greater than the sick man feels, when he gets off the bed of pain, and can ride out and see the beautiful fields. The old, feeble man will be changed, — so that he shall now have a new body, young, active, and strong. The little child, crushed by sickness and death,

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The blind eyes opened.No sickness.

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will be changed, — so that she will never again say, “I am sick.” That poor, helpless one who could not walk a step, and who for long, long years never saw a day of health, shall be changed, and he will leap like a hart and shout for joy. That little blind child, who never saw his mother’s face, or the bright flowers of the garden, or the smiles of his father, or the forms of his little brothers and sisters, will be changed, and will see all that is lovely and beautiful in God’s new creation; and that little mute one, who never heard the voice of love, nor the sweet sounds of music, nor the words of human lips, will be changed, and will hear the songs of angels and the songs of saints in heaven, even for ever! There will be no sick or feeble ones then. They will not need crutches to help them to walk. They will not have sick-rooms or sick-beds there!

Sometimes here we see great changes take

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Surgeon's knife.

The pond-lily.

The diamond.

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place in wonderful ways. From the knife and the saw of the surgeon come health and joy. From the vials and drugs in the apothecary's shop, come renewed health and strength to the sick man. Who would think that, from the dark, cold grave, God could raise up new bodies, bright as angels and beautiful as rainbows? In the bottom of the pond, far down in the deep mud, is buried a small root. Who would think that, from that dark, disagreeable place, God could make the lily grow, till it rests on the top of the waters, and, unfolding its white leaves, looks up into the bright heavens, — one of the purest, whitest, sweetest things that ever grew? Who would think that the dark-brown pebble which the tawny Indian child picks up at the foot of the great mountain in India, could be polished so as to be a diamond, — to be set in the crown of a king, and to be kept as a thing of great value, from age to age?

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Stephen's burial.The eggs of the silk-worm and the staves.

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They laid Christ's body, torn by the crown of thorns, pierced by the nails and the spear, all bloody and cold and dead, in the tomb ; but he was changed, and how glorious was he when he showed himself to Saul of Tarsus, and to John, his beloved disciple, on the isle of Patmos ! They laid Stephen's body, all bruised and mangled with stones, in the grave ; but he will be changed, and will come from that grave in brightness and glory. They buried John the Baptist with his head cut off by the wicked, but he will come from that grave with a crown of life on his head !

Some men went to China once, and, because they were forbidden to carry the silk-worm out of the country, they hid some of the little creature's eggs in the top of their staves ; and so out of those two dry staves came all the silk-worms and all the silk in Europe since ! What a wonder ! A poor rag-picker takes a short

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The rag-picker.Eternal change.

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stick in his hand, and goes into the dirty gutters of the streets of the city, and picks up little bits of rags and of paper. These he puts into his dirty bag. But these are washed and made over, and come out the pure, white sheet of paper, beautiful enough to have a queen write on it! Who can doubt that God can take these poor bodies, and out of them raise up a new and better body? Out of the very darkness and the bones of the grave, he can make something that will be brighter than the sun for ever!

These children now before me, so young and so fair, must be changed. They must be changed by time, as it makes them older; by sickness, as it withers them, as the worm withers the flower; by death, which will turn them into corpses; and by Christ, when he comes to waken all the dead! O child! if you *love* that Saviour, if you please him, by shunning what he forbids and doing what he commands,



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Eternal change.

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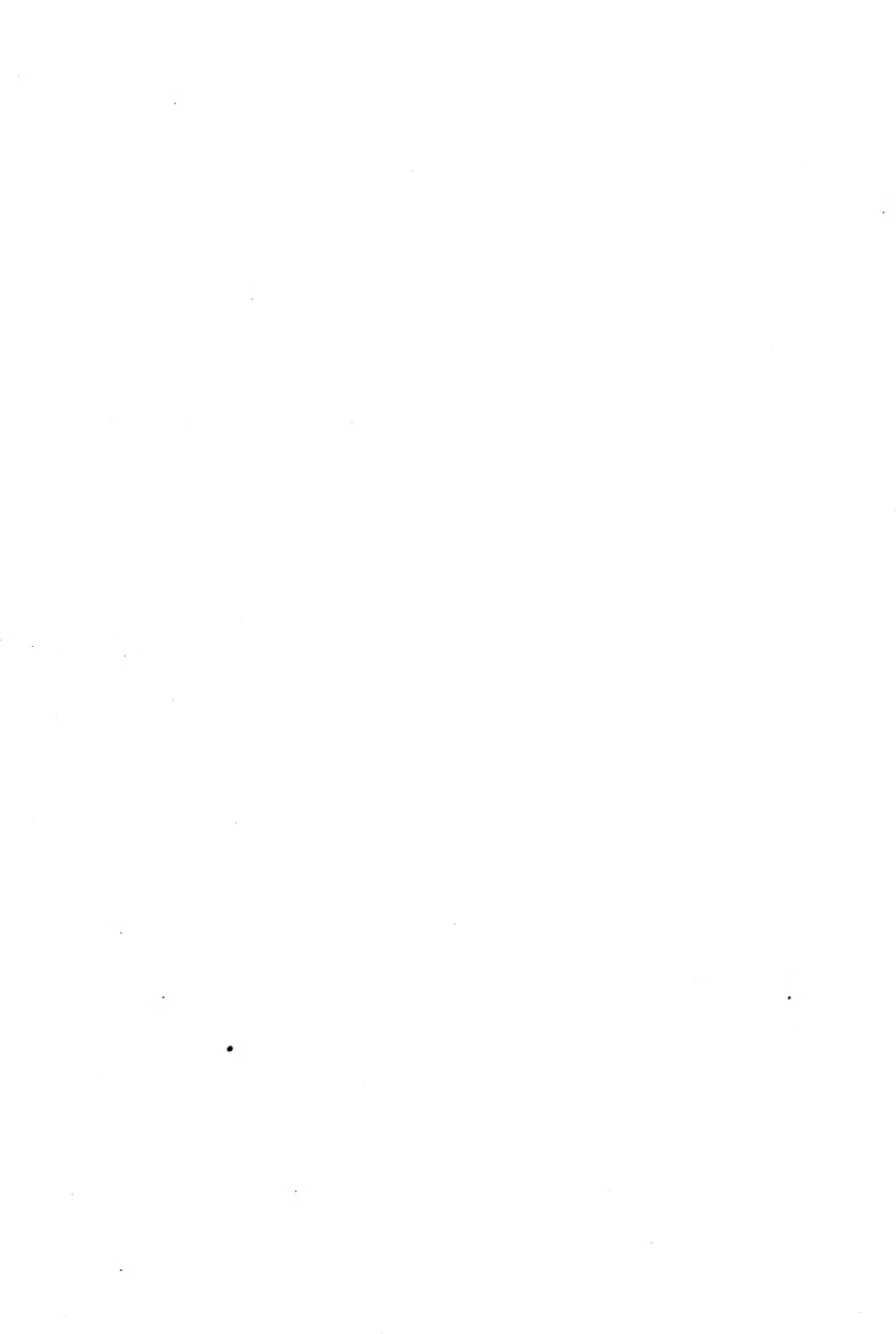
if you live to please and honor him, you shall be changed, and become like the blessed Saviour for ever, — holy, glorious, immortal and blessed for ever!

THE END.





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